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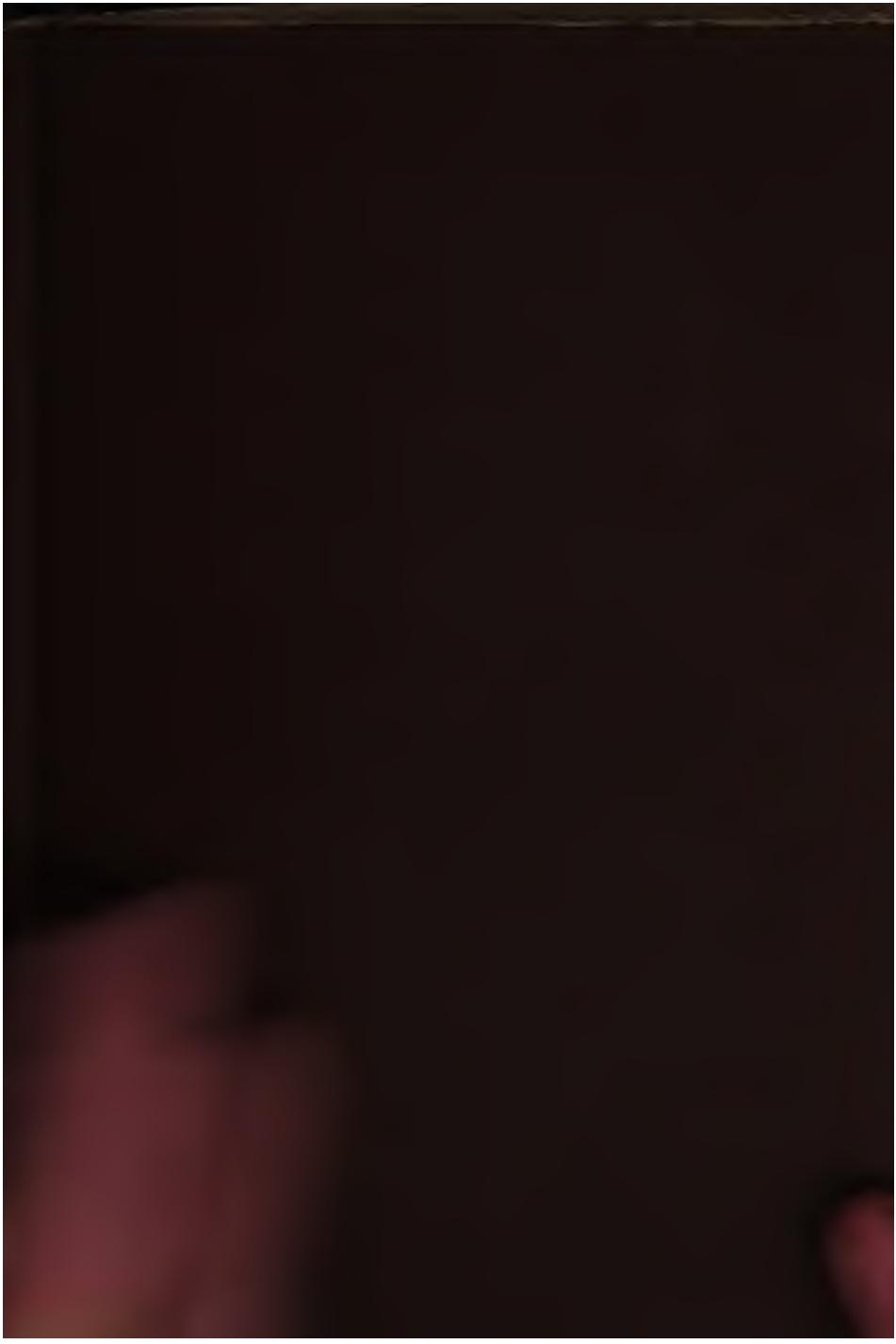
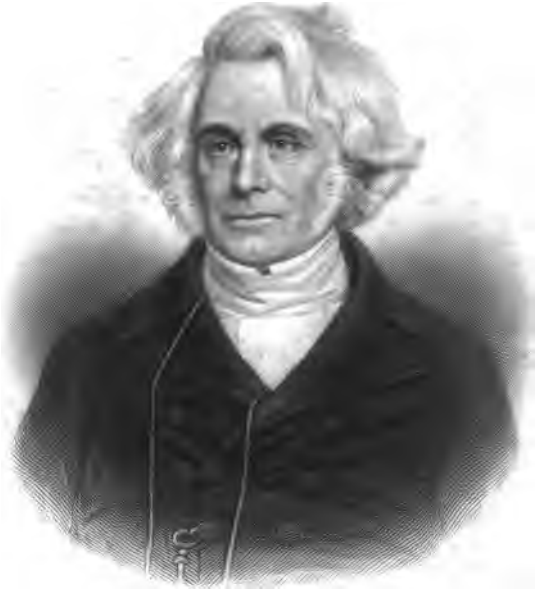


MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. ROBERT STORY.



C.H. Jeens, fecit pt.

The Revd. Robert Gray.

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MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. ROBERT STORY,

LATE MINISTER OF ROSNEATH, DUNBARTONSHIRE.

INCLUDING PASSAGES OF SCOTTISH RELIGIOUS AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY DURING THE SECOND QUARTER OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

BY

ROBERT HERBERT STORY,

MINISTER OF ROSNEATH.

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MEMOIR OF REV. ROBERT STORY.

PART I.

1790—1820.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTHPLACE—EARLY LIFE—COLLEGE.

About seven and a half miles to the south-west of Kelso lie the twin villages of Town Yetholm and Kirk Yetholm. After leaving the wide rolling country round Kelso, with the three wizard-piled Eildons on its horizon, you approach the green slopes and hollows of the Cheviots. Between two of their lower ridges is the valley of the Beaumont. On either hand the hills rise round and bare; between is a rich, well-tilled flat, with the Beaumont in the middle of it—a thin stream, feeling its way over and among bars of brown gravel, to the south, where its waters, merged at last in those of the Till, join the Tweed. Northward, the valley is gradually folded up among the softly-swelling hills; to the south it opens out on the Northumbrian fells like the mouth of a trumpet, much as the gorge of the Neckar opens on the plain of the Rhine.

Halfway up the valley a raised causeway advances from either side, and the broad, rambling channel of the stream is spanned by the arches of a bridge connecting the two villages. On the right stands Kirk

Yetholm, with its Gipsy huts, its black church of very modern Gothic, and its manse, the home of no common worth and culture *: on the left is the larger village of Town Yetholm.

It consists of one wide unpaven street or place, with irregular offshoots in the rear of its two lines of dwellings. At the lower extremity of the street stands the house—now altered and repaired—where the subject of this memoir was born.

The two villages have no manufactures—no great interests—no great population. They lie there among their green hills, and beside their gliding little river, like "grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone." The great, noisy world is at a distance. No shriek of railway-whistle is heard among these tranquil meadows and braes. The Past here is greater and nearer than the Present. Every hill, and moor, and glen has its memory and its tradition. From the height above Kirk Yetholm one can mark the site of many a well-known haunt of moss-trooper, and once famous border-keep, or scene of heady fight in the rude times of old. Away beyond the mouth of the valley is the fatal field of Flodden; and further still sharp eyes can trace the blue outline of the sea at Berwick, and even detect the white sails of ships and the smoky trail of steamers passing up and down the coast.

It was amid these scenes that Robert Story entered life. He was born on the 3rd of March, 1790, and was his parents' seventh child.

His father, George Story, was one of the leading personages in this sequestered spot, taught the parish school, and acted as factor or agent for Mr. Wauchope,

* Written before the death of the late excellent minister, Mr. Baird.

of Niddrie. His mother was Margaret Herbert, of a Northumbrian family. Robert survived the last member of his family by the space of twenty years. With the exception of a sister, Robina, they all died ere he had attained middle age. He had but very few near relatives, and none of them have left behind them any record of his early years. These were times to which he himself seldom alluded, and of which he seemed to retain only fragmentary reminiscences; so that we can obtain no distinct picture of his childhood and of his home. What we can gather from his own occasional allusions, and from the contents of old letters, seems to indicate a household homely, tranquilly happy, and well ordered, and around it a simple and primitive society, marked with some of those picturesque features which the march of civilization has now almost everywhere effaced.

We hear of the village game of football, at which Mr. Story, as the most important citizen, administered the initiatory kick; of the Gipsies, their camp, their king, and their own code of morals and manners; and much, too, of the superstitions and goblin lore of the worthy peasants of "Beaumont's broomy dale." To them evidently the "march dyke" between the natural and the supernatural was in a very dilapidated condition, and the invisible world not seldom disclosed its wonders to their eye of faith.

One well-remembered incident of the boyish era was the false alarm of French invasion, in June, 1804. At the long-looked-for signal every volunteer in the county was at his rendezvous, save one ill-starred tailor who failed to appear, and whose life was thereafter for ever embittered. The men in the neighbourhood of Yetholm flocked to Mr. Story's, to ask his advice as to

the course they should adopt. He counselled them to repair to the general rendezvous at Kelso. Among the crowd was a woman who had two of her sons in the ranks of the volunteers. "Well, Bella," said Mr. S., "what are you going for?" "Well," answered she, with Spartan spirit, "I'll aye slacken a bullet afore my bairns."

Field-preaching seems to have been then, as in some places it is still, a favourite mode of conducting worship and imparting instruction to those who either were unable or unwilling to attend the regular services of the parish church, or of other places of worship. Robert Story, even when quite a child, delighted in attending these meetings; probably, although too young to enter much into the merits of what he heard, he found interest and entertainment enough in the combination of religion and of excitement which they afforded. One quaint sentence, which he had heard from an old burgher field-preacher, he used to quote: it had stuck in his memory, like a bur on a coat, when much more valuable no doubt slipt past unheeded.

The old man had touched upon some doctrinal discussion which was at the time agitating the society of which he was a member, and assured his hearers that they "micht as weel think to feed their bodies on whun stanes and shinders, as their sauls on thae metapheesical subtleties."

In a small volume, dated 1808, and entitled "Diary," I find a variety of entries, the earlier among which throw some light upon this period of the life whose course we are about to trace.

The following was probably written in the diarist's eighteenth year:—"There was nothing remarkable in my youth—nothing which ad the spirit of adventure

—nothing which Piety could applaud. It was spent in that unmeaning innocence whose existence depends on the inability to commit evil, not on a love of purity or holiness. I remember nothing remarkable until the arrival of an awful period; it was a season of deep trial, when the feelings of the heart were to receive a lasting wound—the death of my oldest brother, whom of all I loved most dearly, and in whose life my greatest bliss was found. The Angel of Death summoned him home while bathing; and the spirit which was life, gentleness, sweetness, majesty, and virtue, from the bosom of the lake ascends to its Father. This melancholy event, remarkable in the annals of my life, happened on July 27th, 1805, about five o'clock in the afternoon. I was then about fifteen years old—young enough to suffer unutterable agony—old enough to sustain the awful trial without a mortal injury.

"This perhaps gave my mind a melancholy cast, which it yet has not entirely thrown off; but any other effect was, to my shame, but momentary. My resolutions then indeed, were to be strong in the faith and to serve the Lord; but human weakness was too powerful, and I yielded to the illusions of the tempter." Despite the youthfulness of the style here, there is a tone of greater gravity and reflectiveness than one would expect to find in the writings of a lad of eighteen. The event to which he alludes seemed to impress him more deeply than any other occurrence in his early years; and it was most natural it should do so. His eldest brother was his senior by twelve years, and seems to have been one well-fitted to attract sincere affection and esteem. Between the two brothers there existed a devoted attachment. For the formation and continuance of such, the nature of the younger was

specially endowed with a depth and tenderness of affection that to colder beings would appear almost extravagant. "Aye," said one of his humble friends, after he was gone, speaking of "the Minister"—"aye, the *Love* that was in him was extraordinary." Another, and a well-known friend, in a far different walk of life, recalling the same aspect of his character, wrote after his death, thus—"The moral nobleness of nature which one ever recognized in him, didn't in the least chill you, or make you feel his superiority a restraint, for it was so tempered with all that was genial, and open, and benignant, that you felt at once attracted to him, and more at ease in his presence than in that of many a far inferior man. I have been reminded, in thinking of him, of that combination of qualities so seldom united which Robertson* depicts as so beautifully blended in the character of Christ—the grandeur and moral strength of manhood, with the purity and gentleness of true womanhood."

This combination evidently characterized his earliest, as it did his latest years. His affections seem from the first to have been strong and intense, and the object round which they twined most closely was this brother. Long after this time, when revisiting Yetholm, and writing to his friend Dr. Robertson, he says, "Although I have a happy home in Dunbartonshire, fountains of grief that seemed all dried up, flow with most sorrowful remembrance of sore and bitter bereavements in a domestic circle, of which I was for many a year too much an idol. O! I cannot tell the agony of that hour which, after a long period of years and many vicissitudes, stands forth in my mind

* F. W. Robertson, of Brighton.

still like no other hour of grief, when I heard a voice echo through my father's garden, 'George is drowned!'"

The nature which could receive and retain so strong and vivid an impression, and whose affections were so ardent and tender, could not but possess a powerful influence over the affections of others—an influence "working through love." An intensity—an enthusiasm in whatever he undertook—a warmth of love for whatever was loveable, and a reality of disgust at whatever seemed to him false and mean, characterized his life throughout all its stages. As illustrating this "perfervidum ingenium," which pervading all his words and works gave him no common power over the hearts and minds of others, one friend who knew him well, used to say, "I like to propose a thing to Story—for if I say, 'Will you take a trip to St. Petersburg?' he'll answer, 'Oh yes—and we'll go on to Siberia.'"

In another volume than that already quoted, appear some additional entries, regarding his young days at Yetholm. The following is under date, "Ballindalloch, January 1st, 1812."—"The period between my birth and the time I commenced the study of humanity, may be considered as the fabulous—the golden or the fairy age. . . . I was extremely superstitious and wildly religious, about the commencement of my learned studies. Every night I dreamed of evil or happy spirits, and my days were spent in thinking about them. . . In those days I heard not a minister but I could imitate him; and as I was intended for the church, I remember well that I anticipated often the rapture I would inspire by a tone similar to that of an old screeching minister in the neighbourhood. To the fields I would take my Bible, retiring into some lonely place, choose a text, and

preach extempore with great energy and pathos. My two favourite passages are still in my mind, 'Behold He cometh with clouds,' &c.; and 'Blessed are they who know the joyful sound.' Above all days, a windy day was my delight, for then I could speak loudest; and after all the notions which I have since gained of sublimity and beauty, I cannot yet help thinking that there was something very interesting and wildly grand in a little boy retiring into a wood during a storm of wind—opening the Bible, or selecting a text from memory, and with the ardour of his young fancy, launching out into all the earnestness, pathos, and piety of a Christian orator. About the same time, young as I was, I was a great politician—a great friend to the constitution of my country, and a determined enemy to the French. . . I studied Latin without a competitor. I learned it with my father, and I alone had the benefit of his classical instructions. My prosecution of it was not very regular, owing to many things of inferior moment which, from peculiar circumstances, became incumbent upon me to perform. These required me often in the open field; but perhaps I inhaled as much fancy and taste from the broad book of nature, as from the 'Metamorphoses' or the 'Æneid.' "

The only relic of the lost brother seems to be a letter addressed by him to Robert about a year before the latter went to college, wherein, after some very sound advice regarding his classical studies and bodily exercise, he thus proceeds: "As it appears from observation and experience, every one, or at least the greatest number are blind to their own faults and improprieties, they without ceremony make their remarks upon the appearance, peculiarities, and conduct of those who are perhaps far superior to themselves. Not being

aware of the danger to which they are exposed, they are, and with justice, doubly censured in their turn. However awkward any one may appear to you, either in point of speaking or acting, or in any respect whatever, make no observation. If there is any peculiarity which you may perceive, don't attempt to laugh at it: this may lead you on to act the mimic, which is a mean and detestable thing, abhorred by every generous mind. Be sure never to expose the weakness of your fellow mortals—bury a blemish if you observe it, and on the other hand, expose to full view their praiseworthy qualities. There is another detestable practice which I shall mention, and that is, telling wonderful things which never happened, in order to impose upon a sincere and unsuspecting mind. Upon perceiving that what you relate as a simple fact is fairly believed, you go and boast of the success you have met with; but if you would seriously consider, you act unlike the gentleman. You deceive yourself, and only prove the object of your merriment to be nothing less than a sincere and honourable man. He takes you to be a man of your word, and from good example shown, and the purest precepts given to you by the best of parents, besides a polite education, would never be led to believe that you would be guilty of such a diabolical practice."

It is to be hoped that this warning had due effect, and that the imaginative younger brother took care to avoid the "diabolical practice" of drawing the long bow. In after life, his mimetic powers, although of the finest order, were never called into play. He never yielded to the fascinating temptation of indulging in caricature; and it was only from an occasional and unconscious flash of the hidden power, that one

could judge how strict was the control exercised over it, and what a wealth of mimicry and satire that conscientious control restrained.

In November, 1805, about three months after his brother's death, he left home to enter the University of Edinburgh—then as now the most distinguished in Scotland, and one of the most renowned seats of learning in Europe. The most illustrious of its professors was at that time Dugald Stewart; and among its students were not a few who have since risen to the very loftiest eminence. Many have passed away; some yet remain. Among those who are still living, and who then were Robert Story's fellow-students, is Earl Russell. Long afterwards, when his lordship came to spend a month or two at Rosneath Castle, his old class-fellow recalled to his mind a forgotten incident of those college days, the presentation of an address on behalf of the students of moral philosophy to Dr. Thomas Brown, while he was acting as assistant to Professor Stewart, and which Lord John Russell, as the student of highest rank, was deputed to read.

Mr. Story had arranged with his friend, Mr. Pringle, who then held the farm of Easterstead, in Roxburghshire, that Robert and Mr. Pringle's son Thomas, should proceed to Edinburgh together, and occupy the same lodgings. Young Pringle was about a year older than he—a lad whose earnest, enthusiastic nature was to him a congenial one. They had never previously met. Of the first night they spent together when on their way to Edinburgh, and of the impression the elder produced upon the younger of the two, we find the following account from the pen of the latter in Mr. Leitch Ritchie's Memoir of Thomas

Pringle: "Among the remembrances of the first evening we spent together, it may deserve notice that on comparing our attainments in literature, he mentioned with peculiar delight Park's 'Travels,' and Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' quoting that fine passage in the latter which ends with the line, 'And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.' It must have seemed very unlikely at that time that a young man suffering from incurable lameness should become a traveller; but the congenial enthusiasm which the adventures of the African traveller awakened in his mind, peculiarly fitted him for assisting in laying the foundations of a new colony in the wilds of Southern Africa; while in his admiration of Campbell's verse may be traced the germinating love of freedom and abhorrence of oppression, which became the ruling passion and determining motive of his future life." Young Story was happy in entering on college and on city life with such a friend and companion as this. The warm and intimate friendship then formed between them grew only more true and steadfast as life rolled on; and wide apart as were the spheres of the African colonist and the parish minister of Rosneath, it never knew an interruption.

We have no very distinct record of the events of the first winter in Edinburgh. Pringle and he lived together. "The two lads," says Mr. Ritchie, in the memoir already referred to, "lodged in the same room, where, for a long time, amidst the novelties of a capital, they still continued to 'remember their Creator in the days of their youth.' They performed religious service regularly as they had been accustomed to see it done at home, taking the duty alternately. The Sabbath they kept holy, as they

had been taught to do; avoiding so much as opening a book on that day which was not of a directly religious character." Notwithstanding this strict and pious conduct, we find Story writing thus, with reference to his moral state during the first session at college: "Whether virtue had the ascendency I am afraid to decide. This is one thing, that although piety lost none of its beauty or apparent worth, vice appeared arrayed in garments less disgusting. It is needless to detail the circumstances which produced the effect. It is an awful truth, which I shall never think of without horror." Only the most delicate sensitiveness of conscience could prompt him thus to express himself. Of this sensitiveness, this extract gives another instance: "I have not been unhappy to-day, nor have I committed any great iniquity. I have, however, been guilty, and, in particular, have been betrayed into some unguarded expressions about the character and dignity of the legislator Moses. Oh! that I might have the security of an angel, for I often err in thought and conversation." One cannot help wondering what this offence against Moses could have been.

In one of the Diaries already referred to, he says, "I went to college with little knowledge and considerable vanity. I had read but little, and what I had read consisted only of religious books or old novels. 'Tis true I had read Milton and Thomson, but I did not understand them. The 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Blind Harry's Wallace,' 'Nature Delineated,' 'Hervey's Meditations,' and such like books, I had indiscriminately devoured, but had received little advantage from any. . . . . My first session was without much honour, indeed

with none, for in the linguist classes I never distinguished myself. My dreams of grandeur were far too sublime for the acquisition of syntax rules, or the ability of answering with ease a preceptor's queries. . . I then formed my friendship with Cannan"—(He elsewhere mentions this friend with great enthusiasm, "as dearer to him than ten thousand worlds")—"and, became acquainted with my brother's most intimate friends. Mr. Landsborough found me out, whom I love, and who, in my opinion, is a perfect model of the gentle, virtuous man."

The person here spoken of was afterwards the Rev. David Landsborough, minister of Stevenston, in Ayrshire, and latterly minister of a "Free" Kirk at Saltcoats. His name has been rendered familiar to many by his well known and much esteemed writings on Natural History, and especially by his "History of British Zoophytes." In one of his graceful and interesting works, "Arran: its Natural History," Mr. Landsborough, writing of a period forty years after that at which he met his friend, describes an excursion to his favourite island in the yacht of Mr. James Smith, of Jordanhill; on which occasion he was, he says, accompanied by "the Rev. Robert Story, the kind-hearted parish minister of Rosneath, almost the oldest of my friends." It is worthy of record, in a time when friendship is often sacrificed to the violence of party feeling and sectarian dispute, that the intimacy thus early formed stood the test of all changes of time and circumstance, and that the correspondence begun in the first year of college life continued uninterrupted till the hand of death suddenly arrested it. Another companion who is mentioned in the Diaries in terms of highest praise and esteem, was Thomas Wright, afterwards the Rev.

Thomas Wright,* minister of Borthwick. "To him," he says, "I am indebted for my taste; at least for its more rapid development. I cannot detail what obligations I am under to him for the advices he gave me about innumerable topics and opinions." During this winter he seems to have assisted in originating a small literary and debating society, wherein, he says, "we spouted, and to whose members I recited an address to Satan, of my own composition, in poetry;" not an invocation, let us hope, in the style of "Descend from Heaven, Urania;" but, whatever its tendency, rather a peculiar subject for the youthful muse. This, he says, was his second attempt in poetry; his first was "An Elegy on the Death of an Old Woman, the fifth wife of a very Old Man about ninety; with his lamentation and desire to supply her place by another selection."

We may infer from the following extract from a letter of Landsborough's, that during his second session, his progress had been highly distinguished. Mr. L. says, "I hope you are preparing to add fresh wreaths to those laurels which you so deservedly obtained last winter. Few during their whole course at college make themselves so conspicuous as you have already done." He himself says of this session that it was "a season of honour," won principally in the logic class, then presided over by Dr. Finlayson. That, however, which especially marked him as a rising genius, was the delivery, before one of the debating societies, of an essay on "The Causes of the Athenian Grandeur." The society was the Philalethic, afterwards absorbed in the still existing Diagnostic. The essay produced a vivid impression on

* Deposed in 1841 on a charge of heresy.

those who heard it. One of the circle present on the night on which it was read, writing in 1835, amid the stress of care and business that pressed upon him, in a prominent and useful sphere, says, "Often and often have I mused on bygone days—on those halcyon hours we used to spend together at the Philalethic Society and elsewhere. I verily believe I am more indebted to you than to any man living for having given my principles a right direction in morals, politics, and literature, at a time when the youthful mind was ductile and easily biassed. Even at this distance of time I remember with delight your essay on 'The Causes of the Athenian Grandeur,' and the many instructive conversations arising out of that and similar topics."

After his third session he remained in Edinburgh to superintend the education of the only son of the Honourable David Hume, one of the Barons of H.M.'s Exchequer, and nephew of the philosopher. He continued in Baron Hume's family for three years, till July, 1811, carrying on at the same time his own studies, and in winter attending the University. During this period he became more and more addicted to the sin of rhyming, and his muse took higher, though perhaps not bolder, flights than the "Address to Satan" and "The Widower's Lament." He became acquainted in the summer of 1810 with Dr. Thomas Brown; and at the request of one of Dr. Brown's sisters, undertook to write an "Ode to Music." "From that moment to this," says he, writing two or three years afterwards, "I have become so enamoured of poetry, that in my poetical attainments must I look for the honour and much of the happiness of my life." Many a one has in like manner, during the

first freshness of youthful fancy, dreamed of poetic fame, and, looking back long afterwards, has probably been surprised to note how gently the dream, which seemed erewhile so intensely real, has faded away into oblivion. One tangible result his aspirations had, however, and that was the publication, early in 1811, of the "Institute," a heroic poem in four cantos. Pringle was understood to be his partner in the authorship of this satire—for such the production was, and levelled apparently at the members of a society called the "Philomathic." No doubt it possessed point and interest enough to amuse contemporaries, but its date is fled now. Here is a specimen of the style of it:—

> "A snug apartment thirteen feet by eight,
> O'ercanopied with mossy-mantled slate.
> Here crazy seats around the walls extend,
> And tatter'd mats the well-worn floor defend.
> Its cushion'd rostrum too had once been green—
> And dirt and dulness sanctify the scene;
> Here bugs from time unknown a fortress held
> And many a tribe of orators expell'd;
> Here cobweb tap'stry o'er the dusky wall
> Waves black and dismal like a sable pall;
> And seldom lighted lamps with sickly glow
> O'er the dim gloom a dreadful glimmering throw.
> Within the covert of this foul retreat
> A secret junto oft were wont to meet,
> By peril long and tribulation proved,
> And Philomathic was the name they loved."

The "Institute" was not the only satirical effort, though probably the only one that was introduced to the public. He began and carried on for some time, but never finished, another, entitled "Edinburgh, or the Holy City;" and if Edinburgh in the teens of this century exhibited, as much as it exhibits now, of godly profession with ungodly practice, he had a broad target for his shafts.

I have two volumes, containing about five hundred pages, filled with metrical compositions, all fairly copied out in his own hand. The labour implied in accomplishing this shows how much pleasure he must have found in versifying, and how much value he must have attached to these poetic offspring. As far as one can judge, there seems to be in them a good deal of delicate fancy, correct taste, and elegant thought. There is not, however, the high poetic genius which alone would justify the reproduction of any of them in these pages. Poetry is like wine—a luxury: if we are to have it at all, let us have it of the best. There is also not a little of that mannerism—that buskined tread which was agreeable to the statelier taste of a generation taught to reverence Pope as the Prince of the "Ars Poetica," but which to us has lost its charm, and seems stilted and unnatural.

The publication of the "Institute" brought him acquainted with Dr. John Barclay, then a well-known extra-academical lecturer on one of the branches of medical science. The Doctor, who is described as "a fellow of infinite jest," fanned the flame of poetic fervour in the student's breast, urging him, he says, "to undertake a great poetical work, which should perform for Theism what Lucretius has done for Atheism." "Altius ibunt qui ad summa nituntur," says the old proverb; so perhaps we should not find fault with Dr. Barclay's suggestion; though it certainly does not seem a very wise counsel, to urge a young student in his twenty-first year to write a "counterblast" to the greatest didactic poem the world has seen—not to speak of a refutation of the profound old Epicurean's materialistic philosophy. Bold as was the project, however, it was with characteristic enthusiasm adopted,

and for some time pursued; and there are among his books and papers several pieces entitled "Fragments for the Great Work." Another subject, suggested to him by another friend, was one probably more adapted to his genius— "The Enthusiast;" and upon this, too, he seems to have entered with energy and spirit. With his intensity, however, he combined a certain vacillation, which often sapped the foundation of a plan ere he had time to build. Perhaps it were truer to say, that each successive vision burst upon him in colours so bright as to eclipse its predecessor, and was destined to be in its turn eclipsed. So "The Enthusiast" and "Anti-Lucretius" floated in his fancy gorgeously, parts of them now and then taking form and fashion, but never developing themselves into complete and articulate poems.

In July, 1811, he left Edinburgh for Ballindalloch, in Morayshire, the seat of Mr. M'Pherson Grant, in whose family he had accepted the situation of tutor. At this time the appointment of his friend Landsborough to the church of Stevenston opened to him the opportunity of becoming tutor in the family of Lord Glenlee. Understanding, however, that Cannan wished to obtain the same situation, he took no steps to secure it. The result was, that neither got it; "but," says he in his diary, "I had the satisfaction of making a sacrifice to a friend who is dearer to me than my own soul."

With his former pupil, Joseph Hume, he kept up a regular correspondence. Hume's letters are lively and frank, and are evidently written to the friend, not to the tutor. He was a lad of fine talents and high promise. Some of his letters give interesting glimpses into the Edinburgh of that day, as, for instance, this

one, the first written to Ballindalloch. He had been at the theatre, and "ruffed a little too much, as I was told when I came home. I, however, erred on the right side, because I had been before told that Kemble complained of the want of applause. . . Jeffrey called me a 'petulant boy' to a friend of mine, who told me of it. Wait a few years, and he shall find what sort of a 'petulant boy' he has to deal with. I hope to match him soon." Alas! hope for him was never to be fulfilled: "Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo."

The three chief friends with whom at this time he was most intimate, and kept up a constant correspondence, were Pringle, Cannan, and Donaldson. Cannan was, like himself, a student of theology; Donaldson was a limb of the law in Edinburgh.

Their communications were not of that rapid, sketchy, curt description, to which penny-postage, daily newspapers, electric telegraphs, and other vehicles for the universal and perpetual diffusion and interchange of ideas, have reduced letter-writing too generally in our days. They wrote to each other on large folio sheets, and wrote closely too. Nor was the matter of their correspondence any passing bagatelle that might suggest itself. They discussed set subjects with the candid object before them of mutual edification. These long, dim, withered sheets no doubt contain many a fair fancy and acute thought; they seem, however, to bear on subjects—metaphysical and other—which the current of general interest and speculation has ere this swept past: yet here and there in the midst of arid pages there gleams a less scholastic and more genial light, and we become aware that these young sages were not so sternly philoso-

phical as to forget the Beautiful in their thoughts and theories about the True.

"I sometimes sigh," he writes from Ballindalloch, "over the days that are past, and the friends of my youth that I have left at a distance. I bless, however, my God, that my lines are yet cast into a pleasant place.

"Mr. and Mrs. Grant are fine people: Mrs. Grant is a delightful woman. I am completely my own master. There is no restraint but what I appoint to myself, and there is no one to interfere with any plan of improvement or happiness which I may form. My boy is a delightful charge.* I have a commodious and handsome apartment, which adjoins Mr. Grant's library: an arm-chair which is broad and capacious, and soft as a bed of down. It moves upon wheels like the chariot of the sun. O then figure my delights! No, I will not give you a disgust with your troubled world: I will not make you die of the *maladie du pays*, or rather the *maladie de elbow chair*. One of my windows looks to the policies of the front, and from my bed there I view the comet in the morning. The other looks into a beautiful garden, and I might pluck the wall-fruit which is spread round it: beyond this garden is a lawn, which is bounded by the oblique winding of the river."

In this retreat he settled down, and began with his usual impulsiveness divers poetic works, which were to be the steps in his ladder of fame.

The "Enthusiast," the "Age of Women" ("Saturnia regna," this, surely), the "Celestial Vestals," &c., seem to have been more or less in train. But self-criticism

* The late Sir John M'Pherson Grant, Bart.

not seldom dogged too closely the heels of poesy: thus of the "Celestial Vestals" he writes to Donaldson—"I wrote a poem consisting of thirty-six Spenserian stanzas. Its title is the "Celestial Vestals," and is the fulfilment of a promise which I made to two young ladies. I thought at first it was something like Spenser; now I see it is a long drawling yawning haver." This decisive change of opinion regarding his poem was but a type of many a vicissitude of feeling on matters more important than verses. Over the heights and depths of his moral and spiritual being, dark shadow often chased bright sunshine. "The restless, unsatisfied longing" seems to have been often his—the craving after the Ideal—the self-distrust and self-abhorrence of one seeing the distant goal, and yet feeling that he came "far short." Hence we trace in his correspondence at one time the merriest, and at another the saddest spirit, evoked by some change within or without—in the actual world around him, or in that "world not realized," wherein he often wandered. Pringle's temperament seems to have been somewhat similar. Pringle's letters to him, and his to Pringle, reflect more clearly than any other branch of his correspondence, this sensibility of feeling and quick susceptibility to joy and sorrow. The following extract may serve to illustrate this. Pringle had not written for some little time; and in nervous dread lest some evil should have befallen him, his friend thus writes—

"O heavens, if you are wandering on the confines of the dark valley—if you are indulging other hopes than those of human life, and anticipating other enjoyments than those of mortal friendship, write, write, tell me of your intimate condition that I may sympathize;

that I may mourn, or hope, or rejoice. Oh Pringle, Pringle—there are just three whose names to me are enrolled in white—who are virtuous and noble—whose sentiments are those of moral beings, and whose hopes look to distant and indefinite perfection. Thou art one; and if our connection is now to separate—if my eyes are now to behold scenes of desolation, where there was beauty, and a cemetery of death where there was life and hope—where shall my heart rest, or my sorrow find repose? Cannan and Donaldson remain; but is Pringle gone?

"In these three, O heavenly father, was the happiness of my life: how many hopes—delightful hopes I had formed of protracted happiness—of enjoyment to which I willingly, though perhaps foolishly, prescribed no limits! How often the three brethren mingled in the dreams of felicity, and how often they sanctified the scenes of imaginary glory! O ruinous prospects—O disappointed hopes—O shadowy glory! I will soon follow, and you will recognize your Story in the fields of Elysium before you have taken possession of your grotto. We will live together till our brethren come. We will prepare for them a banquet, and invite them with tenderness and love."

His diaries during the time of his residence in the North tell the frequent tale of darkness and distress; partly, no doubt, the result of solitude and separation from his former friends; partly, in all likelihood, the evidence of that agonistic period which most lives experience, as they pass from the negative happiness and tranquillity of youth to the knowledge, and wisdom, and firmness of manhood—a period wherein many problems arise that must be solved, many foes have to be vanquished—a season, as Carlyle says, of "Fer-

mentation, wherefrom the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself." Those perpetual schemes, too—half accomplished, visions half-realized —must have helped to weigh down heart and fancy. Fragmentary poems and unfinished designs are comfortless spectacles even to the most sedate and self-reliant: they are spectres to the young and ardent and impressible. Here is an entry dated April 4th, 1812, after his return to Ballindalloch from Aberdeen, whither he had gone to read a discourse in the Divinity Hall, as prescribed by the Church to those giving a partial attendance during one of their Theological Sessions:—"I have now arrived from Aberdeen, after an absence of three weeks, and with still darker prospects than ever I had in my life before. Oh, what most miserable and dreadful fatality is this which hangs over me? Happy and innocent I appeared to all with whom I associated in Aberdeen, and from the attention and behaviour of many of the students, indeed of all the students who were respectable in abilities or conduct, I perceived that they thought well of me—but I perceived it with secret anguish and indescribable sorrow. O that I were cast into some desert, some wretched desert far from the sight of every human being, that, amid storms and tempests, I might lose the remembrance of the past, or acquire better hopes of the future. O, yes, I am indeed the chief of sinners, nor has there been one with a more perverted soul than poor wretched I."

Almost all the entries in his diary during his residence at Ballindalloch, in 1812, are in terms of similar dejection; sometimes the distress is less vehement, at other times it is more so, but it is always in some shape expressed. At length he resolved to quit the

situation he held in Mr. Grant's family. He seems to have been led to this by a variety of considerations; a wish to be near his father, whose health was failing, the idea of entering on a literary life, and others; but probably his choice was in no small degree determined by his restless unhappiness, which, in the retirement and even tenor of his life in Morayshire, became more and more unbearable. He communicated his views, before his final decision, to Dr. Thomas Brown, who wrote in reply, strongly dissuading him from the proposed step. But he was not to be dissuaded: in the autumn, he left Ballindalloch; and, after a tour through the Highlands, went home to Yetholm.

CHAPTER II.

FISHWICK MAINS—COALSTOUN—ENTERS THE CHURCH.

THE mental doubts and struggles which harassed him at Ballindalloch, and finally hastened his departure thence, still continued to trouble him when he had settled down to a winter's study and literary work at Yetholm. His resolution was to remain quietly in the country at his father's house, and to employ his time in reading, and in the accomplishment of some of the many designs, by means of which he hoped to gain both emolument and fame. He seems, however, to have been too restless and ill at ease to be able for much regular intellectual exertion. The entries in his diary at this time are still "sicklied o'er" with the air of dejection and unrest. In some lines, written apparently after his return to Yetholm, he pictures a youth, after the lapse of years, coming back to his early home and mournfully looking from the green hill-top, at his father's dwelling in the valley, as he thinks of "the universe of change" that intervenes between the care-laden Present and the Past. His own image, probably, was the original of the picture.

Landsborough writes to him from Stevenston, in answer to a letter which must have been penned in a very sombre mood:—"I was enraged because I could not read your letter. I was nearly *red wud mad* at

discovering from what I made a shift to interpret,* that you had allowed a legion of *blue Hielan' deils* to possess you. I have not patience to hear a person who is so eminently fitted to be the joy and delight and ornament of society, speaking of retiring from the world to spend his life like a hermit in his cave, or a monk in his cell. Resist the devil (I speak with reverence, my dear fellow), and he will fly from you. Instead of shunning, court society, even though you should be doing violence to yourself. Be much with your dear and worthy parents; visit your friends, and invite them to visit you; and, after a few weeks, go to Edinburgh, where you can find so much society to your mind."

This was very sensible advice. It was not, however, acted upon; and in April, 1813, having remained all winter at home, Mr. Story accepted the situation of tutor in the family of Mr. Burton Grieve, residing at Fishwick Mains, on the Tweed, opposite Norham. This was the prosaic and practical termination of a

* In another letter Landsborough says, "Your fine figures are quite lost by your cramped hand. Instead of 'striding in fairy boots,' I read 'riding in a ferry boat,'—what a falling off." All Mr. Story's correspondents had their faith and patience sorely exercised by his extraordinarily bad handwriting, and made many bitter complaints, which he was inclined to treat with considerable disdain, asserting that to any person of ordinary penetration his writing was perfectly legible. It consisted of a system of symbols, among which the letters of the alphabet had by no means their proper place; when once this system was mastered, and all the signs and contractions were understood, interpretation followed easily enough; and one worthy parishioner used to say apologetically—"The minister writes a verra undistink haun, but ye'll never catch him wi' an ill-spelt word." The illegibility of the letter culminated in the signature, which, as written, looked exactly like Robsty, or as Principal Scott suggested, like Rabshakeh. Professor Pillans—a correspondent in later years—used to grumble much at the "illegibility so famed in Story," and maintained that many of his letters looked as if an insane spider had dipt its feet in the ink-bottle, and then danced up and down the page.

number of projects which seem to have floated before him during the dull winter months at Yetholm, among which we can trace divers literary schemes, the chief one being the introduction to the world of a poem entitled the "Amazon;" educational enterprises also—one being a Professorship, for which he made unsuccessful application—and another, the establishment of an Academy in Alnwick; and, finally, the leading idea which, at this period, he entertained, viz., that of taking Orders in the English Church. His studies had hitherto been pursued according to the curriculum prescribed to candidates for Orders in the Church of Scotland. He was, however, by no means an enthusiastic Presbyterian, and it needed very little persuasion from his friend James Morton*—then tutor in Earl Grey's family, and now Vicar of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, and Prebendary of Lincoln—to induce him seriously to contemplate transferring his allegiance from the Scottish to the English Establishment. Morton offered to secure a title for him from a clergyman ni the North of England, and to forward his wishes by every means in his power. He was strongly inclined to avail himself of this offer, and to apply for ordination to the Bishop of Durham; but was deterred by the invincible repugnance of his parents, and especially of his mother, to his alienating himself from Scotland, and entering an Episcopal Church.

It was with no common pain he sacrificed his own desires and hopes to his sense of filial duty, and saw the prospect of a useful and happy career, within the pale of a Church whose traditions and whose service had peculiar attractions for a mind like his, fade away,

* Editor of "Leyden's Life and Remains."

as many another vision had already faded. And so this "high aim abandoned," he betakes himself to Fishwick Mains, and to the training of "the young idea." It was no doubt a wholesome change for him; it brought him out of Cloud Land into the workday world—gave him a plain daily duty and said, "Do it." His vague and enthusiastic fancies had not, in the leisure and stillness of Yetholm, shaped themselves into anything stable or coherent; nor had the restless unhappiness which oppressed him at Ballindalloch been soothed by the familiar tranquillity of home. Solitude and self-communion had no nepenthe for him: he was surely ready then for new labour, and disciplined by the past, prepared to find in that labour the secret of happier days. It is always good for a man in his young days to be brought down from the sunny realm of Imagination to the stony district of Fact, and to be told to work out his Ideal there as best he may, and often from rough material, instead of vainly trying to reach it in some visionary Utopia. So, instead of impossible professorships, and curacies, and rectorships of academies, and wreaths of laurel sprinkled with the dews of Hippocrene, appear two boys at Fishwick Mains—hopeful and tractable boys, it seems—asking for guidance and instruction. They are not Ideals in any way; not even the name of their residence is at all romantic; but with them lie the present work and duty,—a better work and a clearer duty than poetizing about "Amazons," or any other females, ancient or modern.

This rescue from the still atmosphere of Yetholm, and recommencement of active life among strangers, and in a new scene, seems to have been a turning-point in his history. His intellect is clearer now, his

judgment sounder, and his spirits rise. He writes to Pringle after he has been a month or two in his new sphere. "My present residence is a monument of ancient hopes: consider it as a token of the complete abandonment of those vain and unsatisfactory schemes which I impiously framed, and which I elevated against the Highest. What is a name or immortality? Before I desire that of genius, I have resolved to secure that of virtue. When I am good, then shall I be great. . . . I have two boys, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen: of them I shall say nothing but that all is well, and exactly to my mind."

There seems to have been something else than his relation to his two pupils "exactly to his mind" at his present abode. Among the visitors at Fishwick Mains there was a "beautiful and ingenious Miss P.," with whom he was wont to hold high discourse on all manner of literary and sentimental topics. A most beneficial, but withal somewhat dangerous companion she must have been to a handsome romantic young genius, full of poetry and enthusiasm. The diary, which seems very honestly to reflect his daily thoughts and feelings, begins now to present a much more cheerful record than formerly; and even when Miss P. retires from the scene, she seems to leave behind her a good influence, so that the tone of the journal is by no means in the "De Profundis" key, which our previous acquaintance with the writer's quickly varying moods would have led us to expect. In October, he chronicles "the lovely visitor has gone for a season with her relations to B—. We had commenced Italian together, and I am sorry that it should have met so speedily with such an unavoidable interruption." No doubt. "Indeed this new study has interrupted my other avoca-

tions, and during the whole week my study has been that of poetry." The study of Italian and of poetry clearly indicates a position of affairs, in which it was judicious that Miss P. should pay a visit elsewhere.

He did not remain long at Fishwick Mains. Lady Dalhousie had heard from Baron Hume of the excellent abilities and distinguished qualifications of Mr. Story; and her Ladyship was accordingly very desirous of obtaining his services as tutor to her two eldest sons, Lord Ramsay and the Hon. Charles Ramsay.* With great regret he made up his mind to leave Mr. Grieve's, but the situation now placed at his disposal was one so very desirable, that both he and the friends whom he was leaving saw it to be his duty to accept of it, which he forthwith did—quitting Fishwick Mains for Coalstoun, the seat of the Earl of Dalhousie, in November.

His residence with this noble family seems to have been one of the happiest periods of his life. His pupils were most interesting boys,—affectionate, with good dispositions, and excellent talents. His relations with the Earl and Countess were of the most satisfactory and friendly nature.

The following expression of Lord Dalhousie's feelings with regard to him cannot but have been most gratifying to his own :—

"Colliprest, 4th February, 1814.

"I take this opportunity of assuring you that I go abroad at this time with feelings of the greatest confidence and comfort, in knowing my boys so well placed

* Lord Dalhousie being about this time frequently absent on military duty, such arrangements as the above devolved upon his wife.

both as to their education, and care of them as to morals, health, and manners. A weight of anxiety is taken off my mind and off Lady D.'s beyond what I can express, and all that I feel wanting is that you should know such to be the case. While Lady D. is in this part of the world, I beg you will do me the favour to write me every second Saturday, as that exactly meets the packet mail from London on Tuesday. Ramsay and Charles may put in a little letter for me alternately,—that will show me their writing. Tell Ramsay, when I was in London I appointed him to be one of my three Esquires of the Bath. Major Couper and Captain Sparrow are the others, so that he will always walk with me in the processions of Knights of the Bath. My love to both of them, and believe me to be,

"Dear sir, yours faithfully,

"DALHOUSIE."

And so the gallant father goes off to the stormy war-worn Continent, thinking of his boys at home.

During his residence at Coalstoun, there seems to have been a marked growth and progress in his mind and life—an increasing solidity and earnestness, with but little of the old dissatisfaction and misery of heart. The Scottish Church rises more distinctly before him as his proper goal, and, with this in view, there is more purpose and consistency in his studies. Still, though by his own showing he must be tolerably diligent and busy, he is by no means content with his own performances. "I do not even play a game at chess regularly," he writes. "My whole life is a bloated mass of irregular and frivolous occupation." Combined with a great inability to observe a stated order and strict method, he had always the most eager desire to do so—always a kind of fruitless striving after an

ideal regularity never attained; and so he was apt to hold very cheap any work, which, though considerable in quantity, was not performed in a manner sufficiently methodical to please his fastidious taste. His own work, consequently, was generally very lightly esteemed. Similarly, his own pure and lofty standard of moral worth, not less than a tremulous sensitiveness of conscience, and a self-forgetful humility of heart, which characterized him through all his life, rendered him a most exacting observer and rigid judge of his own inner condition, and of his own conduct. He, who was to all others most indulgent, was to himself most severe, inexorably detecting and condemning his own faults and shortcomings. While he is at this time the one apparently most popular, most admired and respected among a large circle of friends, many of them distinguished for moral excellence and mental accomplishment, he is never oblivious of those imperfections which, he believes, make him unworthy of the warm regard and esteem in which they hold him. "Oh!" he writes in his diary, "Oh! that Divine grace would in some fortunate moment eternize the emotions I sometimes feel, that I might be for ever happy, and that these effusions might be the token of everlasting purity." The triple correspondence between him, Donaldson, and Cannan,* had by this time died a natural death. The three friends, as might have been expected, found, as the sterner business of life claimed their attention, that they had no time for such elaborate and philosophic disquisitions as those which used to "circulate through the little system of their friendship," between Edinburgh and Ballindalloch.

* Afterwards the Rev. Thomas Cannan, minister of Carsphairn.

Story had now more important work to look after than he had had then, and a much wider company of friends and longer list of correspondents, among whom was one whose name was in coming years to make the church grow pale, Edward Irving, at this time Rector of Kirkcaldy Academy.

> "There about the beach he wander'd nourishing a youth sublime
> With the fairy tales of Science and the long results of Time."

And with Irving may also be mentioned the Rev. Dr. Balmer, at Berwick, and Mr. (now Bishop) Terrot, then the Episcopal minister at Haddington.

To Pringle, who was toiling laboriously amidst the old records in the Register Office in Edinburgh, he wrote regularly, and to him he transmitted such of his poetical compositions as he deemed deserving of publicity. Where or when these appeared in print, it is impossible now to ascertain. It is obvious, however, that they were given to the public, and that the author's name became known as that of a useful *collaborateur* in literary enterprise. Pringle bespeaks his co-operation in the designs for the establishment of a periodical, which he was attempting to carry out; and Hogg also desires to enlist him as a contributor to his "Miscellany." This he declined to become, owing to the pressure of his necessary avocations. Pringle, however, writes to his friend that he had taken it upon him to entrust one of the poems which he had placed in his hands to the Ettrick Shepherd. He goes on to say, "Upon giving him this, I read to him some passages addressed to you long since, upon our tour through Teviotdale and Ettrick Forest, which he strongly pressed me to print, and flattered me so well, that I have set to and finished them; and the said poem,

yet without a name, extends to no less than sixteen pages."*

* The poem here alluded to by Pringle is the one he afterwards published under the title of the "Autumnal Excursion." It is dedicated to "R. S.," and commemorates a Border excursion which the two friends had made together in their younger days. It first appeared in the "Poetic Mirror" in 1816. It was meant, we are told by Mr. Leitch Ritchie in his life of Pringle, "as an imitation of the strains of the Wizard of the North :—the said wizard however (in whose hands it was placed for revision) declaring that he wished the original notes had always been as fine as their echo." This poem was republished along with others in a collection which he entitled "Ephemerides," in 1828, when the author appended to it the following note :—"The friend to whom the 'Autumnal Excursion' is addressed, is a native of the Vale of Beaumont. The author and he were born in adjoining parishes, amid the secluded glens of Cheviot, and were inseparable associates in early youth ; and though our pursuits in maturer life have been widely different, it is not the less pleasing to look back over a twenty years' friendship, which no selfish jealousy has ever disturbed or coldness interrupted, or even long separation impaired. My old companion and valued friend will, I trust, excuse this slight expression of affectionate remembrance, and forgive me for adding that the 'R. S.' of my little poem, though not the Poet Laureate of England (as the 'Quarterly Review' once supposed), is a person who fears God and loves mankind not less sincerely, namely, the Rev. Robert Story, Minister of Rosneath." The poem begins thus :—

"Dear Story, while the southern breeze
Floats fragrant from the upland leas,
Whispering of Autumn's mellow spoils
And jovial sports and grateful toils—
Awakening in the softened breast
Regrets and wishes long suppressed—
O, come with me, once more to hail
The scented heath, the sheafy vale,
The hills and streams of Teviotdale.
'Tis but a parting pilgrimage,
To save from Time's destroying rage
And changeful Fortune's withering blast
The pictured relics of the Past.
Then come, dear comrade, welcome still
In every change of good or ill ;
Whom young affection's wishes claim,
And friendship ever finds the same ;
Awake with all thy flow of mind,
With fancy bright and feelings kind,
And tune with me the rambling lay,
To cheer us on our mountain way."

Meanwhile his pupils were making great progress under his instructions. Their father, on his return from abroad, was charmed with their advancement. His lordship's safe restoration to his home was celebrated by the performance of a Masque, composed by the tutor and performed by the boys, with some co-operation of more experienced actors. "Comus" has suggested an idea here and there; but the chief model has been found in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The *dramatis personæ* are, as in the legitimate drama, Oberon, Titania, and Puck, with the addition of Ariel and Orson. The author and manager used to tell that all went off with perfect *éclat*, and everyone did his part dutifully, except the Honourable James; and he who was in due time to sway the sceptre over a hundred and eighty millions of men, could not be induced to carry his wand like a discreet and benevolent fairy, but would insist on poking it into the coloured lamps which lighted up the elfin grove, in order to discover the peculiar properties of luminaries of so novel an aspect.

It was the Earl's wish that, during the winter of 1815-16, his boys should be lodged in Edinburgh with Mr. Story, and attend the High School, then flourishing under the masterly control of Mr. Pillans. This, however, was not to be: before the winter came, Mr. S.'s superintendence of their education had ceased.

A vacancy seeming to be imminent in the parish of Ladykirk, in Berwickshire, Lord Dalhousie and his father's friend, Mr. Wauchope, of Niddrie, applied to the Government on his behalf, and secured for him the eventual succession to the living. Meanwhile he pushes on as expeditiously as possible his Presbyterial examinations. He was rather apprehensive of the

result of these; for his last appearance in the Divinity Hall of Edinburgh (Feb., 1815) had provoked criticisms from the Professor of a not very assuring nature: and if the Presbytery was to be as captious as Dr. Ritchie, his case would be pitiable indeed. That reverend doctor had fallen foul of his theology, as he tells Morton:—"Convicted of heretically and gnostically philosophizing—denounced as being unqualified for the office of a useful preacher—reprobated for pretending to new discoveries in religion, was I uneasy under all these imputations? No; I assure you my mind reposed upon the ægis of eternal truth; and the dark, sophisticated prejudices of a superannuated necromantic theologian stormed upon it without avail. Take this as a precious sentence from the infallible Chair, 'Sir, I give you all due credit for talent and learning—for your acquaintance with the ancient and modern philosophy. Sir, I respect your abilities, and I respect your virtues; but beyond this I cannot go, for you have left out of your discourse the Lord Jesus.'"

The discourse was on the whole creation being made "subject to vanity," and took some view not found in the adust pages of the commentators; hence, it would seem, the Doctor's wrath, his maxim being that whatever is new is unsound, or, at least, dangerous: a good enough axiom, no doubt, provided it were proved that all that is old is sound, or at least safe.

"The Hall," he says, with bitter emphasis, "is a miserable place;" an opinion to which only too many will say "Amen." Perhaps some readers may think the following sentences not without a more modern application than to the grave and reverend seignior of whom they were first spoken:—"He is destroying the

literary character of the Church. He has a most Gothic antipathy to everything that is elegant, ingenious, or new. He is affected with a most feverish dread of some lurking evil whenever it appears: in this manner he watches like an angel of desolation at the portal of the Church. I am speaking undutifully, however, for it is a sin to revile the anointed of our fathers."

The Presbytery (that of Haddington) took no exception to his doctrines, and found him, in their opinion, fully qualified to discharge the duties of a preacher of the Gospel; and he consequently received licence as a preacher at their hands in July, 1815. He then quitted Coalstoun, carrying with him the sincere esteem and affection of its noble inmates.

The decisive step was now taken: he was a licentiate of the Scottish Church: his tutorial engagements were at an end, and his career as a preacher begun. But he had scarcely quitted his former avocations and entered on his new life, ere he repented of the course he had adopted.

Mr. Tod, of Ladykirk, still tottered along the broken arches above the "prodigious tide," and there was accordingly no vacancy in that parish. Of course the expectant presentee is restless and despondent: there seems no promise of any opening for him in the Church. He wishes to go away to England and take a tutorship there—to be off to the Continent if possible: he would do anything in fact that an honourable man might, to employ his quick, and as he thinks—wasted energies. Meantime, however, he must give some proof of his capability of discharging the duty which the Church has entrusted to him: he must conduct his first service, and preach

his first sermon. To a Scotch "probationer" this is a trying business. The whole service depends on him. Not even the lessons to be read from the Bible are prescribed by the Church: everything must be ordered according to his own will and choice, from the beginning to the end. There is no form of prayer: the young man must either compose his prayers and commit them to memory, or try the hazardous experiment of extemporising: and in either case he can hardly fail to undergo a good deal of nervous disquietude. Altogether, this first performance is one always looked forward to with considerable uneasiness, and a strong desire that it were well over. An additional ingredient in its bitter elements fifty years ago was the universal prejudice against a read sermon. Nothing would serve a congregation in those days unless it were a very enlightened one in one of the town churches but discourses either spoken extempore or delivered from memory. There can be no doubt that the mode of Church Service which lays these heavy burdens on the shoulders of every minister—no matter what his gifts and capacities may be—is one that stands in need of amendment: but as it is adhered to now, so it was then, and Mr. Story had to prepare himself for the initiatory ordeal as best he could. How he fared is related in this letter to Pringle. As is frequently the case with his letters, it has no date, but is endorsed by the recipient 19th August. ". . . I was preparing for my début in Linton Kirk on Sunday last, which you may well suppose was not contemplated by me without some anxiety and alarm. . . . I chose, after rejecting texts for a fortnight, a very popular one, the last clause of the 12th verse of the 1st chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. Peter: (the words I

shall not mention, that you may be induced to pay an 'angel visit' to your Bible.) . . . In the evening I went out to our romantic and beautiful Linton, where another day was destined to fix my popularity and fame as a Border orator. In the night I had some fearful visions. I heard the cock crow, and saw the sun rise, and the eight o'clock bell tolled with an import which a Kirk steeple never emitted to my ear before. At twelve the little temple was crowded to the door, and as I went in all the people looked at me askance—fearful lest the minutest noise should discompose the virgin oration, with which my mind was in great travail. The first object I noticed was the fiery, immense circumference of "the Philistine's" face, who had come home drunk from St. James's Fair on the Saturday night, but was resolved to charm away his headache by listening to my eloquence. With a firm and unfaltering voice I read out the Psalm. My prayer, will you believe it—my first prayer was, in the strictest sense of the word, extempore. For a time I lost myself and my head began to grow dizzy, but I gradually returned, and terminated with a very good grace. During the first part of the discourse I was solemn, calm, and serious. The people gaped as I described the nature of the angels, and before I had finished the introduction were all attentive to the wonders that were to follow. I proceeded without stopping—sometimes, however, wandering from my notes, but always possessing a sufficient command over myself to use fit and becoming expressions on my way back. In the last part of the discourse, however, I became animated. My rotund sentences flowed delightfully. I had towards the conclusion some awful imagery, which produced a deep silence, and when I concluded, one universal act of

inspiration succeeded to the breathless stillness which hung upon my lips! Not one of you fastidious critics ever dreamed of my becoming a popular preacher; but it seems that I gained the hearts of them all. "The Philistine" returned home rejoicing in spirit. An old woman from Eckford parish told as she returned, that I was just her heart's desire; and some of the tailors and ditchers were so edified that they are declaring to follow me wherever I go, if I but preach in the *bounds.*"

The tone of this letter indicates none of that deeply earnest spirit, which afterwards pervaded all his ministrations in the Church and parish over which he was ordained. He does not seem to have fully realized the serious nature of the charge entrusted to him, in his being authorized by the Church, to preach the Gospel of the Grace of God; nor is it likely that he would duly feel it, until he came to stand in a definite and permanent relation to a congregation.

He had not to wait long before this relation was formed. He was offered in the end of autumn the assistantship at Rosneath, and after some wavering, determined to accept it. In December he set out for Dunbartonshire. On his way he writes to Morton: "At Rosneath I shall be devoted to my duty. I have too long trifled with the things of undying interest, and my heart faints through very satiety of the contemptible frivolities of life. In my new occupations I trust I shall find new feelings, and while I endeavour to teach, be myself taught." While he was thus forming the resolutions which were to direct his conduct in his new sphere of action, his arrival there was anxiously expected. The incumbent was the Rev. George Drummond, D.D., during the latter years of whose

incumbency the parish had got into sad disorder, while the pulpit had been supplied in a manner extremely inefficient. The consequence had been that the church was in a very forlorn condition: its influence was weak; its public services were generally neglected. This state of matters gave great offence to all who were really concerned for the welfare of the parish; and to none more than to the Duke of Argyll's factor, Mr. Robert Campbell, a most excellent, warm-hearted, honourable, Highland gentleman, who zealously attended to the interests of the duke, the patron and principal heritor of Rosneath; and who, indeed, to tell the truth, was disposed to exert a very prompt and lofty control over all persons and affairs within the parochial boundaries. Mr. Campbell's correspondence enlightens us as to the way of conducting affairs at this time in the fair peninsula, towards which Mr. Story was directing his steps. He writes to Lord John Campbell * in July—"The poor infirm body, Brown, who assisted Dr. Drummond, died on Friday last. The old Doctor, whose mind is almost gone, has entered into some engagement with our idiotical schoolmaster, Graham, to make him his assistant, although he wants two years of his divinity studies, and was on that account refused a licence by the Presbytery of Dunbarton. He is, however, going to try to get himself licensed by the Presbytery of Dumfries."

By the end of December, Mr. Campbell's apprehensions as to the "idiotical schoolmaster" are dissipated; and he writes to another correspondent, "We have got a most delightful young man as Dr. Drummond's assistant, named Robert Story, who has

* Late Duke of Argyll: brother of the then Duke, (George).

one of the best livings in Scotland secured to him at the death of an infirm old gentleman at Ladykirk. He has preached twice here to the great satisfaction of his hearers."

The peninsula of Rosneath lies between the Gairloch and Loch Long: at its northern extremity a high and narrow ridge, it slopes gradually down to the low well-wooded shores past which the Clyde flows on the south. Each of the lochs has its own peculiar scenery. That of Loch Long is stern and desolate; the long dun gorge is aptly termed by Rogers a "vast and awful depth of hills." That of the Gairloch is calm and beautiful, and viewed in the serene light of a summer evening, reminds one of the soft and dreamy loveliness of the Campanian shore. Beyond the Rosneath Ferry the loch stretches out its ample sheet of water, till it is barred by the low-browed heights which separate it from Loch Long, and beyond which rises the bold ridge of the Argyllshire hills, tracing their rugged outline on the sky. These wild and lonely mountains contrast well with the wooded slopes and fair meadows of the lower portion of the loch, and enhance the charm that always lingers there. It is a charm that is felt most strongly, perhaps, in early autumn, when "a fiery finger" here and there has touched the leaves, and the fields are yellow to the harvest. The weariest Pilgrim of the Beautiful could wish to gaze on no lovelier scene than then meets the eye, as the westering sun gradually leaving the slopes of Rosneath, with the leafy glens and deep rich woods around its nestled bay, in gathering shadow, still shines upon the winding shore of Row, and sparkles on the roofs and windows of the villas that rise amongst their trees and gardens, while the rough mountains in the airy distance assume a deeper purple.

But no such prospect as this—no such autumnal richness and colour and serenity greeted the new assistant, as on the afternoon of Saturday, the 17th Dec., 1815, he approached the shore of his future parish in the open packet-boat from Greenock. Where now the villas cluster along the hill-side at Row, there was then an unbroken solitude. Ardencaple and the Inn and the Manse were the only habitations with roofs of slate between Helensburgh and the Church. The Rosneath braes looked equally dreary. From hill-top to water's edge a shroud of snow stretched cold and grim. Between the white and silent shores the loch lay black and sullen.

He landed as the early twilight was deepening into night, and went up to the Manse.

The house was old, mouldy, and out of repair. Dr. Drummond was quite in his dotage. When the newcomer retired for the night, and went comfortless to bed, the sheets were damp and clammy; from the bed-room walls the discoloured paper hung in tatters. Altogether, the place, and house, and things in general, looked so hopelessly dismal and dispiriting that he resolved he would bid them all a long farewell, as soon as Sunday was over. He had only two sermons; he would preach them next day, and make off on the Monday morning; it having been part of his engagement with Dr. D. that he should be free to leave when he chose.

He did preach them to a congregation of about forty persons assembled in the dingy barn-like Kirk, and came back to the Manse after service, no less disgusted with his new circumstances than when he had quitted it in the forenoon; clearly he could never imprison himself here.

One or two pleasant neighbours came in, however, after church, to introduce themselves to the new minister—Mr. Robert Campbell, of whom we have already spoken, and Mr. Lorne Campbell, a frank and hearty young fellow, about Mr. Story's own age. Their warm welcome and kindness and interest cheered his drooping spirits, and "made a sunshine in the shady place," like the fair face of Una in the visions of Edmund Spenser. Mr. Robert, as he was called (for Campbells were, and are, so common in the district as to need distinction by the Christian name rather than the surname), took him up to his kindly and hospitable home at the Clachan House, and introduced him there to a family circle, whose true and genial friendship was to be, for many a long year, one of the closest ties binding him to Rosneath. The weather, too, improved, and his prospects seemed to brighten with the sun: in a day or two he had made up his mind not to beat quite so hasty a retreat, as he had contemplated in the first sharpness of his disappointment.

The society of Rosneath at this time was very limited, as, indeed, it is still; but, upon the whole, agreeable and intelligent.

The old castle (since taken down) was inhabited by Mr. James Smith,* of Jordanhill, who, with Mrs. Smith, was among Mr. Story's most intimate and valued friends. Mr. Lorne Campbell lived at Portkiln with his excellent mother. At the Clachan House, resided the family of Campbells already mentioned; at Barremman, two miles farther up the loch, Mr. Cumming; and at Peatoun, on Loch Longside, Mrs. Campbell, widow of

* Author of the work on the "Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul," which has settled the vexed question of the identity of our Malta with St. Luke's Melita.

the late Laird of Peatoun, and sister of Dr. Drummond. These formed the "gentry" of the parish. In a letter to Pringle, written a few months after his arrival, we have the young curate's impressions of some of them. "I have only to walk along a most solemn avenue of ancient yews to a family where there is as much heart as in any house in Christendom. Argyll's factor, a Mr. (Robert) Campbell, is its inhabitant; his lady, high-spirited, ardent, and affectionate, is a native of Mull. His brother, *Sir* Colin, resides with him; he was above forty years abroad, and is a sublime and interesting Stoic. He was t'other day afflicted with a disorder that is attended with excruciating torment, and he laughed and was merry, like an Indian on his funeral pile. There are two sisters, both of a romantic disposition—friendly, warm, and generous. The old mother is still alive, near ninety, a splendid beauty in her time. She reads the whole day, and is still in the habit of regularly getting by heart a hymn or a passage of Scripture, like any of her grandchildren. You know my pliability, and you may well conceive that, long before this, I am like one of the family. There is, again, on the other side of the 'Island' (for you must know such is the designation of my parish) an old lady, with whom, in a dowager mansion, resides a beautiful young virgin—a fine singer, and performer on the piano. I have only time for one trait of the former. I dare not trust myself with any observation upon the latter. She got Simpson's 'Visit to Waterloo,' in which honourable mention is made of her nephew's regiment. She sat down and read it from beginning to end, without shifting her position: her handkerchief, which lay upon her lap, was as completely drenched with her tears as if it had been steeped in the loch before her

door. In a holy frenzy she took it in her hands, and vowing that it no more should be used for an ordinary purpose, she consigned it to the flames, that the holy oil with which it was so richly anointed might never be polluted with corruptible emunctions."

Among such persons as those spoken of in this letter there could not but remain a good deal of the primitive individuality, that gradually disappears under that advancing tide of modern society which produces a level uniformity by obliterating all that is picturesque; the "social mill" had not yet rubbed each angle down.

The trait which marked the Clachan family distinctively was their devotion to the house of Argyll. Loyalty to the great head of their clan was, with them, the ruling principle, and seemed to possess the solemn obligations of a religious duty. Time did not efface, nor vicissitude impair it.* At a period long after that at which the above letter was written, and when one of the two sisters alone surviving was mourning her last brother's death, an heir was born to the house of Argyll in circumstances that called forth very general rejoicing among all interested in its welfare. "Miss Betsy" was indignant that her nephews were not invited to a festivity held in honour of the occasion

* The reverence for Mac Callenmor's name and authority seemed, in another case, to invest a gentleman much identified with the ducal interests with a certain ducal dignity of his own. On one occasion, when debating about some repairs to be made in a mansion belonging to the Duke, its occupant suggested the propriety of delay till they could learn the Duke's opinion. "The Duke!" cried the other, "*I*'m the Duke." And although his Grace could have no worthier representative, there still was a measure of truth, for Rosneath as well as for Inverary, in the words of a parish "bauldie," who, meeting the Duke as he was once quitting the latter for London, begged him to return as soon as possible, "for we hae owre mony Dukes whan ye're awa'."

at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. It was suggested to her that perhaps his wife thought it would be inappropriate to invite them to a merry-making so soon after their father's death. "She may think what she likes," she replied, "but her husband's mother's son should have known better. He should have known that no affliction could ever visit the Clachan that would make us indifferent to the prosperity of the house of Argyll. My brother would have rejoiced to-day if he had buried his last child yesterday, and his sons would not be worthy of his name if they could not do the same."

Mr. Story used to relate with great zest an instance of the veneration in which the natives of his parish held "the majesty that hedged" the Duke. A man came to the "bailie," Mr. Campbell, with a long complaint of contumelious usage received at the hands of some adversary or other; "and mair nor that," said he, coming, after a detail of his grievances, to the crisis of his charge, "he had the impiddence to strike me in the presence *o' His Grace's Horse.*' "The force of *clanship* could no further go."

The Rev. Dr. Drummond had in his best days been a man of considerable ability and energy, and had discharged his duties efficiently, though his ideas of the dignity and responsibility of his position seem to have been somewhat lax. But for the seven years preceding 1815, he had been almost entirely unfit for duty. Mr. Story's immediate predecessor as his assistant, was Mr. Brown, described by an old parishioner who remembers him, as "a gran' preacher, but a wofu' drucken body." On one occasion Mr. B. fell down in the pulpit: Mr. Robert Campbell hastened up to see what was wrong—"Oh! Mr. Campbell," he

groaned pathetically, "you know there's only one thing that'll do me good." Mr. Campbell accordingly retired and procured this elixir, and after a pretty strong dram, Mr. Brown revived and regained his upright position. This desirable consummation having been attained, Mr. Robert was descending the pulpit-stairs to return to his own pew, when Dr. Drummond, from the Manse seat, addressed him in a stage-whisper, "Tell him to cut it short—tell him to cut it short." Mr. Brown, whose sense of hearing was in no wise impaired by the unpleasant little attack he had had, gave no time for the transmission of this injunction through Mr. Robert, but darting a vicious glance down at his principal, said loud enough for all to hear: "Tell him I will *not*—tell him I will *not*;" then resuming his interrupted discourse, he preached for an hour and a-half.

Under the auspices of this worthy, religion could not but wither, and the parish became sadly deteriorated. There were six public houses in it. Drunkenness was very general, rows frequent, smuggling universal. There was a still in every glen, and the illicit manufacture and traffic were carried on with very little concealment. So blunted was the moral sense of the community, that it was considered no stigma on any man's character that he should be a smuggler; and persons even making a decidedly religious profession perceived no inconsistency in combining therewith the avocation of the unlicensed distiller. Nor did they recognize any reason why the minister should look coldly on such a profitable employment. The smuggler felt no delicacy, and no apprehension in bringing to the Manse a gallon or two which he could recommend as "nane o' yer clatty muckle-still whusky, but a wee drap that I ha'e jist made mysel'," and

in the old Doctor's days he found most probably a ready purchaser. "I pay the duty on the maut," said one man in reply to Mr. S.'s remonstrances—"I alloo nae sweerin' at the still, and everything's dune dacently and in order. I canna' see ony hairm in't."

A libation accompanied every transaction either at kirk or market. Dr. Drummond, in conformity with the recommendation of the Directory,* now but little observed, used to assemble his flock in the Church in order to be catechized. If the day were a cold one, the Elders would gently propose that they should see if "Jean" had anything that would warm them; upon which hint all would retire to the neighbouring public-house, the Doctor taking his dram, and paying his "lawing" with the rest. At christenings also, an adjournment to Jean's generally took place, on which auspicious occasions the minister would provide the means of drinking to the infant's health. Marriages and funerals, however, afforded the opportunity of the severest drinking usages. "At marriages," says Mr. Story himself, in the Statistical Account of the Parish of Rosneath (1841), "numerous crowds assembled, and generally they were very boisterous festivities. On the intermediate days before the *Kirking*, the young pair, with their attendants, preceded by the bagpipe, perambulated the parish, visiting the cottages that had furnished their quota to the carnival. The ceremonies were closed by the whole party, after Divine Service on Sabbath, adjourning for refreshment, to the contiguous tavern."

* "Form of Church Government—Pastors: To catechize, which is a plain laying down the first principles of the Oracles of God, or of the Doctrine of Christ, and is a part of preaching."—*Directory of Public Worship, appended to Confession of Faith.*

At funerals, four rounds of whisky were considered due to wounded affection and departed worth, and respect was shown to the dead by the intoxication of the living. A company, each of whose component members had imbibed four glasses of raw whisky, could hardly be expected to offer a very staid and orderly escort to the grave; and it not unfrequently happened that a good deal of squabbling and fighting took place among the mourners on their way to the churchyard. On one occasion the funeral procession halted half-way to the place of interment, in order that the bearers might be relieved. At this juncture a dispute arose, on the question who should carry the head, and who the feet. Each claimant for the post of honour had his bereaved and inebriated supporters; the coffin was laid down, and physical force instead of moral suasion was quickly resorted to for the settlement of the discussion, and there was much din and dust of battle ere the quarrel was adjusted.

The religious aspect of the district in which Rosneath was situated was very cloudy. Sunday-schools and the like agencies were unknown. The Holy Communion was in all the parishes dispensed only once a year; and when it was administered in one parish, the churches of the neighbouring parishes were left vacant for the day, so that minister and flock might resort to the "Holy Fair." It was a point of honour, in which each parish tried to rival its neighbour, that the Communion services should be prolonged as much as possible, and it was by no means rare that beginning at 11 A.M. they should "drag their slow length along" till 6 or 7 in the evening. While the communicants were receiving the Sacrament at the

successive tables in the Church, the people outside clustered round the "tent" (an erection exactly like a bathing box) in the Churchyard, and listened to protracted preachings; one minister rising as soon as another sat down exhausted, with as dauntless a devotion as that of Knight or Squire in the "desperate ring" at Flodden. The religious exercises of the day, however, were varied by a good deal of eating and drinking, either in the open air or in the nearest public-houses. An old clergyman of a parish near Rosneath used to remark with pride, when an extra gathering attended his Communion, "It was a creditable crood, there was fourteen stane o' saumon eaten in the village."

The Communion at Arrochar was usually graced by an excursion party, which came down in a steamer from Glasgow. It was a "very superior occasion," as the Ettrick Shepherd would say. No exception was taken to the Sunday travelling; and when the excursionists steamed out of the bay in the evening, they saluted their fellow-worshippers on shore with three cheers "for the tent."

The "Monday Dinner"* was then an institution at the zenith of its glory. A glimpse of its usual characteristics may be obtained through the following extract from a letter, addressed by a friend in Argyllshire to Mr. Story, before he came to the west country: "Hero of the dark rolling eye! The roaring and bowsing of last night has been succeeded by a stillness and uneasiness which the temperate and virtuous never know,—and even among the

* A banquet on the Monday following the Communion Sunday, at which all the elders, lairds, and ministers that could be collected "assisted."

heathy wilds of Caledonia, where temperance and purity might seem to have fixed their abode, there is to be found one languid pulse—one aching head —one remorse-struck soul. Perhaps you think that I have been in some infamous company which prudence and honour conspired in exhorting me to shun; and that with the loss of my innocence, I have thrown aside also my respectability. Never once imagine it, sir. The bowsing match which I am lamenting was nothing else than the clerical dinner which usually follows the celebration of the Sacrament, and my fellows in iniquity were blameless priests and holy elders, high-minded heritors and Highland Chieftains. We drank, and roared, and sang, in a style which would have shamed our most illustrious meetings at Turnbull's, even when —— roared 'Jolly Beggars.' We fired our *grape* shot (nothing less than *royal* port), sometimes three in a minute. We bumpered every young lady in the country. We gave three times three to the Spanish patriots. I, in a style of matchless expression, sung 'Swigg'd it,' and 'A Highland lad my love was born.' About eight in the evening, some were sick, and others were groaning; some mounted their horses to ride home many miles over the hills, and your humble servant was completely done up." This is a specimen of the entertainment that was considered in those days a seemly termination of a solemn religious ordinance!

It was on the charge of a parish thus neglected, and into the midst of a community content with the low religious standard which the facts I have alluded to [illegible]cate, that Mr. Story now entered,—a young man [illegible]of life and energy,—without indeed any very pro[illegible]l convictions or strong personal hold of spiritual

truth, but with a deep desire to do his duty,—with high aspirations after possible excellence in himself and others, and with a refinement of taste, and a purity of moral feeling that revolted from the disorders and improprieties which he saw around him. He had poetized a good deal about the Ideal; and, in rhyme had embodied his hankerings after the Beautiful, True, and Good—loving the two latter perhaps more, because they were the elements that went to make up the first, than for their own sakes only. He now found himself in a Poet's Corner, where the exquisite loveliness of nature seemed to plead with low and plaintive tones, for a moral beauty in the heart of man that should answer to her own. To the heart of the young priest the voice of the great Mother did not utter itself in vain. He resolved he would do with his might what his hand found to do, and as far as his single effort could accomplish it, would try to set this little portion of the great world right; to "make a clearer faith, and manhood shine in the untutored heart;" to instil some hearty reverence for God, and Law, and Order. Thus resolving, he, with poetic enthusiasm, and Christian earnestness, bent all his energies to his appointed work.

CHAPTER III.

PARISH WORK—DECLINE—REVIVAL.

How to tend and cultivate this neglected vineyard was now, of course, the problem. He pondered it thoughtfully, and resolved to begin operations by making a domiciliary visitation of the whole parish. As he thus went among them, he spoke to the people in his own kindly familiar way, of the duties of which they had too long been careless, and the responsibilities to which they had been indifferent. The effect was soon seen. Their attendance at church became regular and full; and a desire to be instructed was thus, as well as in other ways, manifested. He then commenced meetings from week to week, for the purpose of catechizing; and, with few exceptions, all the parishioners, high and low, attended in their respective districts. The Shorter Catechism was in great request; and in his forenoon calls, now and then, the minister, as he entered a room, would catch a glimpse of the slender volume vanishing into some place of concealment. He next began to bring the children into order. He summoned them to assemble after service one Sunday. A large number came, whom he organized into a Sabbath School—quite a new institution in Dunbartonshire; and after it had been for some time fairly in working order, he established, in connection with it, a juvenile library.

No part of his ministerial duty was performed with more hearty interest than the instruction of the young, and none produced a more living and lasting impression. His nature was so genial, and his manner so kind,—his earnestness so obvious, that children always turned to him with spontaneous affection and confidence. Few forgot in after years, even if they forgot all else, the voice and look of their early teacher; while many who have traced to the hours spent in the Sabbath classes, the beginning of all that was true, and useful, and hopeful in their lives, look back to him as to their spiritual father, with "blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head." A few years before his death, one of these, an elderly woman, arrived at the Manse, bringing two boys with her. She had brought her two sons, she said, that they might see the minister that had instructed her in her youth. She had often told them of his Sabbath school, and of the first day it met, when all the children in the parish were collected in the middle of the kirk, while the minister spoke to them, and then read out for singing the 11th verse of the 34th Psalm:—

"O! children, hither do ye come,
And unto me give ear—
I shall you teach to understand
How ye the Lord should fear."

Thus labouring for the enlightenment and reformation of both old and young, he gained a strong ascendency over the hearts of all. Their faults were the errors of a primitive, and somewhat lawless and ignorant community—not the sordid vices of those whom civilization has corrupted, while it has smoothed. Their instincts of right and wrong were dormant, not deadened; and so, when they were appealed to, they awoke

and asserted their authority. And he who thus roused them was respected for his work's sake, as well as loved for his own. The man who, true to his own duty, animates others with the consciousness of theirs, will always be respected by all who have not lost the very capacity of moral life.

Mr. Robert's satisfaction (and when Mr. Robert was pleased, who should be discontented ?) was more emphatic than ever. "Mr. Story," he writes to the Duke of Argyll, "is, in my humble opinion, likely to turn out one of the best preachers in Scotland, and is most indefatigable and wonderfully successful in bringing the people, so long neglected, to a due sense of their duty to God and man, by visiting them in their families, and collecting them in their villages, for the purposes of religious instruction on week days, and bestowing an hour each Sabbath day in instructing the children in Church, where sometimes more than one hundred of these children attend."

That the feelings of regard and goodwill which he and others of the flock entertained for the young minister were fully reciprocated may be inferred from what Dr. Thomas Brown writes in July, 1816:—"I have seldom been more interested than by the picture your letter drew of your pastoral happiness. You have indeed made a noble beginning, and after such beginnings, there is no fear of the middle and the end. I had at one time the intention of finding my way to Rosneath, and casting my moral, as well as physical eyes on the different sorts of beauty so well described by you; but I must, I believe, bend my steps in a different direction; and before I can hope to see it, you will, if you go on as you have begun, be an Arcadian [illegible] of the Golden Age, and one may go to your

parish instead of reading over again, my good friend Ovid's picture of the times of that best of kings, old Saturn. Our Professor of Mineralogy, you know, sometimes takes out his pupils to the hills and shores that they may examine with their own eyes what he has been talking of in his lectures. I, who have to talk about the virtues, should like very much to be able to do the same thing; and I really think there is some chance that Rosneath may be exactly such a place as a moralist with his pupils should visit peripatetically. Do not be alarmed therefore next year, if you see me invading your domain with my little army of sages."

The living of Rosneath had been promised by the Duke of Argyll to a Mr. M'Kellar, who was tutor in the family of Mr. Campbell, of Skipness. This arrangement, about which the parishioners had originally known little and cared less, became a matter of considerable importance to them, as Dr. Drummond's health grew worse, and as their attachment to his assistant increased. They accordingly petitioned the Duke to alter the destination of the living, and to appoint Mr. Story the assistant and successor. After some negotiation, the desired change was effected. Mr. Story felt, however, on his own part, some difficulty in sanctioning the measure so ardently desired by the people; for the living of Ladykirk, which was already secured to him, was at once the more valuable of the two, and offered him a residence in a part of the country, where he would be nearer to his relatives and most of his friends, than he could be in Dunbartonshire. But he was at the same time reluctant to quit the sphere of duty on which he had so successfully entered, and to thwart the unanimous wish of the parish; and he therefore determined to accept the position offered to him at Rosneath,

and to receive ordination there;* and though he would be thus bound more closely to his present abode, he still would be free to move to Ladykirk on the death of Mr. Tod. His own inclination, as well as the advice of all his friends, pointed to Ladykirk as his ultimate destination; and Hume writes to him that, "converting smugglers is all very well," but that he should not, to that sort of thing, sacrifice his future prospects and the possession of a valuable living. In the meantime, however, he resolves to abide by Rosneath, and his ordination was accordingly fixed for the 26th of March, 1818.

That day found him overwhelmed with a crowd of conflicting emotions, predominant among which was the self-distrusting conviction of his unworthiness for the sacred office of the ministry.

His feelings, as recorded by his own pen, would, to those who did not know him, appear to have been morbid and exaggerated. He thus writes of his mental struggles on the eventful morning:—"I knew not what to do. To proceed, I seemed to feel, exposed me to the vengeance of the insulted *Husbandman*—to retreat treasured up for me the scorn and contempt of the society I lived in. I then revolved the possibility of a precipitate flight to some district or country, where my name and profession could be easily concealed. But this again seemed a desperate alternative, as the very forlorn hope of a man in some sore extremity of doubt regarding his duty to God or to his fellow creatures. Then, again, I seemed shrouded in the thick darkness, and listening to those awful thunders whence trembling Israel heard the Divine voice, 'Cursed be every one

* He had already declined a proposal of Lord Dalhousie's, who was now Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, that he should resume the direction of Lord Ramsay's studies, and go out with him to Halifax.

that abideth not in all things written in the Book of the Law to do them.' I wept bitterly, flung myself on the ground, and a prayer, vehement as was ever framed, burst from my lips."

The Presbytery is constituted, and proceeds to the Church. He continues:—"There is something gloriously elevating in the simultaneous burst of solemn music from the hearts of a multitude of worshippers, where a deficient harmony is lost in the intense zeal of emotion which it so powerfully expresses. At the moment the people burst forth with the voice of Psalms I was borne along with it, and without resistance I yielded to that overflowing flood of devotion. The feelings, personal to me or peculiar to my situation, were lost in the general sentiment; I became as one of the people—all relations forgotten, saving that in which we all stood to our common Father, the object of that solemn adoration. . . . While I stood before them all, professing my faith, and taking my vows, I was assailed by temptations in a more tangible and definite form than I had experienced for many years. Thou believest! Admirable sophistry—denial or belief of unintelligible mysteries is an equal honour to thy understanding, for they are not the objects of human thought at all. Or, let the mysteries pass, canst thou admit the monstrous paradoxes of Calvinistic necessity, so repugnant to the moral feeling of humanity, so inconsistent with the every conception of a responsible agency? Thou veriest slave to the errors and prejudices of the age of thy birth, and not only so, but perjured devotee to the dogmas of an illiberal and ignorant ancestry, pity but a glimpse of martyrdom would startle thy hardened front in the very face of Heaven, and before all this multitude, sacrificing thine own mental

integrity, and panting for the functions of an apostle of error and deceitfulness. Thou givest to hell-torments. too, without a sigh, the myriads of unbaptized infants—of unillumined and reprobate heathens; cannot the loud shriek of their concentrated agony rouse thy apathy? Down, thou bold and bloody assassin of the hopes of those vast multitudes that have wept by the tombs of their guiltless babes. Yes; such were the suggestions of those awful moments."

The presiding minister was the Rev. Duncan M'Farlan, D.D., then minister of Drymen; afterwards the well-known Principal of the University, and minister of the Cathedral, of Glasgow. The solemn rite was administered, as it had been to Timothy of old, by the Apostolic "laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." "While their hands pressed on me I felt as if, by a tangible cohesion, I was the object of some preternatural and mysterious influence. The presence of that Spirit that bloweth where he listeth, invisible, intangible, uncontrollable, like the winds of Heaven, seemed to assume a formal and substantial reality, which came in contact with my whole body and soul, searching to the very depths of my amazed, and elevated, and enraptured spirit. When the reverend father prayed that, as in ancient times, by the laying on of hands a power might be conveyed commensurate with the necessities of my holy functions, my mind went back to those first days of the Christian Church, when by the same simple but sublime ceremony, Matthias was selected and set apart from the family of converts to supply the vacant Apostleship. No parade of hierarchic ceremonial could have so deeply affected my soul, as the assemblage of Presbyters, so accordant with the primitive simplicity—so representative of the Eleven

selecting a coadjutor in the glorious achievement of illuminating and reforming a world."

On the Sunday following, he was introduced to his charge by Dr. Chalmers.

His acquaintance with Dr. Chalmers had begun since his coming to Rosneath, and had already ripened into hearty mutual friendship. The Doctor had been much struck with his preaching, and it seems to have been contemplated that he should become the assistant minister of the Tron parish in Glasgow; this idea, however, never took definite shape, although it was desired by some of the Tron congregation, and would have been welcome to Mr. Story himself. During the years when Chalmers was overwhelming his audiences in Glasgow, with his rugged and resistless eloquence, and was working out in his parish there those theories of parochial and civic economy, which are the least showy, but the most substantial foundations of his fame, a holiday at Rosneath was always a welcome break in the noisy and laborious round of his town life. On one of his visits, on which he was accompanied by Irving (at the time his assistant), Miss Helen Campbell, Mr. Robert's sister, gave an entertainment in his honour, at her bower in the Clachan Glen. The Glen is a narrow wooded ravine that winds back into the hill lying behind the level shorelands of Rosneath; the bower was a romantic retreat in its deepest and shadiest hollow, where the steep bank has drawn back a little from the brawling "burn," and left as much of smooth and gently sloping sward as might serve for the silvan revels of the court of Oberon and Titania. A large and merry party took breakfast in the bower; after which one of the gentlemen assumed the fiddle, and Mr. Irving performed the Highland

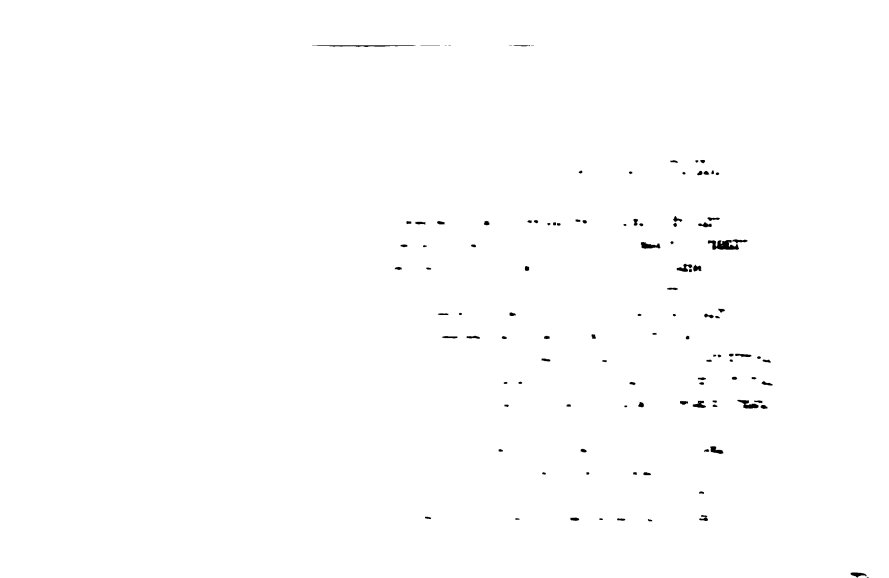
Fling among the children, on the turf in front. "What shall we do now?" said Mr. Story, when the festivities of the morning were over. "Oh," answered Chalmers in his impetuous way, "come and let us abandon ourselves to miscellaneous impulses!"

One of the miscellaneous impulses, on this or another occasion, was to climb to the top of Tamnaharra, the highest point in the parish, and 800 feet above the level of the sea. The panorama from the summit is magnificent. Away to the left swells the broad bosom of the Firth of Clyde, with the blue cone of Ailsa rising on the horizon, and nearer the towering crests of Arran. On the right stretch the billowy Argyllshire Highlands, hill beyond hill. Looking down, on the one side you see the Gairloch, lying between its wooded and cultivated banks; on the other, is the sublimest view of all—Loch Long, deep and dark, amid its impending mountains, which throw solemn shadows even in the brightest summer day upon the sombre waters. Right in front of Tamnaharra, one huge rocky giant standing out abruptly from the others, divides the channel of Loch Long from that of Loch Goil. Only the entrance to the "dark and stormy water" can be seen, guarded on the one hand by the mountain which hides the rest of it from sight, and on the other by the ruined Castle of Carrick, which stands weather-beaten and gloomy, on a strip of meadow at the base of the hills. The effect of the view is heightened by the immediate foreground—a bare hill-side, with one sullen tarn in a stony hollow; but the grand and impressive feature of it is the strength and majesty of the everlasting hills, whether grim white with winter snow, purple with summer heather, or scowling amid

drifts of mist and rain, or sleeping in the cloudless sunshine. "Never," said the Doctor, after gazing for a while, "never did I see such specimens of the *statuary* of nature."

On another of the Doctor's visits to Rosneath, he met at the Manse the Rev. Legh Richmond, and the Rev. James Gray; the one the well-known author of the "Dairyman's Daughter;" the other one of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh, afterwards Rector of Belfast Academy, and finally one of the chaplains of the H.E.I.C., and tutor to the young King of Kutch. They spent the Sunday with Mr. Story; Dr. Chalmers took part of the service, and Mr. Richmond addressed the Sabbath school. The genial company and the glorious scenery kindled the poetic flame in Mr. Gray's breast; and in a few months after the pleasant meeting at Rosneath, a poem issued from the Edinburgh press, bearing the title, "A Sabbath among the Mountains." It described the Sunday he had spent at Rosneath, with no little warmth of feeling and gracefulness of diction; it took the public taste, and in a short time reached its third edition. Here is the author's portraiture of the minister:

"The Pastor of that people was beloved
In cottage and in hall, where'er he moved,
The aged loved him as a favourite son,
The young a brother—all a faithful one.
Of manners simple and devoid of guile,
Even infants brightened in his kindly smile;
Of active fancy, and of judgment clear,
Of life unspotted, and of truth sincere;
Of heart by nature formed for all to feel,
Of ardent spirit, Apostolic zeal,
Aright the weary wayfarer to lead,
To clothe the naked and the hungry feed,
To mingle with the mourner balmy tears,
To quench the Christian's doubts and quell his fears



have fixed on as the scene of my future joys and sorrows. After much agitation and anxiety, I at last was swayed by the only consideration which could have decided my expatriation from the regions of my nativity—the exertions of the Rosneath people to fix me among them. I have not consulted my own happi-

d the feeling that I might have been elsewhere

ays mingle a considerable regret among the

nts that this residence may continue to afford

et how grateful ought I to be, for it is the

most beautiful spot in the world." Thus, surrendering at what he deemed the call of duty, the richer benefice on Tweedside, he pitched his tent by the shores of the quiet Gairloch. He assumed, of course, all the functions of a parish minister, and took his seat in the presbytery of Dunbarton. He never at any period took much interest in the ordinary business of the Church courts, nor did he set store by the differences of party which from time to time agitated them. The Church was to him the Father's family, and the Redeemer's witness on earth. He could not take part in proceedings which too often tended only to violate this relation, and to obscure this character. Perhaps he allowed himself to stand too much aloof when, by addressing himself to the ecclesiastical politics of his day, he might have done solid service to the Church. He did not find it easy, however, to attach himself positively to either of the parties which divided the ecclesiastical body when he joined it. In political questions, he would have been disposed to side with the "Moderate" party. In his religious feelings and practice he differed utterly from them, and was even more earnest and devoted than the generality of those who called themselves the "Evangelical;" while he possessed a catholic charity which they not seldom sadly lacked. Before the time of his ordination, Landsborough had written to him as follows, and the words express pretty accurately the common opinion and feeling of his clerical friends: "I was amused to hear that you are claimed by both parties. You ask to which I belong. If *you* would head a party I would say that I belong to yours. I am *moderate*, as I think you are, in the true sense of the word. In most cases, I would from conscience vote with the Moderates, but I

To practise, with unwearied hand, th… …k and thin
Of healing feuds, and knitting heart… …in general
A beam of light from Zion's hill t… …d that as a
Upon the darkness of the dying …
He knew that these were the voi… …ion than
Of his commission, chartered i…
Yet, though the Christian st… said I
He sought not fame, for th… libe-
All loved with him to run …uct
All went to church as to …
And even of those who …
Some went as on a vis…
There wrinkled age …
And blooming infa…

* *

In a short time …d
Drummond was … …y a
table catastroph… …iperin-
kirk; and her …th more
successor of …mission to
hard to ans… *all authority.*
choose—I… …sy dread of in-
in June … partial counsel or
Tod, of …ong those who respect
was t' …e honour of their sacred
for … …ording to his conscience, be
he …e public opinion what they
s… …ork a hard unloving toil, dictated
…se of duty; it was prompted by a
…ove, and sanctified ever by the word
prayer. In these days of feverish energy
working, when so much more is done for the
s or the sect's sake than for Christ's, it is well
able to look back to a life, the principle of whose
…ours was perverted by no mean motives from the
its faith and love. "So entirely did I always
im," wrote one after he was taken from us,
ging to the men of an earlier and better day,

that in him, to my mind, the finest specimen of the old patriarchal pastorate in the land is gone—so constantly so wholly—so ungrudgingly did he live, and long, labour, in travail and prayer, day and night for ple."

it may be well, before going farther, to and to exhibit without strict reference l order, some of the results and aspects labours, and his intercourse with the the Holy Ghost had made him

orating influence of his teaching, example, rity was not slow of bringing forth good

His first and severest struggle was with the smugglers, but by degrees he succeeded in eradicating their pernicious traffic. He preached, he remonstrated, he excommunicated, he brought all the moral artillery at his command to bear upon the stills, until at last they were overthrown. One would have expected that the private and illicit manufacture of whisky being thus extinguished, its public and legitimate sale and consumption would increase. But it was not so. He succeeded in checking not only the smuggling, but the drinking in the parish. And he did so, because he strove to gain his point not through mere restrictive measures, but by the diffusion of sound principles, and by elevating the moral standard of his people. And thus, though there was no such thing as a temperance society known in those days, the drinking usages gradually gave way; and of the six public-houses which existed and drove a flourishing trade in the parish when he came to it, only two remained, one at Rosneath Ferry, and the other at Kilcreggan. The

repeated rounds of whisky at funerals dwindled down to one, at which minimum the untimely and unmeaning libation remained. One old Highlandman made an effort to revive the abolished custom after it had been for some time in abeyance. "You know that has been given up, Duncan," said Mr. Story, as Duncan was preparing to hand round the replenished glasses. "Surely," replied Duncan, "ye wad na hinder me payin' respec' to the deid." Mr. Story said he did not think the proposed measure would manifest that laudable sentiment; he would return thanks for what they had got, and those who were inclined to drink might stay behind. All followed him from the house.

New Year's Day had been of old a day notorious for drinking and disorder, which generally accumulated around the great annual game of shinty played on that anniversary. The game used to be accompanied with banners, bagpipes, and drink *ad libitum:* the players (such of them at least as were sober enough and had not got their heads broken) adjourned from the field to a ball at the tavern, where they kept up the festivity till next morning. The game in itself was perfectly innocent, but its accompaniments, and these seemed inseparable from it, were decidedly bad. It was gradually "shorn of its beams," and the observance of the great annual holiday came to be quiet and respectable; the church was opened for a short New Year's service, and the congregation decently attended.

Previous to Mr. Story's incumbency, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper had been dispensed only once a year. He introduced the half-yearly observance of it, and for some time before his death, it was dispensed thrice a year. He also introduced what was considered the offensive innovation, of never leaving his

own pulpit vacant on the occasion of the Communion being observed in the neighbouring parishes. Rather than do this, he entailed upon himself the fatigue of performing service at home on these occasions, and then travelling, often many rough miles, to assist in the services elsewhere. But though the change was thus irksome to himself and unpopular with his clerical brethren, he persevered in adhering to it; and had at last the satisfaction of seeing his practice adopted throughout the whole district, and the Communion Sundays no longer the scenes of noisy crowd and excitement which they once had been.

These changes, when we look back to them and relate them now, seem simple and unimportant matters. No one, however, who knows how deeply rooted old and evil customs always are, will believe they were easily effected; and none, contrasting the present state of the country in which they took place, with its condition before they were contemplated, will be disposed to underrate their value, or to think lightly of the manly energy and moral influence by which they were brought about.

Mr. Story's personal knowledge of his parishioners, of their circumstances, wants, capacities, characters, feelings, was most minute, his interest in them cordial and deep, his sympathy unbounded.

Before the withering influence of schism disturbed in later years the harmony of the parish, it exhibited a spectacle of peace and union among its inhabitants, and happy confidence and good will between them and their fatherly benignant pastor, that recalled the golden visions of patriarchal times, and presented as fair an ideal of a parish and its priest, as any poet could have found in his day-dreams of a Christian Arcadia.

They well might love and trust him; for, apart altogether from his efforts for their spiritual good, few could have so completely identified himself with their interests in every way, and made himself so thoroughly "all things to all men," as he.

Some of the incidents of his parochial experience indicate this in a somewhat ludicrous light.

For instance, one of his parishioners, an old woman, was dying of cancer, and was ordered to take laudanum. This she would never consent to, unless the minister took a similar dose first—this he used to do, and then she submitted to take it herself.* Old Donald McNicoll, who was insane, was at one time under medical treatment, but refused all medicine, under the impression that it would poison him. To convince him of his mistake, Mr. Story volunteered to take one or two of the fatal pills, provided Donald would no longer reject the prescribed dose. To this paction the latter agreed; and Mr. Story swallowed his share of the pills in all good faith. Not so the patient; he kept the unsavoury morsels in his mouth until the taste began to tell upon his palate, then spitting them out, he sprang up in a great rage, and flourishing his stick over the minister's head, roared, "Whan did *ye* turn a doctor? Ye'll hae quat the preachin' noo."†

* On his going into this old woman's cottage one day, she looked up from the book she was reading, and said, as she removed her spectacles, "I'm jist reading John here—he's *great* on the poo'er o' the ceevil magistrate." The volume was John Knox's "History of the Reformation."

† On another occasion Donald announced that he was going to drown himself, and shouted "Let me oot!—let me oot!" A neighbour, who happened to be in the house at the time, soberly observed,—"They tell me, Mr. Story, that they gie them bauths in the Aseelum: I daursay a dook aff the muckle rock wad dae him nae hairm. We'll pit a rope un' him and let him doun!" This proposal was much too practical to t Donald, who at once abandoned his contemplated immersion, saying,

Late one Saturday night, a noise of wrangling and fighting was heard near the Manse gate. It was a clear moonlight night, and the ground covered with snow. Mr. Story, who was sitting by the fire, attired in his dressing-gown and slippers, started up and went to the window. A crowd, and two men fighting, were distinctly visible in the bright moonlight. Out he rushed, the dressing-gown flying behind him like John Gilpin's cloak, and in a moment was in the thick of the fray, and attempting to seize a combatant with each hand. One he did succeed in collaring. Him he handed over to a bystander, to be kept *in retentis*, while he gave chase to the other, who had made off. It was a fruitless pursuit, however; he had effected his escape, and the whole company of assembled villagers, two minutes before spectators of the heady fight, had vanished as quickly and utterly as did Homer's interposing deities of old upon the plains of Troy. When the minister returned to the scene of the battle, no one was on the ground, except the big man he had caught, and the little man who held him. The former, who was what Dr. Carlyle calls "somewhat disguised," begged, with many elaborate bows, permission to put on his coat and to depart in peace, which accordingly he was allowed to do. Next day, before pronouncing the benediction, Mr. Story said that a very disgraceful scene had occurred last night at his gate, and that he desired that those who had taken part in it should come

"Na, na! I'm for nane o' yer dookin'." The same day his wife was complaining she did not know what to do about giving him a drink, for he always would bite a piece out of the dish to choke himself withal; upon which a woman standing by remarked, with great apparent seriousness, "It's needless for him to be spiling dishes trying to choke hissel. He micht jist gang doun there to Archie Turner's muckle bull, an' it 'll sune tear oot his thrapple for him."

to the Manse after service. "Do you really imagine they will come?" one of his hearers asked, very incredulously. "I am sure they will," said he; "but not till all the rest are out of sight." When the coast was quite clear, accordingly, the captive of the previous evening and his unknown antagonist duly made their appearance. The result of his interview with them was, that they promised not to taste whisky for a twelvemonth, which promise, he had every reason to believe, they kept. Whisky was the remote cause of the conflict they had engaged in; but the immediate occasion of it was the one having remarked to the other, on their leaving the tavern, that the road he was taking was the longest way; upon which his companion made answer, "An' div ye think I wad gang thro' your clatty Clachan Hole again?" a taunt which the Clachan man instantly pronounced a *casus belli.* Many years after, one of the two, who had in the meantime become a "Free" Kirk man, when on his death-bed sent for Mr. Story, and thanked him for his efforts to arrest him in a course of life which he now looked back on with bitterness, though he had neglected the warning voice at the time.

He was in the habit, if he saw a light in the village tavern, on his return late at night from his perambulations in the parish, of going in and dismissing the company. "No one in Rosneath," he used to say, "drunk or sober, would injure me;" nor did any one ever attempt resistance. Whenever he entered, there was a universal scuffle at back door and window, for the privilege of being the first out of sight.

Not long after his only daughter's birth a malignant
oke out at one of the farms on Loch Longside.
so fatal that no one would enter the infected

house, where all the inmates had it in succession. At last there were none to wait on the dying, but those who were themselves just recovering from the disease. Mr. Story went across the hill to them daily: one day he returned, sadly worn out, and at three o'clock the next morning he was sent for by the father, who thought himself dying. He set off across the hill, and when, after an hour's hard walking, he reached the house, he found the two daughters, only half recovered from the fever, wailing over the corpse. He said to one of the sons, "Your father is gone away." The lad was raving, and answered "Whaur?" The mother, who was in possession of her senses, said, "Then I'll never hear his bonnie prayers ony mair, that he used to mak' wi' me in the morning afore I went oot to the kye." Mr. Story dressed the body, and, with the help of a neighbour who consented to enter the house, laid it in the coffin.

Among his papers the following was found, written before this visit to the house of Death:—

"I have such peculiar feelings regarding my intended visit to ——, that I cannot resist the inclination I feel to record them, as they may possibly cast light on the providence of God regarding me and mine. The fever there is of a virulent kind. Bryce* advised me not to go, on account of my family; but J., the father of the diseased family, desires me to visit him, and his wife was prayed for to-day as in great distress. I have an impression that I am either to be seized myself, or to communicate it to others, or both. Yet all my maxims of ministerial duty conspire in the conclusion that it is my duty to go at all hazards. My wife, my daughter,

* The Doctor.

dearest Helen, and her child, I commit to God, and pray that I may so exercise faith in His promises of protection, that no evil may befall them or myself, acting according to what I believe, without any suspicion or doubt whatever, to be according to His holy will. Recording my feelings regarding my purpose, I hereby subscribe myself, the unworthy servant of the most High God, and follower of Him who went about doing good. —R. STORY."

He did, on his return, feel all the symptoms of the incipient fever—sore throat, &c.; but these were checked by the prompt use of his favourite remedy, the vapour bath.*

One might fill many a page with incidents illustrative of his intercourse with the members of his rustic flock, but these "Annals of the Parish" would unduly prolong the course of our narrative. What, let us rather ask, of his own personal history in those days that followed his ordination? At first, not much distinctively marked in any way. He seems to have felt the lack of literary intercourse in his immediate circle of neighbours, and thrown a good deal upon himself, to have yielded from time to time to his old gloom and despondency. His diaries bear many records of days and nights of mental pain, and doubt, and restlessness. So also do his letters:—"I have had griefs and sorrows of my own; and often you must have felt a kind of selfishness when overwhelmed by the strength of your own painful sensations. You cannot fly from them, and you become the very victim of a fearful

* The vapour bath, introduced by his friend, Charles Whitlaw, and employed by him at his establishment at Bayswater. Whitlaw published in 1829 a very interesting statement of his system, and of his ...s in the cure of disease. It is entitled "Whitlaw's new ...coveries, with a Defence of the Linnæan Doctrine, &c. ...29."

incubus. But, indeed, mine are often imaginary. They haunt me, however, like an evil spirit, and cast a dim, disastrous light over the most favourable moments of my solitary existence." Solitary! it is said bitterly, no doubt, for he had just been foiled in an attempt to exchange his solitude for the blessed duality of married life. His friend Cannan, by this time married, must needs write, advising him to turn Benedick too, and get a wife "to sit at the helm of his quick-sailing imagination." The counsel was not needed, apparently, for he had already fallen wonderfully in love, having come in his appointed season to the knowledge of the truth that

> "the love of All
> Is but a small thing to the love of One."

Of course he says he thought he had loved before, but of the "deep intensity of the emotion till now he had had no experience;" and so, being unsuccessful, he forthwith likens himself to "a solitary spirit that haunts some unholy grave till the birth of the Resurrection" —the old, old tale.

One of his friends writes him a very sensible epistle on the subject; for his distresses seem to have been perfectly well known to them all:—"Most happy or most miserable of men—or, what is more probable, something between the one and the other!—I suspect you went to —— on a fool's errand. 'The lady was really much surprised; your acquaintance had been so short; as a friend, she should always esteem Mr. Story; but, &c., &c.' Oh, *curas hominum!* What foolery does being in love seem to me now. Only to think of the *os sublime,* nay, even the gray* hairs

* Story and Pringle—when the former was sixteen years of age —walked in one day from Kelso to Edinburgh. He reached Edinburgh

of a man who possesses 'discourse of reason,' humbled to the dust before a cherry-cheeked girl whose utmost stretch of intellect is

> 'To know the difference between
> Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.'

Really it is too absurd. But love is like the small-pox and the measles, we must all have it once in our lives; nay, it sometimes recurs in what the doctors call a mitigated form. Mind, if you marry a wife without money you are ruined for life; it is all stuff about 'a treasure in herself,' and so forth. You are not a money-making man, but you are sufficiently inclined to be an expensive one, and therefore you must get money with your wife. . . . . I have not read your letter yet, and never shall, because I cannot read it. I wish you would take a few lessons from your daft schoolmaster. If you continue to write such a detestable hand, I shall not know whether to congratulate or condole in my next."

The failure of his addresses to Miss —— was followed by another event, which to one with his keen sympathies and strong friendships, was the occasion of no small disappointment and regret. He had always lamented Pringle's choice of literature as his profession, maintaining, with Sir Walter, that "it is a good enough staff, but a very bad crutch." But Pringle was himself so hopeful that he had inspired his friend with some of his own high anticipations of his success as a *littérateur*. These anticipations had been doomed to disappointment; and in February, 1820, after a fitful and

nearly blind with fatigue, and next morning his hair was here and there streaked with gray. By the time he reached the meridian of life, his "locks, divinely spreading," were "white as snow in Salmon."

chequered career in Edinburgh, where his residence latterly was embittered by the results of his disputes with the publishers, whose rivalries gave piquancy to the coarse satire of the "Chaldee MS.," poor Pringle emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope. Before his earliest friend quitted his fatherland, Mr. Story wrote to Mrs. Pringle, who was a somewhat morbid religionist, a farewell letter, from which the following is an extract: "I know you think I have but slender prospects of Salvation. I have calculated with great anxiety the probabilities of final happiness, and perhaps I have a far more humbling idea of myself and of my prospects than even your severity will allow; but it is a transaction between my Maker and my soul, and silently do I ponder on the awful realities of eternal enjoyment and eternal suffering. Now it is the same with your excellent husband perhaps. You are anxious, you are unhappy, when the idea of his being deficient in religious principle or feeling agitates your mind, and you obtrude the subject upon him when necessary cares may occupy his attention. Now, my dear madam, this is not prudent; it may have an opposite effect, as I have seen often in other instances. It may present to his contemplation the loveliest and divinest of all sentiments in somewhat a repulsive form, arrayed indeed with the anxieties of an affectionate heart, but not ornamented with the delicacies of a conciliatory wisdom. We are now to be far from each other. But our thoughts will submit to no restraint save that of affection, and they shall meet together often on the great deep. I feel in the departure of my early friend; I am ignorant whether there be anywhere in the world so much affectionate fidelity left. Never since we knew each other did a day or an hour of coldness interrupt

the vehement interchange of friendly regard,* and the profoundest secrets of our spirits, without hesitation and without fear, were deposited in each other's bosoms."

The want of stimulus in the society at and around Rosneath told unfavourably upon him. He was unfortunate also in being remote from all his relatives and intimate friends, and in meeting among the clergy of his district with but little ardent piety and zeal. In every company his social gifts and graces made him a welcome guest; and it is evident that when the first enthusiastic burst of his work in his parish was over, he allowed his time to be too much occupied with the amusements of a society to which he no doubt made a valuable addition, but from which he could in turn gain but little. He was too pliable, and had too strongly woven in his being the "one touch of nature" that makes the whole world kin, to be able to maintain that self isolation, which is not only expedient but necessary, if we would act up to our ideal among those whose moral and intellectual stand-point is lower than our own. His time, too, was constantly broken up by the advent of visitors coming to explore the beauties of Rosneath, and who all flocked to the Manse to find within its ever open door a ready guide and hospitable entertainer. A friend† who often visited him in these days, writes: "I look back to my intercourse with him during my sessions in Glasgow as an interesting and profitable time in my history. I well recollect how devoted he was to the interests of all in the parish,

* It was a saying among his College friends that "Story was the first to form a friendship and the last to break it."

† The Rev. William Stobbs, a native of Yetholm, and now minister of a U. P. congregation at Stromness.

but I could not help regretting the frequent interruptions to which he was subjected, by parties ever and anon calling on the minister to show them the glen, &c. While admiring his courtesy and gentlemanly bearing to all who thus drew thoughtlessly upon his valuable time, I was grieved to think that his fine talents were not permitted to have more leisure for consecutive study." His consciousness of his own lapse, which probably was fully realized by none but himself, though we learn it was in some sort perceptible to at least one other, is expressed in a letter to Morton, written in the end of December, 1820:

"I cannot say for my own part that I am doing anything, but writing regularly two sermons a week, which even still is hard labour. I had for three years extemporized chiefly, framing a discourse only at distant intervals; but qualms of conscience some months ago seized upon me, and I now write with more care and labour than ever before. My conscience was wounded (not my heart) by a lady the most admirable and lovely of her kind (but married), who out of a great regard for me, assumed the task of reclaiming me from inevitable ruin. I had yielded from time to time to the fascinations of society, society always of the polite and fashionable order, but rapidly tending to distract and enervate the mind. Although the duties of the parish were regularly performed, nothing neglected that had ever been done for its benefit, my heart was gradually wearing away from delight in them, and far too frequently was I seen quaffing the champagne or claret of the great and wealthy.* I felt myself be-

* He alludes here chiefly, if not altogether, to the society which lay beyond the bounds of his own parish. We gather from his diaries that, at this time, he was always dashing about the country to one

coming a voluptuary, in solitude restless, requiring the artificial stimulant of society to procure enjoyment, incapable or careless of study, selfish in my feelings, even seeming to forget my friends. I was, in fact, on the high road to intellectual and moral destruction, when an intrepid lady, perhaps the loveliest woman of all Clydesdale, not my own age, but the mother of lovely children, whom I have often kissed through love and admiration of the image they bore, interfered to deliver her friend; and she was as an angel staying the current of shame and dishonour. I first defended myself in a long letter of about twenty pages, an admirable special pleading of one who was anxious for her esteem, yet conscious of not deserving it. This produced a reply which humbled me to the dust, and produced a confession of 'guilty' to all her charges. * * * O! how I loved her at that moment, with a pure Platonic devotion, for I did regard her as a messenger from on high. Her remonstrance had a miraculous effect. I changed my habits instantly, began writing sermons, arose in the morning at six, and felt distaste for the society I had so frequently gladly enjoyed. All this was about ten weeks ago, and I have been persevering tolerably, happier in myself and with all around me, than for many a year. I correspond often with her. She is withal a lady of the purest and most elevated devotion, such as St. John would have chosen to address another epistle to. She is my polar star, and often I sigh and ask if it be possible there be any other such in the world."

This is a touching and instructive confession: few

point or another in the wide circle of his acquaintance. Rosneath was [illegible] quiet and contracted a sphere to afford full scope to his social ies.

could or would have interfered as this "elect lady" did, and with the like felicitous result. The effect produced was not a spasmodic and transitory one. The tendency which she had detected was not only at once checked but permanently eradicated; while the feelings which on the one hand had earnestly prompted, and on the other had generously responded to her counsels, consolidated into a life-long friendship.

Her words marked indeed a crisis in his life, which in this record of its course seems fitly to close a period.

He had passed morally unscathed, though often stricken and bowed down with intellectual difficulties and spiritual darkness, through the dangerous age in which youth is free from the restraint of authority, and is not yet invested with the duties and responsibilities of an office or a profession. He had after many doubts and debatings, entered the Church of his fathers, and found within her pale a congenial and suitable sphere of labour. He had bent himself to that labour heartily; but when the first keenness of interest and effort was over, he had found that his heart was still unsatisfied, still "a hungry heart" longing for old companionships which he could not regain, and then seeking a new love which was denied to him. And so emerged before him the great peril of his life, the possibility of his falling back from energy and earnestness and lofty aspiration towards "the high regions where the pure forms dwell," into mere formal observance of a routine of duty, and goodnatured acquiescence in the usages, and compliance with the standards of a society, invested with no deep religious earnestness, nor possessed of shining moral or intellectual characteristics. Led by his own character and constitution to seek the substance and the gladness of his life without

PART II.

1827—1835.

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CHAPTER I.

JOHN CHALMERS—ISABELLA CAMPBELL—ENGLAND —CHANGE OF VIEWS—PASTORAL ADDRESS— RETURN.

"THE greater part," says good Sir Thomas Browne, "must be content to be as though they had not been—to be found in the register of God—not in the record of man;" and among the many so destined to pass away into the Silent Land, few have been humbler and less noticed in their brief day than John Chalmers. A poor man, and the son of a poor man, he lived a life of privation and suffering, and died and was buried; and for many a long year his dust has been mouldering away in his nameless grave in Rosneath Churchyard. But "not a worm is cloven in vain," far less is any human life quenched in the great darkness until it has served some well-ordered end. This poor man's life was—as far as we can trace the sequence—the first link in a chain of many lives whose record is on high. He was a man of singular faith, patience, and devotion, with no little insight into the mystery of godliness. His spiritual life does not seem to have been awakened by Mr. Story's ministrations, but to have developed of itself into a fulness of

stature to which his minister had probably not attained. The latter describes himself as taught, rather than teaching, at the sick man's bedside; and was wont often to revert to the remarkable expressions of faith, hope, and love which he had listened to there. One of Chalmers's sentences he used to quote: "Every pang," said he, in the midst of excessive agonies, "that pierces through this corrupted body, gives me a new glimpse of the goodness of God." In an address to his people, after Chalmers had been released from his sufferings,* Mr. Story wrote: "His image must remain with me so long as I retain the knowledge of my own being, or any memory of the past. His absence is a blank amid the objects which interest me, beyond expression, or what any can conceive; he had existed so long as a fixed and permanent anxiety in my thoughts, and in his society I had experienced many of the best and noblest enjoyments of my being. I have only now to regret—not that I can see him no more, for he is for ever removed from the alternations of human hopes and fears, the circle of human anxieties and sorrows, but that while he was here I enjoyed

* The manner of his death was strange. Two men came hurriedly at midnight to summon the minister to his cottage, two miles from the Manse. He went with them. All the way they were silent, preoccupied, mysterious; could not, or would not, give any account of what was the matter. When Mr. Story entered the cottage he went near the bed and engaged in prayer; while he was praying the Devil seemed to enter into the prostrate sufferer. He began to yell out the most terrific blasphemies in the voice of a Stentor. His bodily strength returned, he swung his arms wildly about, and in so doing slapped Mr. Story across the face, and the blow, he said, was like that of a strong man in his prime. Under the influence of continued prayer he gradually calmed however, and by-and-bye the fit was over, and he lay weak as before, and peaceful as a child. Presently he breathed his last with the name of "Jesus" on his lips. It seemed impossible not to recognize in this dreadful paroxysm, the Satanic agency entering into the worn-out body, and making one final rush upon the fainting spirit.

so little of his society. And to you, O my people, he hath not gone away, without leaving what is far better than the wealth of the rich, the power of the mighty, or the glory of the noble; he hath bequeathed the blessing of a dying believer. One of the last times I parted from him, 'Now,' said he, 'farewell. Although we should never meet again, I have offered up, and shall offer up, my prayers for you, and all your people, that the Gospel may flourish among young and old.'"

But a year or two passed away ere the minister, whose growing earnestness made him readier now to detect the quickening of the hidden life in any of his well-known flock, believed he saw an answer to the many prayers of the departed saint. "In Isabella Campbell," he writes, "there seemed an answer to his prayers, the first fruits of the vehement wrestlings of his holy soul in his latter days, for his fellow parishioners before the throne of God."

To many, no doubt, the tracing of this connection between "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man," and the development of the divine life in another's spirit may appear a mere rope of sand; but—

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of . . .
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

—And behind the Veil, that agent, for aught we know, may be the most prevailing, which is least recked of in this selfish and sinful world. One of the strongest features in the life which we are tracing, was its own prayerfulness and reliance on the power of prayer.

We need not wonder, then, that he traced a divine succession, linking the life of Isabella Campbell to that of poor John Chalmers. This young woman

grew up under Mr. Story's eye, was one of his Sunday school scholars, and was by him admitted to the Holy Communion, and after many a long and painful struggle, she was able in God's light to see light, and to enter into the glorious liberty of his children. While yet a girl in her teens a pulmonary disease attacked her, and gradually reduced her so low that at last she was chained almost entirely to her home at Fernicarry. While there her minister saw her constantly, and while he helped to instruct and comfort her, his own spirit was much quickened by its intercourse with hers; for during this illness she seemed step by step to enter into the very Holy of Holies, and to enjoy a most rapt and intense communion with her God and Saviour, to the peace and joy of which she bore perpetual witness by the exalted utterances of her faith and love. Her life was indeed hid with Christ in God; its fountain was within the Veil; there, she felt as few are able to realize, were the realities, here the illusion. "I am not conscious," says one who went, as many did for the truth's sake, to visit her on her dying bed, "that I ever was made so to feel the *reality* of eternal things; their being *had in possession.* When I rode away from the house, I actually felt as if the firmament overhead, and your mountains and the lake at our feet, and the very ground over which we were yet sensibly passing, were all illusive, and as if I could have put up my hand to push them all aside, to make room again for the great realities which I seemed to have left with that wonderful girl."

It is not, however, with the intention of enlarging upon Isabella's character or history, that I now mention her name, but because it connects itself pretty closely, for a considerable period, with the course of Mr Story's own life.

The warm friendship and pious communion which united so closely the pastor and this member of his flock, were not suffered to continue uninterrupted. During the winter of 1826-7 he seriously injured his health by frequent exposure to wet and stormy weather during his visits throughout the parish, but especially to Fernicarry, which was six miles from the Manse. At last, one wild day, he crossed in an open boat from Greenock,* got drenched with spray, and went in his dripping clothes to marry a couple in a barn. The next Sunday he rose from bed, after bleeding and blistering, to perform service; by the time it was over, he could scarcely crawl home to the Manse, agonized with an onslaught of sciatica. For months he was the victim of this disorder; his general health could not but suffer, the more so that his mind and heart were at this time much perplexed and saddened by concerns of his own, which were full of trouble for him. At length it became absolutely necessary, both for body and mind, that he should try the healing and soothing influence of change of climate and scene. So in the end of the summer of 1827, he went to England. While there, as we shall see, a great change passed upon him. When he returned to Rosneath, there was in him no longer the wavering, the restlessness, the dissatisfaction which had hitherto, more or less (though latterly, since *the lady's* letter, in ever lessening ratio), clung to him, and oppressed him. He was "stablished, strengthened, settled;" he had gained the truth, and the truth had made him free.

* There were no regular steamers in those days. Whenever there was a day specially stormy, old Dr. Steele, of the West Church, used to say to Mrs. Steele, "My dear, look out and you'll be sure to see Mr. Story in the middle of the river." He delighted in the excitement of the crossing when winds were high and waves white.

"You gratify me," writes the Rev. Dr. Scott, of Greenock, some time before he quitted Rosneath, "by mentioning the minister of Row's regard for me. I wish I deserved it as much as I covet it. I esteem him highly, and do indeed expect that He who is 'working in him to will and to do of His good pleasure,' will spare him to perform eminent service in His Church. I bear him affectionately on my heart when I pray for the young servants of God, nor think I am wanting in affectionate regard or prayer for the minister of Rosneath, especially that he may be *settled*."

The minister of Row here spoken of, and one or two others who were Mr. Story's correspondents during his absence from his parish, require some mention here, as we shall owe much to his letters to them, and theirs to him.

The minister of Row was the Rev. John McLeod Campbell, son of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, minister of Kilninver; he had been ordained to his charge in the autumn of 1825. The acquaintance, which necessarily resulted from the fact that Mr. Story and he were the ministers of parishes adjoining each other, speedily developed into friendship: they had much in common, and were both young and hopeful workers in their Master's vineyard. Their intercourse was regular and frequent, and sometimes they arranged that their meeting should be at the point where the two parishes met, and where stood the home of Isabella Campbell. "To-day," writes Mr. Story, after one of these meetings, "we met at the extremity of the parish, to see a dying saint, and we parted in comfort, and peace, and joy; transitory feelings often, but to taste of them even for a moment is worth a whole eternity of other emotions." During his absence from home, Mr. Campbell, as his

nearest neighbour acted, to a certain extent, as Mr. Story's substitute in performing those duties which required the offices of an ordained clergyman, and in attending to persons in sickness and affliction. In these circumstances their correspondence naturally was constant and ample; but it was much more than a mere chronicle of parochial matters on the one hand, or of the absent invalid's anxieties and arrangements on the other. The nine months during which the latter was absent from his charge saw a great change, as has just been said, pass upon his views of truth; and they were also the period of a growing fulness and distinctness in those of Mr. Campbell, of which his letters are an invaluable record.

One of the latest works in which the subject of these Memoirs was engaged, was the drawing up of a brief biography of another friend and correspondent, who will be mentioned anon, Mr. Alan Ker; and, in the course of that work (left incomplete), there occurs the following passage regarding the minister of Row, which may appropriately be introduced here: "His predecessor was a man of superior gifts, a good scholar, and of more than the average accomplishment of the ministers of his day. He was, however, a cold intellectual preacher merely, rather inclined to repress anything in the form of enthusiasm of feeling, than attempt to stir up any great earnestness in the religious tone of the people. With few exceptions, indeed, it may be stated, that religion was at a low ebb throughout the families of the parish. Mr. Campbell having entered upon his parochial charge with a deep sense of the responsibility of his office, and with a single-minded desire to devote all his energies to the accomplishment of its duties, felt, upon surveying the condition of the parish, that

every effort must be made to awaken an interest in the great things that belonged to his people's peace, and to rouse them from a state of what seemed such spiritual carelessness and insensibility. He had been thoroughly educated, and was equal to any other of his age and standing in knowledge of the principles of the doctrine of Christ; at least, such as is attained from the dogmatic teachings of our theological faculty, and the works recommended in illustration of these prelections.* He was led to feel, however, that something more was necessary than acquaintance with what others had taught, to reach the hearts of the people; especially as it seemed that they were familiar with the phraseology employed in the systems of theology, which yet appeared to have no power whatever in exciting any personal interest in the truths they embodied. His resolution was formed promptly: he shut himself up in his study with his Bible and Concordance alone; and with weapons drawn from that armoury only, in the strength and by the counsel of his Master, determined to make war upon the enemy of truth, and rouse the immortal souls committed to his pastoral charge from their deep and perilous slumber. Week after week, so prepared for his public ministrations, it may be easily imagined what a freshness and vitality there must have been in his presentation of the truth to his audience, urged, as it was, with intense earnestness of manner. The contrast between this and what they had been accustomed to, even the most care-

* In his "Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers" (1st ed., vol. iii., p. 246), Dr. Hanna rather flippantly describes Mr. Campbell as a "young minister of ardent piety, but of slender theological discrimination." One does not know Dr. Hanna's standard of theological acquirements; but if he measures Mr. Campbell by that current among Scotch theologians, he has no title whatever to call his "discrimination" (which, I presume, is the result and application of his erudition) "slender."

less and indifferent could not but notice as something very remarkable, especially when they witnessed during the week, wherever their minister happened to be in their society, the same deep earnestness of spirit, the same yearning for their souls' well-being. He chose such subjects for his pulpit ministrations as seemed to have for their object the awakening of just conceptions of sin, the necessity of being born again, of fleeing from the wrath to come, and finding refuge in the cross of Christ; embracing such topics indeed as, in the first days of their ministry, the Apostles selected in order to turn men from the bondage of sin and Satan to the service of the living God. He taught that for this end, God himself was throughout the Scriptures revealed as longing with a father's heart; that for this He had given up His Son to die for them, and had exalted Him to His own right hand to give them repentance and remission of sin; in one word to bless every one of them by *turning them away from their iniquities*. Whatever subject he selected for the purpose of convincing them of sin, was followed by a declaration of the freeness of the Gospel, while he showed that the rejection of the blessings it conveyed arose from their own unbelieving scorn; that whosoever turned to Him who was the God of pardons, would be received at once, like the Prodigal Son of the parable; and that, according to the great principle of the New Covenant, his sins and his iniquities, in the day that he turned to righteousness, would be remembered no more. His ministrations at this time* were all designed to shut up those whom he addressed into the faith, leaving

* The time of Mr. Story's illness, 1827-8. The remark, though originally used with reference to that period, holds good of Mr. Campbell's whole ministry.

no alternative but receiving the message of the Gospel, and so being rescued from the certain destruction awaiting all who continue in their natural condition."

Such was the ardent and well-equipped young apostle who was labouring on the other side of the quiet Gairloch, when Mr. Story left Rosneath—such was the character of his ministry, which, ere his friend returned, was to make the loch and its romantic shores notable in the annals of religious history.

I have mentioned Alan Ker. The Kers were a Greenock family, to whom Mr. Story had been introduced by Landsborough on his first arrival in the West. Their door was ever open, and he always a favoured guest, and, sooth to say, a frequent one; for the Greenock society of those days was very genial and attractive to the solitary priest across the river.

His visits to the Kers seem to have been very merry and gay,—the pent-up vitality escaping then with a rush; for we find Mrs. Ker on one occasion, previous to the dispensation of the Holy Sacrament, telling him that she cannot at such a solemn season ask him to stay at their house, as she always feels in his presence too strongly disposed to indulge in a levity which would be reprehensible on the eve of the Communion. She was a large-hearted motherly woman, as clear and just in mind as she was warm and sincere in affection. Mr. Ker was a man of singular simplicity, mingled with considerable shrewdness, and a great deal of sterling worth. He was much respected in the town of Greenock, and his opinion regarded with no little de-
rence. *Apropos* of this, Mr. Story used to tell an anec-
e of him which was very characteristic. A person
ıe to him in great perplexity. His daughter wanted
narry a man whom he did not at all choose to have as

his son-in-law. What was he to do, for the pair were quite dogged? Mr. Ker ascertained, by a few pointed queries, that their fixed determination had been most unequivocally announced,—they would marry,—and, moreover, that the young man, though distasteful to the "leathery Herr Papa," was really a respectable and well-doing personage. "Well, then," said he, giving his deliverance after a full hearing of the case, "Just let them marry, or they'll do't in spite of ye, for if you put her in a barrel, he'll kiss her thro' the bung." "Sic vetuere patres quod non potuere vetare." In the days of the old volunteers, Mr. Ker commanded a company, which he duly drilled and paraded, but his recruits were but an awkward squad; they never would draw up in a straight line, do what he might. "Oh!" he cried one day, holding up his hands in horror as he looked along the front rank, "Oh! what a bent row; just come out, lads, and look at it yourselves!"* Alan Ker was a cripple and an invalid; but his mental powers were of the finest order. Though incapacitated by ill health from pursuing any regular course of study, or attending the University, he acquired at his own hand a varied and most liberal education. He was an excellent classical scholar, (many are the notes and squibs in Latin prose and verse, which he used to indite to his friend at Rosneath), read French and Italian, was a scientific musician, and had a wide acquaintance with the facts and theories of physical science, not nearly so generally studied then as now.

* A body of Greenock volunteers was reviewed in these days by the then Duke of Montrose. His Grace complimented their commanding officer very highly, saying he was quite surprised at the steadiness of his men. "Indeed, my Lord Duke," replied the worthy Major, "I'm very much surprised at it mysel', for I don't think half a dizzen o' them ever saw a Duke afore."

His chief delight in life, however, was in going about (on his crutches) doing good, while his health allowed him to do so. He was Secretary to the Sabbath School Society, and laboured indefatigably to reclaim the "Arabs of the streets;" and the Arabs of "the Stennars" and "the Vennel" were more thoroughly Ishmaelite in their tendencies, than teachers and missionaries now-a-days in well superintended districts would readily believe. With all this active well-doing, and the earnest piety and Christian love which animated it all, he combined a disposition brimming over with fun and humour. "While friend and favourite were one by one being withdrawn from me," says one of the most useful, and since these days, most widely known among his coadjutors, "he was ready to receive me with all his multifarious attractions, his array of ancient and modern literature for discussion, his practical knowledge of the physical sciences for information, his shrewd and comprehensive views on politics and philanthropy, his fresh and original landscapes of the journey of human life, his extraordinary apprehension of character, his mimicry and gaiety, his boundless, active, buoyant, happy benevolence, and progressive holiness and growth in grace, that kept me in a perpetual astonishment. And the frequent and sudden flashes of wit, and peals of laughter, that sometimes came from a bed some minutes before shaken with an agony of pain, lent an unheard-of charm and fascination to his sick chamber." His humorous bent in his earlier days sometimes displayed itself in a practical shape; and he and his friend Motherwell, the poet, liked nothing better than concocting a "trot" as they called it. The origin of this term was Alan's having published in the Greenock papers an elaborate

description of the "Trottle Plant," a member of the British Flora, totally unknown to botanists: the description was copied into the contemporary journals, and gave rise to much speculation; when some acquaintances of Alan's, who discovered the parentage of the vegetable, inserted an advertisement in the newspapers, to the effect that he was the sole agent for it. Immediately orders for specimens came in by the dozen, and at last a cheque arrived from the Duke of Devonshire's gardener, with a request that Trottle Plants for the amount might be forwarded to Chatsworth. It was by this time necessary to undeceive the public, and to acknowledge that the tables were fairly turned on the original plotter; and a *trot* became synonymous in his vocabulary with a practical joke. Many, no doubt, would be inclined to question the stability and depth of religious principle and feeling, which could coexist with such real and hearty enjoyment as he had in any joke, or whim, or ludicrous escapade; but the living, devoted piety of the man was as sincere as his delight in wit and laughter, and what, perhaps, some staid people would have called "tomfoolery," was genuine. His nature was too free and pure, his heart too wide in its sympathy with many-sided humanity, to be able to detect any incongruity in the keen sense and ample fund of humour, and light-hearted enjoyment of life, despite all its sufferings, which played around the deeper, stronger, sterner citadel of his faith and devotion, and self-sacrifice.

His intercourse with Alan Ker had been of great use to Mr. Story. He was drawn to him by his singularly winning and attractive character; while his inner life could not but be quickened by the contemplation of Ker's earnest and unaffected godliness, which was not

"of his life a thing apart," but pervaded and harmonized his whole being. His strong intellectual powers, too, guided by his deep spiritual insight and experience, enabled him to clear up many a misty point in the horizon of truth, which, to Story's eager, but less piercing gaze, seemed lost in Cloud-land. Especially, one disposed too often to take the shadowed, and not the sunlit view of life, found in Ker a perpetual and unshaken witness to the heartfelt peace and the strength to suffer, found in believing on God as revealed in Jesus Christ. This, too, he beheld no less beautifully and constantly shown forth in Isabella Campbell; though in her the influence of the example of heroic endurance and unswerving faith was not enforced by such manifold power of character, and by the spectacle of sufferings so keen and bitter as those of Alan Ker.

The theological subject which had for some time previous to his leaving home chiefly occupied Mr. Story's mind, was that of "Assurance." His attention seems to have been directed to this by the preaching of Dr. Malan (of Geneva), whom he had met during the latter's visit to Scotland. The subject had presented many difficulties to him. The popular teaching regarding it was of such a nature, as to lead the inquirer to look for the ground of his assurance in himself rather than in God—to examine into his own heart, and, from the feelings and convictions he found there, to decide whether or not he had a right to this assurance. It made, in short, the ground of it subjective—not objective. This, the commonly-received view of the matter, Mr. Story was anxious to maintain. He accordingly plunged with his wonted rapid energy into the sea of the theological literature circling around this point. He read assidusly all that bore upon it in the Fathers—in the

writings of the Reformers, Continental and English, with which his acquaintance was intimate and extensive; and from his reading he made copious extracts, apparently with some (subsequently abandoned) intention of writing a treatise on the subject. But all that he found failed to satisfy his mind: he was unable to rest in the popular teaching; nor does he seem to have got a firm foothold elsewhere till after much searching. The final solution of his difficulties and enlightening of his belief came mainly from his intercourse with Alan Ker and Dr. Gordon.* To the latter Alan had himself owed much of his clear apprehension of Divine truth; and from his devout, wise, and liberal views of the true meaning and scope of the Glad Tidings, Mr. Story also gathered not a little. Thus, by their aid, and by his own reflection, he was brought to the distinct understanding of the nature of Assurance—as being man's conviction of the truth of God's testimony concerning God, which brings with it the certainty of his salvation (if he believe), not because of what he is, but because of what God is.† This question had not at this time connected itself in his mind with that of the Atonement, to the importance of which he was awakened during this visit to England.

There was still another correspondent, Mary Dunlop, one of the daughters of Mr. Dunlop, of Keppoch. She was endowed with many rare and noble qualities of head

* Rev. Robert Gordon, D.D., High Church, Edinburgh: latterly "Free" High Church.

† In Dr. Gordon's "Sermons," Edin., 1825, in sermons ix. and xiv., there is a very full and free statement of the truth regarding Assurance and Salvation. On one occasion Dr. Gordon and Mr. Story were spending the night in the same house. Discovering that their rooms were near each other, they met on retiring to them, and sat up the whole night discussing the deep and solemn questions in which they both were so interested.

and heart, and seldom did a purer and saintlier spirit worship in a fairer shrine. Mr. Story's relations with Mr. Dunlop's family were such as fully to account for his unreserved and affectionate correspondence with this member of it; and few of those then witnessing and rejoicing in the light which began to brighten in the West, could have written to him such interesting details of its progress and influence as she, or with as clear an intelligence and quick a sympathy as hers, could have entered into his thoughts, feelings, and anxieties.

On quitting Rosneath, Mr. Story went to Liverpool, where he placed himself under the care of his friend, Dr. Macrorie, from whose medical skill he derived much benefit; so that, ere long, he reports himself to his friends at Rosneath as able to "walk without halting, and ride* without any uneasiness."

He writes to Mr. Robert Campbell:—"T'other day I rode so far as the seat of the Earl of Derby, and returned by Earl Sefton's—both exceedingly interesting and beautiful. Dr. Macrorie and a clergyman were with me, and in our circuit we must have travelled about twenty miles. The Derby family are at present in the country; and before we left this we were aware of the rigid rule they lay down of admitting nobody to see the interior of the Hall when they are at home. I had heard so much, however, of some of the paintings, that I proposed that we should make the attempt; and although there was no admission for Liverpool people, I was a visitor and a stranger, and by every principle of polite-

* Riding was an exercise of which he was very fond, but owing to his frequent fits of abstraction and absence of mind he could not ride alone with safety. He would gradually forget where he was, let the reins on his horse's neck, and at last come to grief one way or another.

ness I thought they could not refuse us. I rang, and asked the servant if we could be admitted to see the paintings. He shook his head, and said, owing to the populousness of the neighbourhood and nearness to Liverpool, all were excluded during the residence of the family in the country; 'but your name, Sir?' I gave it, saying that I was a clergyman from Dunbartonshire, and these were my two friends. An answer was delivered from her ladyship, that if we would wait for a little in the library, everything would be ready for our inspection. We went accordingly through the apartments, all studded with paintings by the great masters; and when we came to the dining-room, which was the last we entered, we found an elegant collation, with varieties of fruits and wines, &c., which our attendant said it was the particular request of the Countess that we should partake of. We, of course, availed ourselves of her noble hospitality, and resolved that we should not fail to make mention of it to her praise."

From Liverpool he went to Buxton. Here he found a sphere of usefulness which he had not expected. At first he performed service on the Sunday evening, merely for the benefit of those inmates of the boarding establishment where he resided, who chose to attend; but finding a deep and growing interest taken in his expositions of scripture, he made arrangements for having service daily in the morning and evening. The room was generally crowded; all listened with fixed attention. Sometimes not a few were moved to tears by his earnest and powerful addresses, and he had the joy of knowing that these morning and evening meetings were the means of opening the eyes of some of those who heard him to the Light of the World.

After leaving Buxton, where he derived considerable

benefit from the waters, he proceeded leisurely to London, where he visited Mr. Angas,* and then Mr. Irving. With the latter he went to Albury Park, to attend the Prophetical Conference held under the auspices of Mr. Henry Drummond, "who," said Irving, in the dedication of one of his works, "hath taken us poor despised interpreters of prophecy under your wing, and made the halls of your house like unto the ancient schools of the prophets."

It may be questioned if, in so doing, Mr. Drummond performed any real service for the cause of religion in his day and generation. The speculations and inquiries which this conference greatly encouraged, and in part originated, do not seem to have produced a very salutary effect on the religious thought of England and Scotland, and have too often run into most foolish and profane extravagance. In the case of Mr. Irving, few who knew his power as a preacher of righteousness and as a witness for his absent Lord, during the earlier years of his incumbency in London, will deny that he lost much of all that was noblest in his ministry, when he came to devote his time and gifts chiefly to the unravelling of the intricate web of Biblical prophecy. He, and others, seem to have altogether lost sight of the fact that the prophet of old was not necessarily a foreteller, but always an *out-speaker*, a revealer of the mind of God; and that much that modern interpreters set themselves to elucidate as predictions, may have been intended merely as symbolic representations or illustrations of hidden truths, showing forth the great laws of God's

* George Fife Angas, Esq., one of the chief promoters of a very useful institution, "The British and Foreign Sailors' Society," whose object is to afford religious instruction to sailors in British and Foreign ports.

government asserting themselves everywhere and always, and not pointing to special times and seasons. Mr. Story speaks of these twenty-four Albury sages as endeavouring "to ascertain the mind of God regarding the things that shall shortly come to pass." This obviously begs the whole question. What are the things that were shortly to come to pass in 1827, and how did these investigators know these things were shortly to come to pass? Probably no two answers precisely similar would have been obtained from the Albury Conclave; and in any answer one may be certain either prophecy would be twisted to meet fact, or fact mutilated to fit prophecy. One instance of this impressed Mr. Story vividly, and no doubt tended to lessen his sympathy with the "school of the prophets." At a sitting of the conference, the news was announced of the death of the King of Rome. "That can't be true," cried one, springing from his seat, "that would overturn this whole interpretation."

Mr. Story's thoughts about this singular meeting may be ascertained from the following extract from a letter to Alan Ker, in which, after speaking of Albury, he goes on to the subject of his own widening and consolidating views: "The meeting was numerous, consisting of a great variety of talent and accomplishment, and, upon the whole, of singular unity of spirit and feeling. Its prominent character was at once devotional and rational. Freedom of judgment, earnestness of inquiry, willingness of persuasion, enthusiasm without rashness, zeal without intolerance, speculation without levity, prediction without bold presumption, unravelling without the destroying of mystery, examination without irreverence of the Divine decrees,—are so many attributes expressive of the

proceedings of those memorable days. I saw and heard so much, that I cannot rest till fairly immersed in the study. Nor do I see how we can explain Scripture in many places, without a closer consideration of its prophetical character. You are aware that Irving and Maclean are regularly preaching of the Advent as at hand, and preparing the minds of their people for the coming judgment. I myself as yet consider of still greater importance the settlement of the previous question, whether their people have admitted in reality the fact of Christ's first coming to save them from their sins. O! yes, my friend, unless they bear about with them his dying, they cannot love his glorious appearing; can feel no interest whatever in the anticipation of those wonderful things that are, according to the Adventites, shortly to come to pass. Alan! Alan! I confess to you that my own life has been spent in delusion concerning the *foundation.* I am, therefore, distrustful; while I do not approve of their exclusive way of preaching the advent. Yet I feel confident that if once roused to ascertain their relationship to God by the reception of his testimony concerning Christ crucified and risen, they will not be permitted to hold any essential error regarding his return for the gathering of his people. I regret that my weakness forbids the attempt to preach in London, otherwise I long much to present the truth fully before the Scotch brethren and people. It is too simple, too comprehensive, too sublime in its simplicity to harmonize with the tortuous perplexities of mere discussionary and technical theologians. It is called the 'new doctrine,' and being found so simple, having nothing of the wonderfulness of a discovery or an invention about it (since in truth the primitive sim-

plicity of the faith once delivered to the saints), it excites the half scornful observation, 'What meaneth it?' 'There is nothing in it but what we know. Is this all? the babe can understand this; but faith is a mystery and a gift of God;' and the great truth is forgotten that the advancement of the divine life is not measured by the knowledge of mysteries, but by the intenseness of love; not by deeming that we are wise like the ancients, but ignorant as a very babe."

The truth, upon the possession of which he was now entering, and which he valued far above anything that the Albury Congress could teach him, was that to which he was afterwards called to bear witness before his brethren in the Scottish Church—what he held to be the truth of the Atonement. The "doctrine of evidences" which he had discarded, was that set forth in the popular statements regarding assurance, which sent men to seek in themselves for the proof of their being in a "gracious state," instead of simply accepting God's word that whosoever believes is saved.* From this system, and its torturing self inspection, he had now set himself free, and he was advancing steadily towards the full apprehension of what appeared to him to be the goal of all inquiry—the fact of Christ's death being a death in which all men are alike interested, and whereby all have received the name of the sons of God. And this connected itself with his previous line of thought; for this he came to

* The preaching of this search for "Evidences" was most perplexing. Thus one minister who used sometimes to have a sixteenth section in a discourse on Assurance would state that, if you loved God, you might be sure you were in "a gracious state;" and if you did not love Him, still if you loved his people, you were safe: or, again, if you did not love his people, but regretted that you did not love them, and so on, and so on, *ad libitum*.

see was the only true foundation of all assurance. The individual could feel assured of *his own* salvation only through his belief in the *universal* offer and promise of it.

To this truth, in all its manifold relations, he made his way, as far as we can trace it, alone. Although in constant correspondence with Mr. Campbell, he does not seem to have been led to this by him, nor in his turn did he lead Mr. Campbell. Their mutual influence was that chiefly of an ever deepening and strengthening earnestness and piety; and both beheld the truth which they valued as their life, breaking upon them ever more and more clearly in the growing light of an intenser communion with their Lord, and a more earnest study of His written word. Nor were his views of the Atonement affected in any way by his intercourse with Mr. Irving, whose opinions on the subject did not at this time coincide with his, and whose attention was principally directed to branches of speculation quite apart from those which were to him most interesting. Two books, besides his Greek Testament, are named as having been about this period much in his thoughts: "Dorney's Contemplations" and "Gambold's Works." To the latter Mr. Erskine * had written an Essay which had attracted Mr. Story's attention to the works (chiefly poems) themselves. Neither of these books can be called dogmatic; but a profoundly devout and loving spirit breathes through each—a spirit of childlike faith and devotion to the Divine Father and Son. In his copy of Gambold, one can trace in the passages, his pencil has marked, how his heart rejoiced to find in the author's

* Thomas Erskine, Esq., of Linlathen, Advocate, Author of the "Internal Evidence of Revealed Religion," "Freeness of the Gospel," &c., &c.

language an indirect expression for its own love, and trust, and peace. And this helps us to discover clearly enough the impulse which drove him from his old theological moorings, where he had cast anchor at the first just because others did so—not because he had proved all things for himself. That impulse was the growing reflection in his own heart of the great central heart of love. The love that was in himself was the power that enabled him to apprehend the love of God to all, not to "an elect world," which was the garbled phrase of evangelical divines in those days, but to the whole world lying in wickedness. "*Quicquid recipitur ad modum recipientis, recipitur;*" his nature was formed to receive the full revelation of the Divine love, nor could one so loving rest in any conception of the Almighty's character, which denied his possession of a love infinite and almighty.

It is best that his thoughts and feelings should be portrayed in his own language. He writes in December to Mr. Robert Campbell:—

"I am more and more persuaded that there is only one way of preaching that is effectual unto life and salvation, and that for a great period of my own ministry I have but little wielded it; indeed I feel that one of my first labours when I return, must be to commit to the flames every line of what I have written upon most fundamental points of the Christian faith. I daresay you are a little amazed at this, considering I was *wild* enough already; but be this as it may, it is a fearful thing to resist the light, and I feel I should do so, did I not considerably modify some opinions I formerly held."

"I am really wearying to tell my good people how in

many respects, it appears to me now, that I have withheld from them not a little of the counsel of God. But what a responsibility there is upon poor ministers! and what a woe there is upon them if they preach not the Gospel. Alas, for the poor people in the hands of many of us! Instead of a message of heart-stirring joy and gladness, a principle of life and peace, of holy and blessed activity in all heavenly pursuits, it is made an embassage of perplexity, of negotiation, of disputation; it either alarms falsely; or it stupifies and relaxes the whole soul, blunts its sensibilities into perfect apathy, or whets them into a feverish acuteness that converts even declarations of love into sounds of wrath and terror. How simple in reality it is and full of Divine benignity! and what a strange evil it is under the sun that any refuse to rejoice in it, or doubt that it contains in it to all who will, the most blessed assurance of an interest in the complete salvation of its all-sufficient Saviour.

O! may you and I realize this great blessing, not transiently, or at intervals, but for ever."

The good friend to whom the above was addressed, did not at all discover that necessity for altered teaching and augmented pastoral diligence, which was only too obvious to Mr. Story. In his opinion, the minister was already far more active than there was any call for; and it seemed to him the height of folly and fanaticism that an invalid should forget his ailments so completely, as to travel about in winter to attend Congresses at Albury, or to visit Mr. Irving in London. To Mr. Robert's remonstrances he replies in a subsequent letter. "You seem to think that my recovery has been retarded by plunging into the haunts of tics and enthusiasts, and thereby exerting myself

beyond my power. It is not, however, so. I did attend, as you know, the Albury Conference in November, but change of air and other inducements combined to render it of no inconsiderable importance that I should be there. Perhaps I did at that time suffer a little, but I am persuaded certain compensations far more than overbalanced the temporary inconvenience. Since, I have been living in the greatest retirement. So severe I am in my rules, that even Irving (whom, of course, you consider as the prince of enthusiasts) and I have seen each other only once since the middle of December. Peatoun sees me; but surely, my dear friend, you cannot, in good earnest, recommend a game of chess as in any way to be thought of, if we could, to each other's edification, converse on the things of eternity. The great evil is, that immortal beings who must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, will resort to any occupation, and any amusement, rather than deeply and seriously consider what preparation ought to be made for that fatal trial, upon which depend everlasting and irrevocable issues. I look back upon the past, and it seems to me that in what most would call, and what I myself thought pastoral fidelity, I discover very little indeed of that apostolical devotedness which, whosoever does not imitate, is chargeable with the guilt of neglecting the souls of his people. I remember hearing you express yourself in some such way as this,—that the Duke of Argyll had a right to whatever service of body or mind you could render; and truly no one was ever served with more zealous fidelity. But, surely, if all agree it was right in you so to feel towards an earthly creature, a fellow worm, how much more ought ordained ministers, with vows upon their souls, so to feel towards a heavenly Master.

It has always seemed a great mystery to me how that you, so diligent a reader of your Bible—so familiarly acquainted with the zeal and activity of the prophets and apostles—so lofty and pure in your ideas of devotedness to the interests of an earthly employer, yet should always incline to denounce, as fanaticism in ministers of religion, anything like a more earnest anxiety to win souls to their Lord. Now, with regard to our friend of Row, what is *his* crime? Merely that he pours his whole soul into the service of his Master. He was never a pupil of mine, nor I of his. I know not whether our opinions agree. If they do, it is so because each, independently, and far from the other, has reached the same conclusion, because equally earnest in the pursuit of the truth. From what I hear, the clergy have raised a most intemperate clamour against him. I am prepared to show that Calvin and Luther, with all the greatest names of Protestantism, held similar views,—that he teaches no new, but revives an old commandment."

This letter seems to have been written in January, from Paul's Cray, in Kent, where the writer was on a visit to the Rev. John Simons, a well-known clergyman of the English Church, and a leader of the "Evangelical" party, when that name was less known, and less popular than it is now. He had been introduced at Paul's Cray by Mrs. Wales,* a friend of Mr. Simons, and a woman of uncommon mental power, with whom he had become acquainted at Mr. Whitlaw's establishment at Bayswater. After a course of vapour-bathing there, from which, along with Mr. Whitlaw's general treatment, he derived considerable advantage, he went

* For an extract from a letter to Mrs. Wales, see Appendix II.

to Paul's Cray. On his arrival, he found Mr. Simons apparently, as he believed himself really to be, at the point of death. The family was gathered round his bed to receive his final blessing, and he bade Mr. Story kneel down, that he might put his hands on his head, like Jacob, and invoke a benediction on him likewise. The venerable old gentleman, however, rallied after this; by-and-bye he was able to move about, and Mr. Story's visit was prolonged for some time.

There was much about Mr. Simons that was, apart from his sincerely religious character and influence as an evangelical leader, attractive and interesting to a stranger,—often much that was amusing too.

One of his strongest dogmas was an expansion of St. Paul's "in the flesh dwelleth no good thing;" and he laid with a naïve frankness, all his little frailties and the ebullitions of a temper as warm as his heart, to the charge of the ill-disposed flesh. On one occasion he became much irritated at table about some joint that was underdone. He ordered up the cook, and then and there administered a vehement reproof, asking her if she was not ashamed to abuse God's gifts as she had abused that piece of meat. Then when he had thus relieved his mind, he looked at his guests and shook his head sadly, "Ah, gentlemen, it is the flesh, not I—the flesh, not I." *

He had conceived an affection for Scotch porridge, or at least for a viand he called by that honoured name. "That's not what we would call porridge in Scotland," said Mr. Story, the first morning the accustomed mess was introduced. "Not porridge!" exclaimed Mr. Simons,

* Mr. Simons's grace before meat was, "John Simons, lackest thou anything? Lord, thou knowest that I lack nothing."

indignantly. "Why, I have eaten it for twenty years, made of the best oatmeal, from the great Scotch meal merchant in the Strand; if it is not porridge, what would you call it, sir?" Mr. Story replied, that "drammock" would probably be considered the fitter name in the North; and the upshot of the dispute was, that he was led off to the kitchen by his host, who insisted, that since that was not porridge, he should let him see what was. The cook, however, drove them ignominiously from the lower regions: She knew her place and her work, and she would have no gentlemen meddling with *her* business—not she. They retired discomfited to the breakfast-room; but Mr. Story affirming that he could make the porridge himself if he had but the materials, Mrs. Wales smuggled in a pot, meal and water, and the operation began; Mr. Simons fidgeting about, and watching the process with intense anxiety. At length the porridge was ready, and duly poured into his plate. With solemn eagerness he lifted a spoonful, tasted, paused a moment, then starting up, exclaimed enthusiastically, "You've given me a new sensation, sir! You've given me a new sensation!" The triumph of the real porridge was complete.

Mr. Story's time after this was spent chiefly in London, with an occasional visit elsewhere; to Mrs. Wales, at her residence at Bury Green, &c. Pringle, returned from South Africa, was this winter in town, and the two early friends saw much of each other. The state of Mr. Story's health prevented his mingling in society, but he was visited by many to whom his name and his doctrine had become known, and who sought from him advice and enlightenment. In the spring of 1828, his health being materially improved, he came down to Liverpool to be again with his friend Macrorie. Meanwhile, the

change in his theological opinions, which had been gradually taking place, had reached such maturity and distinctness, that he considered it his duty to communicate to his people the views which he now held. Unable to appear among them personally, he wrote a Pastoral Letter, which he begged Mr. Campbell to read from the pulpit of Rosneath Church. The address* appeared to Mr. Campbell an injudicious document; and unwilling to read it publicly as it stood, he wrote to Mr. Story as follows, after a careful perusal of it:—

"My dearest Brother,—I have indeed rejoiced before God in seeing the firmness of your tone and the simplicity of your perceptions, and your clear views of the nature of the long established delusion as to *Evidences*. I have also rejoiced at your guarding of the system from practical abuse by the inseparable connection established between grace and holiness, they being both made to arise out of the same perception of God, and growing and waning together; and when I proceed to ask you to reconsider the form of expression which you select as that which you say you will employ, 'Believe that your sins are forgiven,' I am aware that I shall seem to recall statements you have heard me make on the subject, for I think I have used the same or nearly the same words. Yet it is not that my views are in the least changed, nor so far as I can see different from yours; but that this expression, besides being I think without apostolic sanction, is calculated to convey something else than the truth. When we say that faith is the simple belief of facts resting upon the authority of God's word, we mean

* With reference to this Address and other documents, see Appendix III.

that we press men to believe only what are facts, whether they believe or not. Certain other facts will *arise in their believing*, but the facts which we ask them to believe are already facts, otherwise the doubting of them is not making God a liar. Accordingly I am wont to say, 'I do not ask you to believe anything, but what I know to be true concerning you; and if you believed concerning what God has done for you what I believe, you would be rejoicing in the Lord.' Now, dearest, do you believe that the sins of men are forgiven before they believe—and this is a fact concerning every man whom you address, although he should never believe? If so, *so far as I yet see*, I could not go along with you. I believe that Christ has suffered for *all*, and that therefore each has forgiveness *in Christ* in the same sense that he has *eternal life in Christ*, and this, whether he believes or not. But *out of* Christ there is neither life nor forgiveness. God has given us eternal life, and pardon as the first consciousness of that life, but this eternal life is *in* his Son, and so in Him as to be inseparable from the knowledge or belief of Him. God is revealed in *Christ* reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing unto men their sins; which I thus understand:—Sin has interposed a curtain between us and God; while this curtain remains, God is misconceived of, thought of as our enemy, because we are his enemies, and so on. Revelation removes this curtain and discovers God *in Christ* having accommodated Himself to our case as sinners, and in infinite love assumed a character or wrought a change on his own aspect which makes Him as accessible to us sinners as He would out of Christ have been had we never sinned. This change is, that through the finished work of Christ, we have

revealed to us in God Himself that righteousness which we sought for in vain in ourselves, and the want of which kept us far from Him. It is discovered that in the Lord we have righteousness and strength. This is the fact, whether we know it or not. But by the knowledge of it is Salvation, because the knowledge of it draws us towards God in the way which He desires. Therefore men are not told simply that their sins are pardoned, but pardon is proclaimed through Christ; and they are not told that they are justified, but that in believing they are justified, see Acts xiii. 38, 39. Every man has righteousness, and every man has pardon in Christ, but it is only in knowing or believing that this is the case that righteousness is imputed to him, and he actually a justified person; and this by the righteous appointment of God, because it is only in the knowledge that he has these in God, that he is drawn towards God in that holy way of rejoicing in the Lord his righteousness, and having no confidence in the flesh, which is according to God's will. I know that it sounds like a contradiction to say that a man has not *absolutely* what he is said to have *in Christ.* Yet this objection lies equally against the statement that God has given eternal life to those who have no life in them. I remember being much nonplussed by the answer, 'then if you say I am to believe as a fact that I am pardoned, I am pardoned whether I believe it or not;' and I was subsequently brought to see (as I thought) the truth in the words 'I am the WAY, the truth and the life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' I also felt a similar view conveyed by the words, 'that he *might* be just, and the justifier of *those who believe;*' also by the words 'He made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we *might be made*

the righteousness of God *in Him.*' Here I saw something done by God, with a view to something to be accomplished through the belief or knowledge that it had been done, according to Acts xiii. 38, 39, 40, 41. It arises from the nature of the work wrought by God that *in it* is eternal life for the world, and that the knowledge or belief of it is the enjoyment of eternal life; to know God as Love to me, and to have free access to Him as a child to a Father—this knowledge is mine, and this access I feel that I have when I see Christ crucified for my sins, and God in Christ not imputing sin. But while I continue in unbelief that is in ignorance of the fact because I will not believe the statement of God's word, I am a stranger to eternal life which exists in the consciousness of God's love, and I am without pardon or righteousness, and still an unjustified person, because I am not going to God in Christ. Yet while thus without life and without pardon the facts are equally certain, in the knowledge of which I should have both, viz., that the love of God to me is as Christ's sufferings, and that in Christ I have free access to God. The facts that are *prior* to belief, true, and which are properly the *objects* of belief, are that Christ died for the sins of every man, and that therefore every man has access to God through Him; coming in which way a man comes sinless, and not only sinless but clothed with the righteousness of God. The facts that emerge or arise, or become existences in believing, are that the soul becomes alive in Christ, and is pardoned and justified. I therefore do not say 'believe that you are pardoned or justified,' any more than 'believe that you are alive to God,' because these are not yet facts. But I say, 'believe that Christ died for your sins and rose

again for your justification, and that in Him you have pardon and righteousness.' And if the person whom I address believes this, then will he have confidence towards God and rejoice in the Lord.

"I here see how salvation should be in God's holy wisdom connected with the knowledge of a fact, because it is a fact that the power of love disarms the hostility of the heart and reconciles it to God, and causes it to rejoice in God. I see also how he that believes has the witness in himself, for what witness can there be to the fact that God has given us eternal life in Christ, compared to the experience of the present enjoyment of eternal life in Him; and I see how he that believeth not maketh God a liar, because I see the fact, in the knowledge of which is eternal life, vouched by the word of God."

Mr. Campbell's representations had the effect he desired; Mr. Story consented to certain alterations in the wording of the address, and to the omission of a reference he had made to the character of his own former preaching, and of the ordinary discoursing of other clergymen, and the amended edition was read from the pulpit by his friend. It was listened to by a crowded congregation, and sank deep into many hearts. "O!" said one humble hearer on leaving the Church, "this has been a great *hairst** day. I hope there have been mony sheaves the day." The hostile and indifferent were inclined to cavil, the more so as opposition was now beginning to be shown to Mr. Campbell's teaching, and it had been rumoured in the district that Mr. Story had been "converted" by the minister of Row,

* Harvest.

and had written a declaration of his conversion which the latter was to read to his people in his absence.

In June he returned home in good health.

While in Liverpool he had been well enough to preach, and had with keen delight declared publicly for the first time the truths of Christ's having died for all men; of man's ground of assurance being found simply in God's own word; of faith in Christ as the fountain of remission of sins and of eternal life. His preaching, we are told, caused great speculation in the religious world of Liverpool; "the presumption is," he says himself, "that I had been preaching something very like the Bible, since all parties seemed to find something very like their own systems in what I said." With the following extract from a letter to Alan Ker, this chapter must conclude.

He writes from Liverpool: "Latterly (in London), I was under the necessity of living chiefly in seclusion. I saw Irving and others occasionally, and you will rejoice to learn, that I think with but little difference he now sees the power of faith as we see it. It is possible, however, that some new speculation may start up in some of the outer fields of contemplation, and may lead him in full pursuit along most devious tracks where the feet of Christians seldom stray.

"It is melancholy how little of simple Christianity is to be found even among what are called Evangelical Christians. Something else than what God has said or prescribed, often resorted to as tests and evidence of a state of grace and salvation, which cannot exist without the settlement of the previous question upon which it and all its tests depend. Mr. Tarbet has just called, and we had a conversation upon the Lord's and chiefly on the spirit which it has gene-

rated, or rather which it ought to generate: It is a noble and blessed hope, the Lord's coming; but it is a greater blessedness to think of Him as the administrator of peace of conscience, than as the inflictor of judgment upon the fiercest persecutors and slanderers of His most holy name. Of these matters, while yet in the flesh, I trust we may have occasion to speak—but I feel as if this day were sufficient for me. I cannot think of to-morrow without fearing I should doubt of the present reality with which the fulness of God's compassion fills the soul. Looking forward is only safe and sinless when it proceeds from triumphant faith. If to aid its weakness and infirmity, the soul seeks for what it does not at present enjoy, it is of the essence of doubt and unthankfulness. There is a divine fulness in the blessedness of feeling that it is enough—'there is nothing lacking of all that Thou hast promised.' What lively faith would there be often where all is coldness and insensibility, were the believer to feel that the only knowledge he can possibly have of his safety arises from the appropriation of the fact, that the Saviour died for him; in doubt of its reality he is possessed of the spirit of infidelity, inclusive of all disobedience and misery. The world is in a fearful dream, and I am very doubtful whether what is called Protestantism be not as needful of a purgation, as the Augean Stable of Catholic Christendom in the days of Luther. But let all be done in love. Nothing is sovereign but love in the feelings of those who receive the faith fresh from the Cross of Christ; which is the way by which the good gifts come from the Father of Lights . . . . I hope the address has not been lost upon my dear people; I heard that they were very attentive. The day before I left

London, General N— called for me to hear what he understood to be the truth, and upon going, he assured me he saw many things in a light he never did before. On my way home, I had occasion to converse with some clergymen of the Establishment upon the matter, and I trust some good was done.

"O, my dear dear friend, I need not ask your prayers. I know you pray for me—so unworthy—so undeserving of the honour of speaking even one word in season to weary and miserable souls. I have been in my time weary and miserable; and what office is so fitted either to express my habitual joy to my Heavenly Father, or to remind me of the deep waters which, but for his immutableness, would again overwhelm me, as to seek for agonized spirits, and in my Master's name cast out the devil that possesses them.

"I avoid all contentious disputations as much as possible. To form merely correct notions of faith is not believing."

CHAPTER II.

PASTORAL ADDRESS—PAROCHIAL LIFE—ISABELLA CAMPBELL.

THE reading of the Pastoral Address made an impression which was felt far beyond the bounds of Rosneath and its immediate neighbourhood.

People began to understand that there was something real and positive in the doctrines which, whether new or old, were now for the first time beginning to spread along the shores of the Clyde, and that these were not the notions of one solitary man merely, but seemed indeed to possess the leavening power of the eternal truth. All Mr. Story's friends were interested, many of them alarmed by the news of the change that had passed upon his belief; and those who had no clear understanding of what the change was, were most irritated at the mention of it, or of any like deviation from the ancient landmarks which their fathers had not set. He got many letters of inquiry, remonstrance, and advice. Landsborough writes, "You are aware that your own views and those of your most excellent friend, Mr. Campbell, are by many regarded as rather heretical. It is not often I own that heresy is found united with so much fervent piety towards God, and so much holy zeal for the welfare of immortal souls, and therefore *I* will not pronounce you here-

tics, at least till I know better what your new tenets are . . . . I see that I will not have room to advert even to what you have said, 'The root of the evil, perhaps lies in our thinking that we may remain satisfied that we are believers, though we are not certain that Christ died for *us*.' I am not aware that it is common to say that we may remain satisfied, though I fear many do remain satisfied, and though many ministers I fear seek too little to disturb those who are thus at ease in Zion." Another friend writes, "Mrs. — and I were quite delighted with your letter: she exclaimed, 'The wild romance of life is done—the real history is begun'—yes, Story, I am more than delighted when I hear you say that in the midst of all your troubles and trials you found Him whom your soul loveth."

Some time later Dr. Chalmers wrote, "My very dear sir, I cannot say how much I felt interested by the momentary glance I had of you from the steam-vessel on the shore of Greenock—though I felt the extreme awkwardness of the contrast between the cordiality I felt within, and the cramped or apparently cold expression to which one was constrained by the hundred eyes on all sides of us. It is more for the purpose of doing justice to my own emotions than for anything else, that I now write you, and to assure you of the unabated regard of one, who looks back with pleasing and tender recollections on all the intercourse he had with you in other days. And it has served greatly to confirm and augment that regard, to have heard of your growing interest in the great work of your Lord and Master. I will not enter into the pecu-

[illegible]s of that doctrine which I have heard ascribed [illegible], but I rejoice in the devotedness which you

manifest to the best and greatest of causes, and I accept of this as one of the most hopeful symptoms that all is, or will be, right. 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.' 'If any will (or is willing to) do the will of God, he shall know of my doctrine, whether it is of God.' 'If any man keep my sayings, to him will I manifest myself.'"

Any influence from without, however, could but slightly and transiently affect him, for he felt that he had now, what he knew to be the mind of Christ. It was as impossible for him to go back to the old formulas which he had left, as for the full-grown man, who can read what Plato spoke, or what Homer sang, to return to the lessons of his childish primer.

As a specimen of the idle reports that were flying about the country after he returned, take the following from a clergyman far off in one of the Western Islands. "It was reported that you declared from the pulpit that you had been preaching false doctrines to your flock hitherto, and that you now recanted. It was said that you committed to the flames all the books procured for the children of the parish; then from the books it came to be said it was the sermons you burned; and from the actual burning it has come lately to the *intention* of doing so. It is said that you reject all human aid and knowledge, and deem it impious, not only to write sermons, but even to make any preparation before entering the pulpit. I heard it said a few days ago, that you completely did away with the doctrine of election, and taught, or at least, implied in your preaching the doctrine of Universal Salvation; that you discarded everything like duty altogether, and many such things."* Meanwhile, utterly indifferent to the cla-

* It should be mentioned that, at the time of Mr. Campbell's trial

mour of the religious world, he entered with a new spirit and keener energy into his long suspended work. Diligent and faithful as he had always been, there was now a life in what he said and did that had been unknown before, and that quickened the life of all to whom he ministered. In the pulpit, in private, in constant meetings for prayer and instruction at his own home, and throughout the parish, he laboured with all earnestness and love to diffuse the knowledge of the truth "as it is in Jesus"—the sum and substance of his teaching being simply this, That God loved the world and gave His Son to die for it; that to believe the record He has given concerning this Son, is Faith; that this record is, that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son; that to believe that record as God would have us to believe it, is immediate joy and peace in believing; that he who lives in sin has not received this record, and therefore abides in sin; that any peace grounded on mere *evidences*, save as these themselves prove God to be Love in Christ, is a false peace; that to believe that Christ died for some only, and that the way to find out whether we are of the number, is to watch, and labour, and pray, till we are good enough to feel convinced that we have the Spirit, is *another* Gospel.

Thus he taught, and not in vain. God gave the increase. Many were aroused—many changed—led from darkness and bondage into light and freedom.

neither Mr. Story nor he rejected the doctrine of Election, but held it always along with their belief in the truth of Christ's death for all. They did so with this idea, that no man could believe in Christ ·ut the direct choice or election of God. Afterwards they came that *Christ* was truly the Elect of God, and that all likewise e Elect, who came within the circle of that Divine complacency ·d in the words, "this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well "

What we popularly term a Revival, began in Rosneath; a revival, for which Mr. Campbell's labours of love in Mr. Story's absence, had prepared the way, and which was now all the more thorough and lasting, that it entirely lacked the accompaniment of those painful and disorderly demonstrations, which have of late marked the progress of the so-called religious movements. There were no prostrations of the body, no outcries, no crowded midnight meetings, no public confessions and details of conviction and conversion; there was a quiet, earnest, prayerful seeking after God's truth—a vivid enlightenment—a living reformation. Nor was this confined to the members of his own flock merely—others elsewhere hearing of the work that was going on, came to witness it and to share the blessing. From letters, that cannot well be reproduced here, we learn how he, whose words had given this movement impulse, rejoiced in its progress; how wisely and unweariedly he directed it—how abundantly he laboured—how many there were, who for his work's sake, had good cause to call him blessed.

His toils were now cheered, and in a measure shared, as they had not been before. Shortly after his return from England, his marriage—long contemplated—was accomplished.* His wife, "set" to him, "like perfect music unto noble words," was Helen Boyle Dunlop, one of the daughters of Mr. Dunlop of Keppoch; of her sister Mary we have already heard. Perhaps not the least of the blessings he realized through this union, was the sense of relief he experienced in obtaining the aid of one who could

* When he was in England Irving had been bent on his paying his addresses to a lady who would, he believed, be a helpmeet for his friend, because, said Irving, "She knows more of the Mystery of the Papacy than any woman in England, except my wife."

manage his pecuniary and domestic affairs for him. For the conduct of the former he was totally unfitted, by the want of anything resembling business habits; as regarded the latter, he had long groaned under the dominion of a succession of housekeepers, with whose tactics he was as unable to cope, as he was to keep accounts, or make the two ends of his yearly income meet.* He needed, too, a companion to cheer his home and to bind up his affections with new links, all the more intensely that he had now lost both his father and mother. His mother was the last survivor, and she died in 1824. He wrote after her death to Alan Ker: "I had gone to spend a day or two at Jordanhill, and returning on the Saturday evening, found in my dreary parlour the letters that gave me little prospect of seeing her alive. It was a dark and stormy night, but it was a feeble emblem of my mind racked with many a melancholy imagining. . . . When at last thus separated from the Past, and her, I felt a desolateness which no words can convey."

I have been desirous to produce, at this stage of our history, a picture of what he was as a preacher,—as a clergyman, and of the impression he produced, as such. My own knowledge and recollection fail me here. At the time at which I can with any intelligence recall his preaching, his oratorical powers were on their wane; not his mental powers, but the physical energy and animation which used to wing so powerfully what he

* "Come, Mary," he said one day, when a friend had come unexpectedly to dinner, "get dinner for Mr. ——, you have something in the house; it can't take long to get ready." "It'll jist tak' till it's dune," said Mary, severely eyeing the stranger. On another occasion, a similar arrival created a similar necessity for a supplementary dinner. "Weel! weel!" said Mary, "if *he's* to get his denner, something else maun stand."

said. He had then, also, formed a habit of reading his sermons very closely, which, as he could not always decypher his own writing, greatly marred the effect they were calculated to produce. Till the latest days of his ministry, however, one occasion never failed to draw forth all he was, and all he had, in freest and fullest force; and that was the dispensation of the Holy Sacrament. Few who heard his words and saw his countenance as he addressed the communicants, and put into their hands the bread that is meat indeed, and the wine that is drink indeed, can have forgotten the impression that the tone and aspect of the man produced. Through the memories of many years, and the recollections of many another church and scene, and priestly ministrant, I look back and see as clearly as if it were only yesterday that my eyes had rested on it, the old Church, with the laurel shadowing the tall window beside the pulpit, the open door flooded with the Autumn sunshine; and just within it, at the head of the long table, my father standing with the consecrated bread in his hand, adding one more sentence of love and adoration ere giving it to the Elders at his side; while on his face there brightened such a light of joy and heavenly communion with the Father and the Son, as helped one to realize the spectacle beheld of old in the Council-chamber in Jerusalem, when all that sat in the Council looking steadfastly on the first martyr of the church, "saw His face as it had been the face of an angel."*

* Since writing the above I have read Dr. John Brown's pleasing letter to Dr. Cairns, and have been struck with the coincidence of what he says about his father with what I have said about mine. Speaking of his look, after he had administered the Sacrament, he says—"Any likeness of him in this state—more like that of the proto-martyr, when his face was as that of an angel, than anything I ever beheld—would have made one feel what it is so impossible otherwise to convey—the mingled sweetness, dignity, and beauty of his face."

What from personal knowledge I am unable to supply, will be more fitly conveyed than I could have hoped to convey it, by the extracts that follow; they are from letters of friends, whose opinion is valuable as that of men, who not only were intimately acquainted with his opinions and his history, but who loved him truly, and therefore knew him, and understood him best, for "that only which we love we know." The first is from a letter from the Rev. Alexander Young, M.A., Minister of Mochrum, dated Mochrum, 5 Feb., 1861:

He says, "In regard to my beloved departed brother's preaching, I had the privilege of hearing him but seldom, and many years have elapsed since last I heard him. For although some ten or twelve years ago I heard him at Luss, it was not *the* Mr. Story who used to rivet the attention and draw forth the love of my people. It was *here*, indeed, that to most advantage he stood forth the minister of God's word, the representative of the manifested love. Not that there was anything very marked in his argument. His division of the subject was plain and simple, and his reasoning fair and to the point; but certainly this was not his *forte*. It was the illustration, and specially (what I would call) the *episodical* illustrations, wherein he greatly excelled. His whole heart was poured forth in them, and his love-beaming eye and noble frame in *fervent animation*, beautifully harmonized with the guiding spirit, and added to the effect. Shall I say, that it was poetry embodied in and expressed by the preacher? I had intended to tell you this immediately on receiving your letter, but I waited for a leisure time (which has not come) to state more fully my thoughts of one with whom I had unreserved heart-communion, and whom I much loved."

The next is from the Rev. Dr. Wylie, of Carluke: —"Clifton, 8 Feb., 1861. You persist in asking from me 'a labour of love,' but what I feel to be 'a hard thing;' I so shrink from fearing to fail in it. You ask me to indicate my impression of your late dear father's teaching. There can scarce, I presume, be dubiety as to the *substance* of it, embodied, as it might be said to be, in a text he often spoke from (Hosea xiii., 9), 'O! Israel, thou hast destroyed *thyself*, but in *Me* is thine help;' ever justifying God in his judgment as infinitely removing from Himself the blame of the sinner's destruction, and leaving wholly on the sinner the guilt and burden of his refusal and condemnation. It was not more in prayer a pleading with God for the sinner, than in preaching a pleading with the sinner to believe and receive his God. How he now warmed—aye, wept in his yearnings, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, &c.,' and now rose and remonstrated against the hindering and destroying self-delusions of the sinner, as did they who (Acts xiv., 15) ran in and cried out, 'saying, Sirs, why do ye these things?' But I must be more minute. 1. His preaching was *textual* preaching. He dealt the more safely and effectually with *large* texts, taking (a frequent and favourite theme with him) a whole type from Leviticus to bring home and rivet the Gospel, its deliverance, its cleansing power, its life; or such passages as Isaiah vi., 1—10; John xv., 1—11; Ephes. vi., 13—20; 2 Peter i., 1—12. From all these texts I have heard him teach; and he did not stop hesitatingly, distrustfully, to qualify and pare away, like the poor grudging systematizers, to show how this could be made to fit into that; he was conscious only that he spoke for God. So, 2. It was *scriptural* teaching; I

mean, it was of no school but his own, as drawn from *the* fountain. If at any time a tone and taste seemed to come from elsewhere, it was from those old reformers, Luther, Becon, Tyndale, &c., of whom his mind and heart were so full—from these certainly, rather than from any of the Puritan school. 3. So, also, it was *wise* teaching, eminently wise. We had fallen on a time when, as ever with truth and life reviving, there was no slowness to 'make a man an offender for a word.' In this he saw sooner and farther than others, and he was very jealous of the words he should use, often at the cost of great misconstruction; very faithful with his dearest, most valued friends, 'withstanding them to the face,' if they erred in this. At times, quoting Ps. xii., 6, he assumed quite a startling and solemn tone, demanding for God's own truth that it be declared in God's own words, and bidding them to forget this at their peril. Oh, that all had remembered and weighed his counsel.* 4. To be honest in conveying my own full impression—the teaching was *Pauline*. I was amusingly confirmed in this by the remark of an intelligent lady, who, as I afterwards learned, would persist in assimilating the respective teachings of three friends whom she frequently heard at the same season, to Paul, Peter, and John. Who the other two were, does not matter; your father, she said, was 'Pauline all over.'

"I must not omit that at its greatest—for at seasons it *was great teaching*, my beloved friend, from his very nature, required *sympathy*. Where he felt this was not, he was, at times, as if struck dumb—extin-

* It is singular to observe that in regard to this, Mr. Campbell and he should have changed places; he, latterly, finding the same fault with Mr. C.'s language, that Mr. C., at the time of the Pastoral Address, had found with his.

guished: so 'grieved for the hardness of their hearts,' 'no mighty work could be done there.'

"I cannot but recall two especial occasions of his preaching.

"On the Saturday of that May, 1831, when his dearest friend was 'cast out,' he was utterly prostrated in body and spirit. Bearing my own burden, I trembled for the issue to him. But I knew what would relieve; some ready vent for his overcharged spirit in God's service and for the good of souls. I urged his arranging for his own pulpit at Rosneath on the morrow, and his returning with me to Carluke: and so it was. The preliminary worship—in which there was still great oppression, even to hindrance—over, he read out Romans viii. 1—18; and such a burst followed, almost instantaneously, of power, and love, and life! His whole man was lightened. Surely God had praise in that day.

"The other occasion was, on a glorious July evening, the closing sermon of the Communion at Mochrum, in the *tent*, from which the entire previous service had been conducted, (the act of communicating alone having been within the Church). From the place of the tent, a low corner in the Churchyard, rose, tier upon tier, up to the Church wall, closely planted graves and flat tombstones, densely packed with eager, waiting listeners—piled as you can conceive would be the Colosseum if filled with worshippers. Among others, I seem to see now that grand old soldier, the late Sir Wm. Maxwell, of Monreith, take his place again on a stone which he had occupied for already many hours during the day. It was now seven o'clock. After praise and prayer, Josh. xxiv. 14—27, was read. And there he fixed for yet two hours more (notwithstanding

the distance many had to travel) that large assemblage; some even gathered from distant parts of Wigtonshire: in his burning closing appeal to those who had once more that day said 'We are witnesses,' summoning as one day destined to appear for or against them, not only the living, but the dead—the graves they rested on—the stones that told of those dear 'dead in the Lord' who had gone before—the walls of that Church, the scene of their so recent vow—the grand old elms that shadowed from the sinking sun the resting-places of their fathers, brothers, children,—all nature above and around,—waxing, as he thus appealed, louder and louder, growing grander and grander, till one felt as if earth and life had but one use, one end—to proclaim God's Son, God's love and glory—spending and being spent in 'beseeching men as ambassadors for God in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God.'—Yours affectionately, JOHN WYLIE."

The same valued friend says, in another letter:—"Very eminently his nobleness, to those who really knew him, was *in himself*, far more even than in what he said or did. How much I ever felt was *below* and *behind!* Your tribute should speak to many of one 'whose praise *was of God*,' in this poor day of craving for 'the praise which is of men.' Is there faith any more of the 'Father which seeth in secret?'"

The letter that follows is from a dear friend, than whom no one is more qualified to speak, from intimate personal knowledge and warm and grateful affection. I insert the whole of it, though part of it refers to a later periods than that we have reached:—

"VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT, Feb. 2, 1861.

"Understanding that you intend writing a Memoir

of your late dear father, I have thought that perhaps these few lines from one who knew him intimately, and appreciated thoroughly his lovely character, might not prove unacceptable. To those of a catholic spirit, my humble testimony to his worth may appear the more impartial, as it comes from one who, by circumstances and convictions, has been led to labour in another and a different section of his Master's vineyard from that in which your dear father toiled so long and so faithfully.

"It was in the spring of 1831 that I was led, as some would say, by chance, but, as I believe, by the special providence of God, to reside for some months in a then remote and retired district of the parish of Rosneath. I was at that time suffering under great depression of spirits, produced by causes to which it is needless to revert. My mind, I believe, was opening to the importance of religion and the value of the soul; but I needed the guidance and counsel of one who was not only faithful, but sympathizing and tender. Such a messenger—one in ten thousand—I met in your father.

"I had not attended the Church many Sundays when he visited our humble cottage, and introduced himself to Mrs. Goold and myself as the pastor of the parish.

"From early associations and prejudices, I should have been very much indisposed indeed to cordially respond to or welcome the visit of any minister, whose manners and appearance were not frank and gentlemanly. With his singularly dignified and attractive appearance I was nearly as much impressed at first sight, as a poor countryman of mine own who, it is said, on meeting him one hot summer's day walking by the Gairloch, with, as was his wont, hat in hand,* was so

* He was very impatient of the pressure of the conventional round hat, and, whenever he could, carried his hat in his hand and his

struck by the snowy-white hair, the large, well-defined black brows, the lustrous eyes that shone beneath, and the general mien, so apostolic, that he could not disassociate the figure he saw from his idea of the 'Head of the Church.' He paused, and gazing on him for a moment, reverently bent the knee, doffed his hat, and gave vent to his feelings with an 'Och, thin, may the Lord's blessing, and that of the Holy Vargin, be for ever upon your *Holiness.*'* But, to return; from that day our acquaintance gradually ripened into an intimacy which lasted to the end of his life. As long as I remained in the parish, the hospitable doors of the Manse were ever open to me, and no hour was deemed unseasonable for a visit; and no opportunity on his part, or that of your dear mother and her precious sister, Mrs. S. Ker,† was let slip of recommending the truth as it is in Jesus, not only by precept and counsel, but by the practical exhibition of whatever was pure, lovely, and of good report. At this distance of time, coupled with the fact of my great ignorance and inexperience at the period to which I refer, I do not feel myself qualified to give any decided opinion on his merits as a preacher. From what I do remember of him, I think his style of preaching was far less doctrinal in substance, and less methodical in arrangement, than most of the clergy of Scotland whose ministry I have occa-

umbrella over his head. Where he was not so well known as in his own immediate neighbourhood, this was sometimes supposed to be in order to exhibit his locks.

* The Hibernian mind seemed to be peculiarly open to the impression his aspect generally made. Some years ago, when he was at Ravensdale, our old riding-master, Dowling, reported that there was a man in Maynooth, who, on seeing Mr. Story, had said, "Sure, then, he's a godlike man—whatever religion he's of, I'd follow him!" "And he's a mighty clever man, and has read a power o' books," added Dowling, by of emphasizing the opinion.

† ormerly Mary Dunlop.

sionally attended. He appeared to me to be most efficient, or, if I may use a homely phrase, most at home, when he selected for his text a passage of scripture full of pathos, tenderness, and a yearning after souls. Such a text I now vividly recall to mind: it impressed me much at the time, and still dwells on my memory. I mean that touching passage, Hosea xi., 8, 9. He was, indeed, a man of exquisite sensibilities. He seemed to me constitutionally to have been imbued with a great portion of that spirit which led his Master to exclaim, 'Reproach hath broken my heart.' Had he been cast in a more iron mould he would, no doubt, have been saved from much mental and bodily suffering. Few, and only those who were very intimate friends, could know what an ordeal he passed through, not only during the period of the unhappy 'Disruption,' but for a considerable time after. The ties that were then so rudely snapped—the unkind censures and surmises so industriously circulated—the chill that was thrown around pastoral intercourse once so social and confiding—all conspired to wound and lacerate a heart whose leading elements were love, peace, and joy; but I knew that he was enabled to look upon these sore trials as part of that moral discipline which was destined by his Heavenly Father to train him for that kingdom, which cannot be reached but through the path of great tribulation.

"I have often seen him suffering bodily pain of no ordinary intensity, and I never heard a murmur escape his lips. I was privileged to see him a few weeks before his death: the same meekness, gentleness and patience were as prominent as ever. His trust and confidence in that peace-speaking blood 'which cleanseth from all sin' were undiminished, and he looked

calmly to the crisis fast approaching, knowing whom he had believed, and persuaded that He was able to keep that which was committed to him against that day. And now I feel that in penning these few hasty lines—a feeble tribute to the memory of one I loved, and ought to love—I am in some measure acting inconsistently, for I own I do not in general admire religious biographies. They often paint men more as they ought to be than as they really are, and thus become not only unedifying to the living, but positively hurtful and depressing. Faults your dear father had in common with all the fallen sons of Adam; but whether it arises from the impulsiveness of my own individual idiosyncrasy, or from the power exerted by the new nature in him in keeping down the evil propensities of the old, I cannot say; but this I know, that I am not the man who could either detect or expose them. My recollections may appear to some too highly charged with encomium: be it so; to me, individually, his memory is connected with everything that was elevated, holy, and pure.

"Believe me to be, yours, very affectionately,

"FRED. GOOLD,

"Archdeacon of Raphoe."

The following extract gives his own report of one Sunday's services, and that no exceptional one:—

"I got into the spirit of the day, and although very languid" (he had been unwell), "I became at last full of the power of the truth and felt very happy; many of the people I saw shedding tears; strong, iron faces, ashamed to weep, half hid as they heard what I had to say on the words, 'Having yet, therefore, one Son, his well beloved;'—what was my surprise upon

glancing at the watch to see it was past three.* Of course I stopped immediately, as it was far beyond the time, yet I was loath to part from them. Then after service five came in, that had not appeared before, and wished to be examined privately for admission to the Communion. I had said, that if any were like the Son in the parable who refused at first, and afterwards repented and went, I should be ready to converse with them this evening as I had to go from home early in the morning. Then after being occupied with them till nearly nine o'clock, I went to Clynder and saw poor widow Campbell." The unconsciousness of the flight of time which is indicated in this letter was owing in a great measure to the fact that his sermons were only partially written. The latter portion of them, in his best days, was spoken from the thoughts and feelings of the hour, and was frequently expanded to an undue length—the service not seldom extending over more than three hours. Long as it was, he expected all to remain to the close; and anyone attempting to escape in the middle (as in summer strangers would do), was sure to bring down on himself a reproof sharp and decisive. He kept in fact a tight rein of discipline over his congregation: any smiles, whispers, or apparent inattention were promptly checked, the delinquent, if a juvenile, being occasionally ordered to come out of his pew and sit on the form in the aisle; all sleepers were vigilantly wakened up by a loud rap on the pulpit, and a "Don't sleep, I beseech you;" a call to order sure to be effectually seconded by a silent dig from some neighbouring friendly elbow.

Besides the parochial duties which so engrossed him after his return from England, he had another occupa-

* Having begun at 12 o'clock.

tion which absorbed much of his time and thought. This was the drawing up of the Memoir of Isabella Campbell. Isabella had died during his absence; and so impressed was he with what he had seen of her holy life, and what he had heard of her joyful death, that he determined to give some account of her and her godly example to the world. He accordingly wrote a Memoir, in the form of an address to the people of Rosneath. It was published in 1829. The first edition was published by subscription, and consisted of 3500 copies. It was quickly dispersed, and a second of 2000 followed, and was sold off in a fortnight. A third and fourth were then brought out simultaneously, as also another smaller work, a "Memoir of Mary Mackay," one of his Sunday scholars; but the sale of these had scarcely made any way, when it was checked by an outcry of popular alarm and prejudice—ignorant and illogical as these commonly are—which chose to connect the memory of Isabella and the name of Mr. Story with certain religious phenomena which, in the year 1830, began to create excitement in the West of Scotland. We shall have occasion to advert to these anon, and to mark their progress, from small and abnormal beginnings to a somewhat imposing development in a new order, ritual, and belief. Meantime, it is enough to say, that neither Mr. Story nor Mr. Campbell was in any way connected with the first stirrings of that strange religious movement, which ended in the erection of the "Holy Catholic Apostolic Church:"* they stood aloof.

* To call this body "Irvingite" is absurd, since Irving was not its founder. To call it Holy Catholic and Apostolic, without the sign of quotation, would be to admit that it had a peculiar claim to these titles. For convenience and distinctness' sake, I give it the name it assumes to

The Memoir of Isabella, though almost studiously divested of literary grace, or any interest external to herself, depicted a life so consecrated by suffering, by faith, by prayer, by rapt, almost mystic, communion with its Divine source, that it produced a very vivid impression. It was immensely read in England and Scotland, and was promptly reprinted in America, where it likewise had a wide circulation. To how many it was made by God's Spirit a messenger of peace and salvation, His day shall declare; but even had it produced no effect, save in those cases which became personally known to its author, the result would have been richly ample.*

The avidity with which this work was received and read indicated a state of religious feeling pregnant with no little change. It testified to a thirst for a deeper spiritual teaching than was then to be found generally in Scottish churches. The theology of Scotland, as might have been expected of theology reared on so purely dogmatic a foundation, had gradually ceased to have much living influence on the popular conscience, though it had graven its outlines deeply on the popular understanding. The doctrines of the Confession, as commonly set forth in all the accuracy of

itself, but within inverted commas. For a like reason, in speaking of the Seceders who left the Church in 1843, I give them the title they arrogate, with the same mark of quotation.

* Of the many letters of thankful acknowledgment for the lessons of Isabella's life, the following from William Wilberforce may be given as an interesting specimen:—"I have been wishing to tell you with what reverence and admiration I have been filled by the latter part of the life of Isabella Campbell. I hope also to be edified by it. I believe it often pleases God to grant a larger measure of spiritual peace and joy to those of his children who are experiencing the sharpest pangs of bodily and temporal suffering. But I fear we almost all live below our privileges, and might be cheered with a far larger measure of peace and joy in believing."

their irrefragable logic, were not felt to have any very close connection with existing thought and action. As a natural result, the preaching of the national pulpits, diverging into two branches, became either a mere ethical or practical discoursing without any doctrinal or spiritual basis; or a formal exposition of Calvinistic doctrine, tending rather to foster a morbid self-consciousness, than a free and loving development of Christian life. The "Moderate" preacher was a preacher of morals, who too seldom made any reference to their root and sanction in Christ: the "Evangelical" preacher was a preacher of Genevan doctrine, who was too generally rather engrossed with the harmonies of his system, than conscious of those wants and questionings of humanity, which it was insufficient to meet, and unable to answer. The mode of preaching known as "Moderate," arose in many cases, it is probable, from the honest consciousness of inability to deal with the doctrines of the "Confession of Faith" without appearing to controvert them. Unless, however, practical and ethical preaching draw its authority from some true spiritual fountain, it will soon become dry and lifeless, and will be associated with, and, at last, merged in, the dull indifferentism which has neither will nor capacity to encounter the difficulties that surround all truth. Thus, "Moderatism" and "Moderates" became terms of reproach, often too truly indicating a barren unspiritual practice and profession. The tendency of the "Evangelical" preaching, on the other hand, was to foster the growth of a religion which dealt too much in grim and narrow self-inspection, and lacked broad and healthy principle and sympathy, being but little interested in catholic truth, unless that truth were moulded into the special form which had been stamped with its approval.

A religion of this type begot too marked an isolation of the individual, and obscured the great central fact of God's fatherly relation to All, by teaching each man to regard his relation to God as affected or determined by his own personal condition and belief. But neither of these modes of setting forth the truth was exhaustive or satisfactory. Neither Moderatism nor Evangelicalism fully occupied the minds, or met the spiritual wants, of earnest men within the Church. Much of the most zealous Christian life gradually withdrew itself from the pale of the Establishment; not a few of those who were most thoughtful and pious seceded from its communion, in the hope of finding elsewhere a more living spirit of Christianity.

The eagerness with which the Memoir of Isabella Campbell was read, bore witness to the restless and keen anxiety with which any tidings of new religious light and truth were looked and longed for—especially any that professed, as that book did, to tell of a direct and simple "peace in believing;" and that portrayed a life which seemed to rest on foundations of wider truth, and more unhesitating faith in God as a Father, revealed and reconciled in Christ His Son, than those exhibited in the ordinary religious teaching of the day. The same unrest, the same consciousness of something lacking in that teaching, served to render men's minds readily and frankly receptive of those forms of doctrine, more intensely spiritual than Moderatism dreamed of, and more broadly catholic than Evangelicalism reckoned safe or orthodox, which now began to centre the interest and attention of Scottish thinkers and seekers after truth, in the preaching of Mr. Campbell at Row. The times were ripe for a new expansion and development of Gospel teaching,

which should be less trammelled by the old formula, and more in sympathy with a deepening Christian consciousness; which should, if possible, bring religious truth out of the fetters of its polemical relations, into real contact with growing and earnest life; which should regard as of less importance dogmatic accuracy of opinion, than the development of a pure and earnest character out of a living faith in, and knowledge of, God the Father.

CHAPTER III.

ROW CASE—PRESBYTERIAL PROCEEDINGS.

LET us now turn our eyes to Row, and follow out to its close the history of this ministry of Mr. Campbell's, which has been mentioned at the end of the last chapter. In what follows, I desire simply to relate events as they occurred, without entering on any argument on the one side or the other. Before beginning, however, the narrative of the proceedings which terminated in Mr. Campbell's deposition; it will be well to give in his own words an account of the way by which he was led to hold the opinions, for maintaining which he was expelled from the ministry of the National Church.

In the following letter (prefixed to the lithographed collection of his sermons, and addressed to a member of his family, now no more), we trace the progress and learn the nature of his views more clearly than any other statement would enable us to do:—"Two circumstances—my exclusive study of the Word of God, and my exclusive intercourse as the servant of God with my people, increased rapidly my acquaintance with the extent of the demands for personal religion on the part of God, and with the little measure of compliance with these on the part of men, and rendered my meditations chiefly researches into the reasonableness of the former,

and the consequent sin in not meeting them; and the various devices of Satan, by which men were enabled to live at peace in an evil way; and my discourses contained the exposition of the discoveries on these subjects which were daily making to me, along with such personal warnings and practical exhortation to my people as these discoveries suggested. The first doctrinal and practical subject on which I remember to have felt that much light was given me was *repentance.* I was led to see how much of that little repentance which was to be found, was merely regret for the personal evil consequences of having exposed one's self to the wrath of God; and how large a proportion of the confessions of sin, with which even the most serious were acquainted, were more truly speaking, confessions of folly and imprudence, and not of guilt; and how much of the acknowledgment as to the superiority of religion to irreligion was rather the acknowledgment of the greater *importance of eternal interests* as compared with *temporal interests*, and not the acknowledgment of the intrinsic excellence and beauty of holiness and love, and the intrinsic deformity and hatefulness of sin and selfishness.

"At the same time when this subject was opened up to me, I remember that the hollowness and hypocrisy of the professions made of repentance in men's approaches to God—their hollowness and hypocrisy as seen by Him—appeared to me most awful; though through the error in which they were on the subject, men felt a measure of consciousness of sincerity, and took to themselves the comfort of thinking that they were complying with God's call upon them to repent.

"A similar mockery of God, I was at that time and in connection with the same subject, made to see in

those *verbal* tributes of admiration to God as just, holy, and good, which men offer in their prayers, not because their hearts are full of His excellence, and enamoured of His beauty, but because they think it will please Him and recommend themselves to Him. At this time I laboured hard to make those distinctions *visible* to my people, and to give them a true standard by which to measure themselves, and tests by which to detect the deceptions of their own hearts. I did not at that time, however, see any great fruit of these labours, and was often subjected to the pain of hearing persons whose demeanor indicated that they were not new creatures in Christ Jesus, expressing the strongest approbation of sermons which, it appeared to me, were peculiarly fitted to disturb their false peace. And I found the higher I raised the standard, I only the more stimulated the efforts of a self-righteous and self-deceiving spirit to personate, in the way of acting as in a dramatic exhibition, the character of excellence held forth.

"Meditating with prayer on this painful ministerial experience, I was gradually taught to see, that so long as the individual is uncertain of being the object of love to his God, and is still without any sure hold of his personal safety, in the prospect of eternity, it is in vain to attempt to induce him to serve God under the power of any purer motive than the desire to win God's love for himself, and so to secure his own happiness; consequently, however high the standard, correspondence with it was sought under the influence of unmingled selfishness, making every apparent success only a deeper deception. And thus I was gradually led to entertain the doctrine commonly expressed by the words, 'Assurance of Faith;' having first seen that the

want of it precluded singleness of heart and eye in the service of God—and then having found, in studying the Epistles to the first Christian Churches, that its existence, in those addressed, was *in them* taken for granted, and in every practical exhortation was presupposed, I accordingly began to urge on my people, that in order to their being in a condition to act purely, under the influence of love to Him, and delight in what He is, their first step in religion would require to be, *resting assured of His love in Christ to them as individuals*, and of their individually having eternal life given to them in Christ.

"I think this was the character of my preaching in the latter part of the year 1826, but I cannot easily fix; and in the summer of 1827, I think, it first was that I understood that offence was taken with what I taught. This, however, for some time, amounted merely to the complaint 'that I carried the subject of assurance too far,' and no one ventured then to advance the charge of heresy. It was at the same time also that I first enjoyed the happiness of seeing many awakened from their false security, and not a few to delight themselves in the Lord; and what my pressing of high attainments as the fruits of faith had been *unable* to accomplish, I now found produced by the earnest demand for *the true faith itself*. Towards the end of 1827, at the time when my summer parishioners all returned home, the report carried up to Glasgow of what they had been hearing at Row, produced a considerable sensation there, in what is called 'the religious world.' In consequence of this, a minister of Glasgow selected as the subject of essay in a theological society, 'The Assurance of Faith.' Knowing that many misrepresentations of what I had

taught on the subject reached my brethren, I felt it my duty to attend and hear this essay read; and if the opportunity was given (for I was not then a member of the society), to reply or explain, as it might appear right. The essay was exceedingly temperate, but full of what I knew to be false principles. I was asked, and gladly accepted the invitation, to speak; and after they had all spoken, and very courteously, I was again permitted to reply. I went away thankful for the indulgence which I had experienced, and full of expectation as to the result of their meditating upon what I had been enabled to say.

"The following week I preached a public sermon on a week-day, for one of the Glasgow charitable institutions; and I remember, in order to preclude the charge of Antinomianism, while at the same time as affording the opportunity of setting forth the practical importance of the assurance of faith, I selected as my text, John xvii. 17, 'Sanctify them through thy truth.' Most of the ministers of Glasgow were present, and from this occasion I date the opposition of my brethren. I had fondly hoped that the explanations given in the clerical society would have removed prejudices and commended the truth. They, however, had calculated on my being changed by what had come from them, and in consequence were much offended to hear me so shortly after state so fully what they had condemned; and for many Sabbaths most of the ministers of Glasgow were preaching with pointed reference (and with a view to confutation) to what I taught. There was as yet, however, no organised opposition in the parish of Row.

"The controversy in which I was constantly engaged in almost all my intercourse with my brethren, obliged

me to examine narrowly the foundation furnished, by the communications made in the Gospel for the Assurance of Faith. This led directly to the closer consideration of the extent of the atonement, and of the circumstances in which mankind had been placed by the shedding of the blood of Christ. And it soon appeared to me manifest, that unless Christ had died *for all*, and unless the Gospel announced him as *the gift of God* to *every human being*, so that there remained nothing to be done to give the individual a title to rejoice in Christ as his Saviour; there was no foundation in the record of God for the Assurance which I demanded, and which I saw to be essential to true holiness. The next step therefore was my teaching, as the subject matter of the Gospel, universal Atonement and Pardon through the blood of Christ.

"It may appear strange to one unacquainted with these matters, that those who had been hitherto most satisfied with my teaching on the subject of assurance, viz., some sects that urge this subject much, now became opposed to me, and strangely held, that if I regarded the Atonement as universal, I deprived the individual Christian of *all* assurance; while those who objected to the urgency with which I pressed Assurance, now held that doctrine to become still more dangerous when connected with that of Universal Pardon.

"Such opposition made more and more apparent to me the want of true religion in the land. I was made to mourn over many whose strong confidence, along with their outward propriety of conduct, had made me hope well of them, when I saw by their opposition to the universality of the Atonement that their assurance had been very much its own basis—that their faith had not been a belief of a record of God—true, whether

believed or not—but had been the assumption of a fact, for which they had no other proof but that they assumed it; and that instead of resting on the character of God as revealed in Christ, they looked upon the death of Christ as so much suffering—the purchase-money of heaven to a certain number to whom it infallibly secured heaven. And I was made to mourn over the opposition to the doctrine of universal pardon, taking as it did such forms, 'if all are forgiven, then we need not repent, or be sorry for our sins, or think of a future judgment, and we may do what we please:' for it was thus apparent beyond all my previous fears, that what men called Repentance, was not a real sorrow for sin, but merely something offered in exchange for safety; and I was shocked to hear men avow, that if they were certain that their Heavenly Father forgave them their sin, they would feel it unnecessary to grieve because they had offended Him; and instead of being led to repentance by the knowledge of this His goodness, would be encouraged by it to sin yet more and more. It was, however, rather, as what others would be likely to say, than as what they would say themselves, that men uttered such things; but it was manifest that, though speaking in the *third* person, *they* spoke of *themselves*.*

"While I was labouring to remove objections, the bringing of which made such painful discoveries, it became more and more apparant to me that men

* "The knowledge of God's love in Christ is the cruse of salt which alone can turn the bitter and barren-making streams of remorse into the healing waters of repentance. And thus the truest and best repentance follows, and does not precede the sense of forgiveness; and thus, too, will repentance be a thing of the whole life long, for every new insight into that forgiving love is as a new reason why the sinner should mourn that he ever sinned against it."—Compare Ezekiel xxxvi., 25—31. *Dean Trench's Notes on the Parables: "The Prodigal Son."*

objected, because they wished to object; that they hated the light, and only sought to excuse themselves to themselves,—I mean, to find apologies of a specious kind for rejecting a doctrine which they felt was searching; and I was struck to find thus illustrated our Saviour's declaration, that while it was for righteousness' sake that his followers would be hated, the form in which that hatred would be manifested, would be speaking evil of them falsely. No man will admit a thing to be *holy* and at the same time object to it. He must first call it, and find some excuse for calling it, *unholy*, and then he can condemn it (see Isaiah, chapter 66, verse 5; John, chapter 16, verse 2); and thus while rejoicing at being taught of God the secret of the prevailing ungodliness, that it was the simple unbelief of God's manifested character in Christ; and while urging the faith of forgiving love as that which purifieth, I found myself charged with Antinomianism, and with setting forth doctrines leading to licentiousness; and as if to stamp the character of the opposition awakened, it first took an active form in the parish in the persons of some individuals of much practical ungodliness."

The leaven of the doctrines of which Mr. Campbell was, at the time we speak of, the most noted exponent, has now so penetrated the popular mind, that it is difficult for us to realise the power and vivid freshness with which his preaching, breaking through traditionary trammels, came to the hearts of his hearers. It was as the voice of one crying in the desert, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths *straight*." Truth had long lain bound hand and foot in the dungeons of cold and rigid "Moderatism," or maimed and blinded in the "wandering mazes lost" of "Evangelicalism" falsely so called. It was a wondrous novelty and revolution to

hear from apostolic lips a message of simple glad tidings; not a spiritless inculcation of mere morality, nor a complex exposition of the nature of salvation, and the ground of assurance, and the evidences of faith; but the plain statement, "Christ died for all: faith is the believing that if so, then he died for me; assurance is the confidence towards God, as forgiving my iniquities and saving me from sin and death, which I have when I come to believe this."

The effect of this preaching was deeply felt and widely spread. Not only in the parish of Row, but wherever Mr. Campbell's voice was heard, many were led to receive this Gospel and to rejoice in it. Even while Mr. Story was in England, in 1828, his earnest pleadings and instructions had begun to bear rich fruit, and to provoke angry hostility. Even then Alan Ker could write, "our beloved Campbell has been the happy almoner of his Lord's munificence. Of him, his flaming love, unbaffled zeal, and singular power of commending the truth to the acceptance of inquiring souls, I could write pages. He has been often here, and goes from house to house, feeding and refreshing from one well-spring of delight. One says, 'It is quite a new Gospel to me;' another, 'I never understood the Scriptures before;' another, 'The same Scripture in this light has a melting and novel influence, which, without it, never was felt nor thought of.' . . . Yet, as the opposition chiefly comes from the *Evangelical* clergy, whose influence is so extensive, it is formidable." And Mr. Campbell himself then wrote, "O, you do not know how the idea of peace toward God, from the simple belief of his words, without waiting for evidences, is resisted by those who have long been leading their flocks through the dark and desolate places of

their own hearts, instead of leading them to Jesus, and causing them to look unto Him and be saved;" and again "I pray for you, dearest, that you may abound in wide love towards those that are yet in the dark. I wish our part in the fast approaching conflict to be characterized by love, and the Spirit of Him, who spoke weeping of the enemies of the Cross of Christ. By love God proposes to subdue his enemies, and we are allowed no other weapon."

Meanwhile, amid all opposition, his words had free course. The pulpits of the neighbouring clergy, one after another, were closed against Mr. Campbell. The Greenock ministers (not including Dr. Scott) refused to take part in the services of the Seaman's Chapel, in that port, if Messrs. Campbell and Story were allowed at any time to officiate, and their names accordingly were struck off the list of officiating ministers. In every way distrust and resistance were displayed; but still his teaching prevailed. Row became a centre of light to which many came—often from a great distance—to learn the way of the Lord more perfectly. Not a few of the more earnest and inquiring among the young students of Divinity, and others interested in theological questions, gathered round Mr. Campbell's Church, among whom two of the most welcome, whose interest was deepest, and whose sympathy most full and ready, were Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, and Mr. A. J. Scott.*

At last the open and ecclesiastical warfare fairly

* Now Professor Scott, of Owen's College, Manchester. Perhaps it is best to add here a sentence, from a recent letter of Mr. Campbell's: "That historical independence which we mark when two minds, working apart and without any interchange of thought, arrive at the same conclusions, is always an interesting and striking fact when it occurs; and it did occur as to Scott and myself; and also as to Mr. Erskine and me, and I believe too, as to Mr. Erskine and Scott."

began. After one or two irregular and abortive attempts to bring the subject of Mr. Campbell's teaching before the Church courts, a memorial, signed by twelve persons, was presented to the Presbytery of Dunbarton, on the 30th March, 1830. Mr. Story thus relates the proceedings of that day. "A memorial was presented, entreating the Presbytery to investigate and deliver the parish from the oppression of such pernicious errors as were taught by the minister. Into the competency of the memorialists there was no inquiry, although one of them was the notorious smuggler, and another the drunken tailor. It was moved and seconded, that a committee be appointed to converse with Mr. Campbell; —— rose, and in a furious speech, moved that they should proceed at once to root out the pestilential heresy. He was not seconded. The committee was appointed, and for a few minutes Mr. Campbell had been looking into Pardovan.* Hearing the clerk say that the business was concluded, he started up and begged to be heard: 'No, no, it is over, the time is past,' echoed from around the Presbytery table. 'At least, if in point of justice, I cannot be heard,' said he—'in point of courtesy.' 'You ought to have been listening,' cried they. 'From the Presbytery,' cried one voice, 'you deserve no courtesy;' and thus was it ended."

Mr. Story does not mention the presentation of another memorial signed by eighty householders and heads of families, the purport of which was to express their undiminished attachment to Mr. Campbell, and their earnest hope that the Presbytery would do nothing

* "Collections and Observations concerning the Worship, Discipline, and Government of the Church of Scotland," by Walter Steuart, of Pardovan.

to weaken the hands of a minister who so faithfully [illegible] the necessity of believing the [illegible] in the Lord Jesus Christ alone for [illegible] from all iniquity, and living in the hope of a blessed immortality." This memorial, though numerously signed, and that by persons of unimpeachable character, was rejected; while the other was ordered to be laid on the table.

The committee appointed to confer with Mr. Campbell duly met, but Mr. Campbell declined to confer with the committee. His reasons for doing so were; 1, That the appointment of such a committee was contrary to the usual procedure of Church Courts in like cases, and that from the circumstances alluded to in the letter quoted above, attending its appointment, it was impossible for him to believe that any kind feelings towards himself dictated this departure from the ordinary course; 2, That the committee was appointed to confer with him with reference to a memorial lying on the Presbytery's table, and not yet considered; 3, Because of the rejection (without any notice even of that rejection in the Presbytery's minutes) of the memorial signed by eighty of his most respectable parishioners. Nothing therefore resulted from the meeting of the committee.

At the next meeting of Presbytery (4th May), Mr. Dunlop of Keppoch, the Elder from Cardross, moved that the memorial formerly rejected be received, which, after some dispute, was agreed to. The memorialists [illegible] Campbell were then called to the bar, when [illegible] appeared. It was proposed that these [illegible] be questioned as to the nature of the [illegible]questions and obnoxious tenets," in order [illegible]e seen whether or not they understood [illegible]plained of, but this proposal was nega-

tived; and the Presbytery adopted a motion to the effect, that their memorial being found to contain a serious charge against Mr. Campbell, the memorialists be asked "Whether they are willing to convert their memorial into a libel under all the pains thereof." Mr. Story was the only minister who voted against this finding; along with Mr. Dunlop he dissented, and complained to the ensuing General Assembly, on the ground that the Church's form of process had not been duly complied with by the memorialists. This complaint, however, when the Assembly met, was by the advice of their counsel, Mr. Cockburn,* withdrawn. Mr. Story agreed to its withdrawal at the time, but afterwards greatly regretted it. "It was," he writes, "an evil counsel in an evil hour, yielded to in a moment when the result of a discussion was confidently anticipated to be the calling of Campbell to the bar, or the appointment of a committee of conference, requiring immediate explanations, which might have been followed by instant suspension." The judgment of the Assembly was to allow the withdrawal of the dissent and complaint; and seeing that the doctrines which the memorialists imputed to Mr. Campbell, had been condemned by the General Assembly in 1720,† to remit to the Presbytery to proceed with the investigation of the case (instructing them to receive any libel presented by parishioners of Row), and to "carry on their proceedings till the cause is ripe for a final judgment, notwithstanding any appeal or complaint on prelimi-

* Afterwards Lord Cockburn.

† The Act of 1720, referred to frequently throughout the trial, was that condemning the "Marrow of Modern Divinity"—and, by implication therein, branding as heretical, doctrines regarding Faith, Atonement, and Pardon, maintained by his opponents to be akin to or identical with, those of Mr. Campbell.

many points." The case created a good deal of excitement in the Supreme Court; called forth the expression of much bitter feeling, and showed very plainly how strong and general was the aversion to the doctrines imputed to Mr. Campbell.

The Presbytery met again on June 15th; and having ascertained that the memorialists were willing to prepare a libel, they in the meantime agreed to hold a parochial visitation of Row on Thursday, 8th of July, on which day Mr. Campbell should be enjoined to preach before the Presbytery. This he did from Mat. v. 1-12; and after discussing the merits of his sermon, the Presbytery, by a large majority, recorded their "detestation and abhorrence" of the doctrine contained in the two following sentences; "God loves every child of Adam with a love, the measure of which is the agony of His own Son;" and "the person who knows that Christ died for every human being is the person who is in a condition to go forth to every human being, and to say to every child of Adam, 'Let there be peace with you—peace between you and your God.'" This judgment having been pronounced; the Elders and the memorialists were summoned and examined as to the nature of the heresy alleged against their minister; and the examination being concluded, the Presbytery, again by a large majority, agreed to a motion, to the effect, that the memorialists be recommended to present a libel against Mr. Campbell, along with a list of witnesses, at the next ordinary meeting of Presbytery.

At the next meeting accordingly the libel was brought up, and Mr. Campbell was summoned to ---ear at the bar. The libel* bore that Mr. Campbell

* See Appendix III.

inculcated doctrines contrary to the Scriptures and to the Confession of Faith—to wit, the doctrines of universal atonement, of universal pardon, and of assurance being of the essence of faith and necessary to salvation.* Mr. Campbell's answers to the libel† repelled the charge of opposition to Scripture and to the standards of the Church, and maintained that the doctrines libelled were, as held by him, the true doctrines not only of the Church of Scotland, but of all the Churches of the Reformation. After hearing these answers, the Presbytery proceeded to discuss the relevancy of the libel; and in the course of the debate, Mr. Story, who had at the previous meeting opposed its reception, on the ground that its terms were not explicit, and might be understood in a sense neither at variance with Holy Scriptures, nor with the standards of the Church, spoke to the following effect:—

"The libel accuses Mr. Campbell of teaching doctrines contrary to the Scriptures and to the standards of the Church; it will not do therefore to say that we have nothing to do with Scripture,‡ for I hold that it

* During these discussions there seems to have been, from time to time, some confusion arising between the Assurance of Faith and the Assurance of Salvation. The libel charged Mr. Campbell with teaching that no man was a Christian unless he was assured of his own salvation (Assurance of Salvation): whereas he maintained that his teaching simply was, that a conviction of the possibility of his own salvation was of the essence of each man's faith—that a *general* faith was vain, but a *personal* confidence towards God as the forgiver of his sins was inseparable from any one's reception of the Gospel. In attestation of the orthodoxy of which teaching he adduced, besides other authorities, the following from Calvin's Catechism:—"What is farther required besides our placing confidence in God, and having an assured knowledge that He is Almighty and perfectly good?—Answer: That every one of us be *fully* assured in his conscience *that he is beloved of God*, and that He will be both his Father and his Saviour."

† See Appendix III.

‡ The Rev. Mr. Gregor, of Bonhill, had said,—"We are far from appealing to the Word of God on this ground: it is by the Confession of Faith that we must stand: by it we hold our livings."

was therefore necessary for Mr. Campbell to prove that his doctrines were consistent with Scripture. I have been surprised that none of the brethren have adverted to the candour with which he has treated the Presbytery; instead of putting them to trouble, he has come forward and candidly confessed what he does hold. This should have drawn forth the warmest admiration. Of the nature of his defence, sir, I was ignorant, until I heard it read this day. Had I been his counsellor, I should not have given him such counsel as he has followed. Some of his parishioners have brought a charge against him; as a pastor it became him to require a specific charge. I for one would have listened for hours, had you entered into the matter [and required more definite charges from his libellers.] I will therefore claim what I would have willingly granted to another; for to say a little is to say nothing . . . . The fundamental question is, Does God hate or love his creatures? A reverend father (Rev. Dr. Hamilton of Strathblane) well qualified to speak on this subject, alluded to the subject of reprobation. Is this decisive of God hating his creatures? If so, then I hesitate not to say that I would renounce the Standards as contrary to the Gospel. I say that it is contrary to all natural religion to say that the Infinite Mind hates any of its creatures. Has God expressed His love to all His creatures? Is there a man, woman, or child, to whom God has not exhibited some kindness? Is there a man here who could venture to say that there has existed a being to whom God has not exhibited some kindness? The question then is, what is the kindness God is ever manifesting? And I adopt Dr. Graham's* rule of inter-

* Minister of Killearn.

pretation, that Scripture cannot contradict itself: 'If God endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction,' did those vessels of wrath never experience his kindness? I hold that no sinner has a right to exist in the universe of God. I hold that Adam, the moment he sinned, did not merit a moment's existence; why then was he permitted to exist, but in virtue of the mediation of Christ? There must then be some connection between Adam and the whole human race;—in his body were contained the elements of all future generations. I say more; I say that in him was contained that which entered into the constitution of our Lord's humanity. There then is a fundamental point; for the question to which I am speaking is not, Are all men pardoned? but, Is there any man, woman, or child who has no connection with Christ? Is there any one that has *merited* kindness from God? most unquestionably not. The only channel, then, through which such kindness could flow, is through Christ. I beseech you to observe that the very existence of Adam, after sinning, depended on the fact that the Son of God should die in his nature. . . . . As it is late, I must refer but shortly to the Standards. . . . It is a first principle that the Holy Ghost holds communication with the sons of men only through the work of the Lord Jesus; and if His work be limited to the elect, there could be no communication between the Holy Spirit and the non-elect. Now the Confession is quite explicit on this point, that there are influences of the Spirit exerted on those that are non-elect.* Now you will observe that I hold this principle, described in this portion of the Confession, to be identical with the truth that our Saviour

* "Confession of Faith," chap. x. section 4.

has a connection with all men who have descended from Adam; call it atonement—call it pardon—call it what you will. I will never cease to teach what I know many around me teach, that there *is* a connection between every man and Christ. I hold that the very same blood which flows in the veins of the most reprobate" —(Mr. Story was here interrupted by the Moderator)— "What I mean to say is, that there is a connection between Christ and every child of Adam's race, such as does not exist between Him and other races of beings. It must be seen, therefore, that in the explanation given of what Mr. Campbell teaches, I hold that there is nothing contrary to the principles I have laid down, or to the Confession of Faith, which I am ready to declare to be the confession of my faith; for in it certainly you have no contradiction of these principles. . . . . But there is in the libel obviously a misconception as to the assurance of faith. The distinction drawn in the answer to the libel and in the Confession is most distinctly, that there is a difference between the assurance of faith, and the assurance of personal salvation. Mr. Campbell declared this last to be not so of the essence of faith as to be ever present with the believer; but that an assurance of the object of faith is essential to faith. Now I hold that is the doctrine of the Reformed Churches, and of all who are regarded as of authority in these matters. For example, the words of Patrick Hamilton, the martyr, are, 'They that believe not that their sins are forgiven them for Christ's sake, they believe not the Gospel.' This statement is strongly recommended by John Knox, who is the channel of its communication to the Church. 'My sure belief that God both may and will save me,' is the answer to the question 'What is faith?' in Melville's

Catechism. 'What is the right faith?' 'It is a *sure persuasion* and stedfast knowledge of God's tender love towards us:' Calvin's Catechism, 111th question. 'A sure persuasion of the heart that Christ, by his death, hath taken away our sins,' is the answer given to the same question in Davidson's Catechism, which was approved by an Assembly of this Church." He then alluded to the Act of 1720, the authority of which, as bearing on the present case, he declined to admit; and said, in conclusion, "Seeing, then, that there does exist a connexion between Christ and the children of men previous to their believing —'for God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us'—this connexion must have existed anterior to our recognition of it; there is, therefore, nothing contained in this libel contrary to any fundamental principle of religion or to our Standards. And seeing that this is the principle laid down in Mr. Campbell's Answer, and also that a man must be assured of what God says, I would entreat the House, before coming to any resolution, to investigate the matter more thoroughly."

On a division, the relevancy of the major proposition of the libel was affirmed, Mr. Story and Mr. Dunlop alone forming the minority. From this decision the former dissented and appealed. Next day the Presbytery again met, and took into consideration the several counts making up the minor proposition of the libel, which were also, with some trifling exceptions, declared to be relevant. Against this Mr. Story again entered his dissent, and appealed for leave to complain to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr. Mr. Campbell also, as a matter of course, took a similar step. Mr. Story's

"Reasons of Dissent and Complaint" will be ascertained from the Appendix.

The Presbytery having thus decided as to the relevancy, resolved to proceed to the probation of the libel. Some days were occupied with the examination of the witnesses, among whom were the late Rev. Patrick Brewster and Rev. Dr. R. Burns, of Paisley; Rev. W. Cunningham, then assistant to Dr. Scott, of Greenock, late Principal of the Edinburgh "Free" Church College; and the Rev. John Arthur, Independent Minister at Helensburgh, for the prosecution: and James Whitshed Hawkins, Esq., of Dunnichen, advocate; William Bonar, Esq., banker, Edinburgh; Captain Stirling, of Glentyne, R.N.; and Mr. Lusk, bookseller, Greenock, for the defence. During the progress of the trial Mr. Story wrote almost hourly bulletins for the friends at a distance, who were eagerly waiting for the result, and praying without ceasing that it might be one favourable to Mr. Campbell's cause. Here is an extract:—"There is, outwardly at least, a fair spirit in the Presbytery, and nothing irritating. I do not think the case is made stronger since Mr. Hawkins' testimony, although there are various points brought out to fill up the outlines of that most memorable witnessing. I am quite sure that at this present moment prayer is offering up from many faithful hearts. It is very remarkable that yesterday I had no such feeling or impression; this may have been owing to my own hardness of spirit, which so often is a great bitterness to me. Truth is coming out beautifully from the lips of Barclay,* whom I am loving very much as the investigation proceeds. Alas! how God can humble us when we rest on any human instrumentality; for he has just given a most perplexing answer,

* Captain Barclay, R.N.

but I doubt not light will arise amid the darkness. It is even so. He had stated that God's condemnation of sin had been removed by the death of Christ; but now he has answered that the wrath of God had not ceased to be manifested against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men. But these clouds are distressing, and I feel that my own unbelief may be the cause of much of that dear man's transient obscurity."

The most distinct statement of Mr. Campbell's teaching Mr. Story held to be given in the testimony of Mr. Hawkins, and from the evidence of this witness he deemed it to be clearly enough made out that Mr. Campbell was condemned by the Presbytery, and afterwards by the Assembly, for doctrines which he did not inculcate. He believed that the repeated popular assertion, that the so-called "heretical" teaching was identical with that condemned in 1720, was erroneous, and that this error was demonstrated by Mr. Hawkins' testimony.

The libelled clergyman, according to this witness, taught that the death of Christ as a sacrifice was for all men without distinction, and was a manifestation of the love of God to all; that this manifestation did not appear, from his teaching, to indicate any toleration of iniquity; but that he was in the habit of urging that men were to find the greatest manifestation of God's hatred of sin in the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Hawkins stated that he always understood Mr. Campbell to teach that God gave His Son to die for us—the just for the unjust—that He might bring us to God, meaning by *us*, all mankind; that Mr. Campbell always seemed perfectly to recognize the election of God the Father, and spoke of it as a purpose eternal, not originated in time; that God's desire is that all men should be saved, and that as a manifestation of

that desire he had opened a way of access to Himself by which he desired all to come to Him; that God had removed the barrier which His holiness interposed to the access of the sinner to Him, not by laying His holiness aside, but by a work which enabled Him consistently with His Holiness to receive the vilest sinner who came to Him by the way which He Himself had opened up: that Mr. Campbell taught that the sacrifice of Christ has procured forgiveness for all men, by which he did not mean deliverance from judgment to come, but non-imputation of trespasses now—the privilege of coming to God as a reconciled Father: that he referred a man's coming to God to the work of the Spirit bringing home the Gospel to his heart; and that the condemnation of men was that while they received the witness of men they *rejected that of God*, which is greater. Mr. Hawkins went on to explain Mr. Campbell's teaching that the future judgment would be executed by the Son of God, and that the condition of men at the day of judgment will be according as they have believed or rejected the Gospel; that those, therefore, who are condemned, will be condemned for unbelief: that he never taught that the belief of the love of God was calculated to make men easy in sin, but that the reason why a man will not believe that love is that he will rather keep his sin: that a knowledge of the character of God was essential to a belief in the forgiveness of sins, and that no man would believe in that forgiveness who did not see God's righteousness therein, and that, consequently, no one could receive the remission of sins except by believing in Christ: that in reference to self examination before partaking of the sacrament, Mr. Campbell called upon

believers not to examine whether they were believers or not, but whether they had acted as believers should act: that he called upon unbelievers to repent and believe the Gospel; no other precept could he address to them who were, as he believed, without the spirit of obedience, by which alone men offer acceptable service.

According to the witness Mr. Campbell taught that Christ was the gift of God to *all* men, that in Him were contained all things pertaining to life and godliness, and that in Christ they had the Holy Ghost: that all men were concluded under Christ as a righteous Head, through whom the forgiveness of sins flowed to all who believed in His name: that all men were redeemed from the curse of the Law by Christ, but not from subjection to it as a rule of life; the work of Christ being for the purpose that the righteousness of the Law might be fulfilled in us, not in the flesh but in the spirit.

Mr. Hawkins further testified that he never heard Mr. Campbell preach on Assurance particularly, but that he always understood him to teach that to believe in the love of God and to be assured of it is the same thing, and that no man is believing it who is not assured of it as applicable to himself: that in Mr. Campbell's preaching the forgiveness of sins, through the blood of Christ to every creature, he understood him to mean that personal guilt during the day of grace does not debar sinners from access to God as the fountain of life, and that the work of Christ alone is sufficient to give the sinner confidence toward God as a father—to enable him to serve Him with the spirit of a child instead of that of a slave: that the charge that Mr. Campbell did not pray for forgiveness was false, inasmuch as he used

the very words "Lord forgive us," and his prayer implied a confession of sin and an entreaty for its removal, because a thing hateful in God's sight: that Mr. Campbell explained the nature of faith to be the belief of a testimony, that testimony being that God had so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should have eternal life.

From this *précis* of the principal testimony for the defender, which it has seemed advisable to give as much as possible in the witness's own words, it will be at once seen that the charge of Antinomianism preferred against Mr. Campbell had no valid foundation. It will be especially evident that there was no ground for this charge where it was alleged chiefly to exist—in his teaching regarding pardon. The accused preached "universal pardon," not in the justly condemned Antinomian sense of an universal act of indemnity to sinners irrespective of their moral character; but in the sense of the removal in *every* case of the judicial barrier interposed by guilt between God and Man—God declaring that barrier to be taken away by Christ.

After a prolonged examination of witnesses the Presbytery pronounced the libel "Proven" by the usual majority, and in respect thereof "Find that the defender has entertained and promulgated the doctrine of Universal Atonement and Pardon through the death of Christ, and also the doctrine that Assurance is of the essence of faith, and necessary to Salvation." Appeals to the Synod were of course taken against this finding, and to the Synod the case accordingly was referred.*

* The proceedings in Mr. Campbell's trial in Presbytery, Synod, and Assembly, were collected and published in an interesting volume by R. B. Lusk, Greenock, in 1831.

CHAPTER IV.

ROW CASE—SYNOD—ASSEMBLY.

THE case came before the Synod on the 13th April, and was discussed on that and the following day.

Mr. Story appeared at the bar, and in a long and able speech, maintained the conformity of Mr. Campbell's teaching with the Scriptures, and the Standards of the Church; disproved its identity with the doctrine condemned in 1720, and fortified his position with numerous extracts from the Confessions of the Protestant Churches, and the writings of Scottish Churchmen from the time of Knox to the present century. He then went over the counts in the libel *seriatim*, showing that they ought to have been held irrelevant, either because they consisted of detached sentences, the meaning of which could not be ascertained without the context, or, because understanding the terms agreeably to Mr. Campbell's own understanding of them, they contained nothing contrary to Scripture or to the Confession of Faith. It appeared to him unjust to condemn a man for teaching what the accused asserted he never taught, and he wished to apply to Mr. Campbell's case the rule laid down by the Assembly of 1722, with reference to the "Marrow of Modern Divinity." "The passages from the said book," says the Act of

Assembly, "are to be taken and understood in the sense and meaning of its author."*

Mr. Campbell followed, and in the longest and most comprehensive statement he had yet made, he defended his position and his teaching.

In the whole Synod, however, only one voice was raised on his behalf—that of the Rev. John Wylie, minister of Carluke; and on the motion of Dr. Hill, minister of Dailly, now Professor of Theology in the University of Glasgow, the sentence of the Presbytery on the relevancy of the libel was affirmed.

On the following day the discussion on the proof was proceeded with. Mr. Story again spoke in support of his appeal, but of the speech he delivered, no record has been preserved. Thomas Carlyle, Esq.,† Advocate, appeared as counsel for Mr. Campbell; Dr. Fleming, minister of Old Kilpatrick, now Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and Dr. Hamilton, on behalf of the Presbytery of Dunbarton; and after a hearing, the Synod proceeded to debate the case.

The question awaiting decision had created intense interest among thoughtful and pious persons through-

* The Rev. Dr. Hetherington, in his "History of the Church of Scotland," remarks upon the unfair and partial way in which the "Marrow" was treated, and to which this Act of 1722 had a retrospective reference. "In vain did its defenders attempt to procure a fair and thorough investigation of the work for the purpose of showing that some unguarded expressions were so modified by others, and by the general spirit of the book, that, taken collectively, the doctrine of the book was orthodox and scriptural. This, which is the only fair and candid mode of ascertaining what are really an author's sentiments, was refused, and the attention of the Assembly was rigidly confined to the expressions selected by the accusers."

† Afterwards a well-known member of the "Holy Catholic Apostolic Church," and author of "Pleadings with my Mother, the Church in Scotland."

out Scotland. The gallery of the Church in which the court sat was thronged with spectators, many of whom had travelled far to be present on an occasion, felt to be one full of momentous issues to the Scottish Church.

The speeches of the members of the Synod must have fallen heavily on the hearts of the many who prized as their life the doctrines for which Mr. Campbell was then arraigned. They too generally indicated less of a candid and generous impartiality, than of a sheer abhorrence of the teaching ascribed to the defender, and were in their tone polemical rather than judicial. "If," said Dr. Begg, of New Monkland, "if Mr. Campbell were an honest man, if he were a true Christian, if he had the fear of God before his eyes, he would have come forward and said, 'I have changed my opinions; I swore to and subscribed with my hand the Confession of Faith; but I am now convinced that the doctrines contained in it are not according to the word of God, and I give up my charge.'" This is hardly the language one would have expected from a Christian minister, sitting as a judge at a brother's trial. Dr. McLean, of the Gorbals, used language still more reprehensible. "I have no particular interest in the question, other than a Christian minister ought to have; but I am vexed to the bottom of my heart, that whilst in London we have an individual of our Church searching after the Millennium and other extravagances, and in our own Synod others uttering such doctrines as we have heard in this court, our neighbours should have to say that the Church of Scotland was going about with a fool's coat upon its back, and thus exposing our Church to the scorn and contempt of all rational people. . . . . I am

shocked that in a complaint and dissent of this kind we are bearded by the appellants, who say to us, 'You know nothing at all about the matter; you must come to us to learn what truth is;' and I understand that there were some attempts *to pray* that we should be enlightened on the subject. The thing is perfectly shocking—there is nonsense on the face of it." This clergyman who was so horrified at being prayed for, adds a devout wish that if there be any other individuals desirous of joining in the heretical notions of Messrs. Campbell and Story, they "may all go in the same boat,"—to the haven of deposition, it is to be presumed. Dr. McFarlan, of St. Enoch's, Glasgow, afterwards "Free" Church minister, in Greenock, spoke of the defender as having "polluted the whole country with heresy." Alas, was not such hard, unbrotherly language in a court of Christ's Church an indelible pollution?

On the motion of Principal McFarlan, the case was referred, without any formal expression of the Synod's opinion, to the ensuing General Assembly, from which judgment Mr. Wylie alone dissented.

The decision of the Assembly was awaited by Mr. Story with little hopefulness. He felt the question was prejudged. Prejudice, and evil feeling, and ignorant hostility had been excited by a war of pamphlets on the controverted points, and by a great deal of declamation from "evangelical" pulpits. He had striven to stem the current of clerical opposition, and to throw some useful light on the subject by the publication of a few tracts entitled "Light from a cloud of witnesses," in which he collected a great number of declarations regarding the atonement, faith, and assurance, "from the writings of the reformers and

martyrs." This, however, did not seem to produce much effect; the voice of the Church—in public at least—was all but unanimous against Mr. Campbell, and what, with singular unfairness, one of his brethren in the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr had—(ere the case was tried)—styled in a popular and violent pamphlet, the "Row Heresy."

Mr. Story looked forward to the Assembly's decision as likely to affect himself hardly less than his friend. "Soon, in all probability," he writes, anticipating his own deposition, "we must become pilgrims from the home that we love; but I remember Elijah and the ravens. I remember Him who carries the lambs in his bosom. I hear the voice of that good Shepherd, 'when the poor and needy seek water, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will lead them, I, the God of Jacob will not forsake them;' and what a simple matter it seems to be to bid adieu to all outward felicities that the truth may be glorified."

The time of the Assembly arrived, and he went into Edinburgh. He writes on his reaching town, "I have not heard particularly as yet of the state of feeling here. Some ministers that are not members have expressed themselves with great feeling and interest; but then they are not members; they go like sheep in *bodies*, one after the other, even although it be to leap into the water. Poor Proudfoot* came to me to-day and entreated me to be careful in my selection of words, for they were all watching to seize upon me. I think I have ceased very much from men; but I am deeply grieved often to feel that mine is too much the moral

* Minister of Arrochar, in the Presbytery of Dunbarton.

indignation of the mere flesh, rather than the holy aversion of the spirit."

The proceedings in the Assembly began on Tuesday, May 25th. Seldom had a General Assembly met to decide a question of profounder importance; for apart from all peculiarities, and, one may add, objectionable forms of diction, the only issue before the Venerable House really was, whether by the death of Christ a way was opened up to all men to return to their Father, and whether the power of serving Him aright depended on their knowing and believing Him to be the Forgiver of their sins through the shedding of the blood of His Son. Mr. Campbell had maintained the affirmative, and his teaching had been branded as "serpent doctrines," by a Rev. Dr. in an inferior court; was the supreme court of the Church about to ratify the previous condemnation? To all observers it was evident that it was to be so. Many events had been occurring—as we shall by and bye have occasion to notice—in the neighbourhood of Row, of a nature calculated to shock and disturb most men's minds; and these, though utterly unconnected with Mr. Campbell and his teaching, had been either wilfully or in foolish ignorance represented as associated therewith; so that now to all formerly existing causes of distrust and hostility, was added a new one, as powerful perhaps as all the rest. The prejudice against Mr. Campbell and his doctrine, and these supposed results or accompaniments of his preaching, grew stronger and stronger, and seemed at last to culminate in the very sphere where its influence should have been totally unfelt.

What follows is from Mr. Story's own pen—a fragment from his unfinished Memoir of Alan Ker. "In

the inferior court there had been the appearance of impartiality—of patient inquiry; day after day the members had met to examine witnesses for the defence as well as the prosecution; and no doubt many of them did conscientiously weigh the evidence before they recorded their decision. But Mr. Campbell was not only deposed by the General Assembly, but deposed in such circumstances of indelicacy and precipitation, as to be without precedent in the annals of the Church. The Presbytery, I have stated, had engaged in a laborious inquiry, and the evidence formed a large volume of 400 or 500 pages. The inferior had thus provided for the Supreme Court sufficient premises on which to found their judgment; but could any man have anticipated such a procedure as this,—that *long after midnight* the Assembly should enter upon the merits of the doctrines impugned, about which, under the great eye of the universe, and *in foro conscientiæ,* they could alone be qualified to decide by weighing the testimonies of the witnesses carefully and impartially? It is manifest, that unless they had been gifted with an intuitive discernment that should supersede the necessity of laborious investigation, they were utterly unfitted to judge of the contents of the evidence between the darkness of midnight and the light of the morning; indeed the greater portion of those reverend and learned judges regarded any knowledge, howsoever imperfect, as an utterly superfluous acquisition; for, no sooner was the volume put into their hands than they transferred it to their pockets, as if they had some superstitious dread lest the light which shone through all its pages should startle them in the perpetration of the deed which they meditated. Some of them, indeed, assigned as a reason for conduct so abhorrent to the

moral sense of men, and still more repulsive in professed teachers of the truth, and judges between right and wrong, that they had read a good deal about the matter in the newspapers and magazines for months past; as if the gossip and lying inventions of the scorners of all truth had authority superior to the solemn declarations of men upon oath examined by a court of their own brethren. What seemed fitted to cover with disgrace that Assembly, or those members of it who recorded their judgment was this, that only a small minority was present. The greater number of the members had retired at the close of the discussion on the *relevancy* of the libel, never dreaming that ere the light of another day, the question of the guilt of the accused should be entered upon. When they returned on the following morning they were astonished to discover what had been done. One member, distinguished for his talents and acquirements, addressed the Moderator, and thus gave vent to his indignant surprise: 'Why sir, I should as soon have expected upon my return to this house, to find yourself deposed as Mr. Campbell of Row.' In proceeding with the case at such an untimely hour, as if emulous of the zeal of an ancient Sanhedrim, it was indeed stated, that as there was such a press of business before the Assembly, its consideration could not be postponed till the following day, and therefore it was absolutely necessary they should proceed at once to a final judgment. Will such a reason not be regarded as the most shallow of all devices in the judgment of any impartial historian, when constrained to record that the whole of the following day was occupied in discussing the admissibility of a witness in a case of adultery? That venerable Assembly of 'the purest Church of Christendom,' the zealous

guardian of the faith, exhibited this strange anomaly in their judicial proceedings—the bestowal of double the time in weighing the testimony of a single witness on whose testimony depended the reputation for good morals of one brother, that they devoted to considering the testimonies of a numerous list of witnesses upon which they could alone judge of the true or false teaching of another regarding the most important of all the principles of the doctrine of Christ; upon the just conception of which, indeed, and of their power in regulating the lives of men, depends the pure morality of the ministers and people of all Churches.

One striking circumstance connected with the public proceedings in the Church courts regarding this great question raised by Campbell's preaching, was the absence of the Church's most distinguished divine, the then celebrated Professor of Theology in the Metropolitan University. It is not needful to assign any reason why he declined to be a member of the Assembly in which Campbell was condemned, as well as in that which preceded it; but that given by his biographer for his having stood aloof from those who took part in that controversy is such that, unless constrained to record it by some paramount necessity, it ought, for the reputation of that great man, to have been concealed.* If a month's careful reading would have been indispensable to enable *him* to form a right judgment, what

* In his "Life of Dr. Chalmers," (vol. iii. 15), Dr. Hanna quotes a letter in which Dr. C. says,—"In regard to Mr. Campbell, &c., it would have required *a whole month* to have mastered the recent authorship on these topics, and to have prepared myself to my own satisfaction for taking part in the deliberations of the Assembly regarding them." Though Dr. Chalmers thus shrank from public interference with the question, he did not hesitate to declare in private (at Lord Elgin's table) that he held Mr. Campbell to be a young minister "in conduct irreproachable—in doctrine unexceptionable—but in language rash."

opinion can be formed of the competency of those hundred and twenty clerical and lay judges who felt themselves quite competent with such promptitude to decide that the teaching of their accused brother deserved the penalty of deposition? What a strong contrast the caution, the indecision, the modesty, as it may be termed, of that greatest of all the theological professors of the time presents to the most confident, most chivalrous (may I not say?) orthodoxy of brethren gathered from distant provinces, without a qualm or doubt apparently in their minds as to what they ought to do! It is true that a few of all that company voted for delay, or at least for a mitigated form of condemnation (suspension for a certain time); but this was over-ruled by a triumphant majority; and the exultation which the result occasioned constrained one of its chief promoters to congratulate the House, the Church, and the country on the unanimity thus manifested by the two great parties* that so often had been engaged in keen controversies. It was now manifest that these were but of trifling importance, and that when the great fundamentals of the faith were in hazard, they were one in sentiment, and could act harmoniously!"

The proceedings in the Assembly were such as the above extract indicates. The defences and appeals were heard; Mr. Campbell, Mr. Story, Mr. Wylie, and Mr. Carlyle speaking from the bar on the one side—Drs. Graham, Fleming, Barr, and Hill, and Mr. H. J. Robertson (now Lord Benholme) on the other. Dr. Cook, as soon as the pleading was over, moved that Mr. Campbell be deposed. The Rev. Lewis Rose, minister

* The "Moderate" and the "Evangelical."

of Nigg (now of Tain) proposed in vain the milder sentence of suspension.

Dr. Campbell, the defendant's father, then spoke:—"I have in my hands," said he, "a letter from a most respectable individual in the parish of Row, well known to many in this house,* accompanying a petition from many of the parishioners on behalf of their minister. The petition is signed by 420 individuals, 150 of whom are heads of families, composing (if you except Dissenters) nineteen-twentieths of the whole population. It was stated from the bar that Mr. C.'s parish was against him. I have read these papers that the house may see this to be untrue. Moderator, I am the oldest father at present in this house: I have been forty years a minister in the Church. It is gratifying to my feelings to state what I have now done, and it ought to be gratifying to yours—for you should be glad to hear that any one of your brethren has been useful in his parish, and is beloved by his people.

"A great deal was said from the other side of the house about dealing leniently with Mr. Campbell. Now I would just ask where is the leniency if you go into the motion on the table, and cut him off, *brevi manu*, from the Church? You have not done Mr. C. justice in attending to what has been this day laid before you. You have heard him this day in his own defence, and he has told you that he just teaches that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and with regard to universal pardon, he has told you that he just means by it 'that sinners may come to God through Jesus Christ as to a

* The late James Buchanan, Esq., of Blairvadich.

reconciled Father.' Now I am sure there is none among us all who has anything to say against this. And with regard to Assurance, what he says is no more than this —that a sceptic is no Christian,—that doubting God is not believing Him. And he has told you that he abhors what are called the Antinomian doctrines of the 'Marrow;' and I can say that I never heard any preacher more earnestly and powerfully recommending holiness of heart and life. It was certainly what I never expected, that a motion for his immediate deposition should have come from my old friend, Dr. Cook; but I do not stand here to deprecate your wrath. I bow to any decision to which you may think it right to come. Moderator, I am not afraid for my son; though his brethren cast him out, the Master whom he serves will not forsake him; and while I live, I will never be ashamed to be the father of so holy and blameless a son."

These simple and affecting words of remonstrance uttered, the sentence of deposition was carried by 119 to 6.

So ended the "Row Case," in its day so notorious; to our days not barren of blessings, of which it is seldom, perhaps, acknowledged to be the source. The theological thought and teaching to which Mr. Campbell gave the first open impulse, and which his deposition did not check or deaden, has perceptibly modified the theology of Scotland. A more direct living and personal application of the Gospel than Scottish preaching commonly offered, and as the only true warrant and source of this, an exposition of the Atonement which should evolve a deeper moral and spiritual meaning than could be found in the popular doctrine, had become a felt necessity. Anselm's scheme of "Satisfaction," elaborated by the cold and legal logic of Owen's rigid theories, was one

in which surely few human souls could find rest or life. Nor was a final stand-point likely to be reached in the theory—a reaction from this—which regarded Christ's sufferings as merely an exhibition of Divine justice—a vindication of the consistency of God's character as the moral governor of the world. The thoughts and the experience of many had either passed beyond these dogmas into a region where their influence was lost, or were seeking eagerly some clearer light than they could throw. These Mr. Campbell was the first to meet, and they received from him that direction which is now leading thinking men generally to regard the *Fact* of the Atonement as greater than any *theory* of it; and to judge that, since so great and fundamental a fact must doubtless contain the elements of many doctrines, no one of which can exhaustively explain it, he will deal most wisely with it who connects it most closely with his life, and who, believing Christ himself to be the Atonement in whom God and man are atoned, reconciled, made one—seeks to be one with Him in living the life of sonship. The sentence which the Church pronounced upon the teaching which had this tendency, though its first result was to scare many from her portal, could not extinguish the spiritual necessities which that teaching satisfied, nor blind men's eyes to the fact that the Scriptures and the Confession enfolded a much fuller doctrine and freer gospel than the clergy had been wont to draw from them. It is not too much to say, that whatever of fresher thought and more catholic sympathy goes with us in our search for truth, and obtains expression in our pulpits at this day, owes no small portion of its origin to the variously-reflected influence of the earnest words which, in 1831, incurred the charge of heresy. The

same rigid submission to the mere letter of a logical system, is not now looked for, and is not now professed, as it was thirty years ago. These years, while they have developed clearer views of the relations of God and man, and less formal and forensic expressions of the great truths of the Christian faith, have surely also enforced the lesson that uniform identity of doctrine is not needful to unity of moral and spiritual life; and that a Church's creed may stand some diversity of exposition, without peril to her existence or her usefulness. They have helped to teach the lesson, which is thus expressed by one who represents well the more liberal and enlightened spirit which is now quickening the Scottish Church, "that men cannot absolutely fix in their feeble symbols the truth of God—that it is ever bursting with its own free might the old bottles in which they would contain it, and that, consequently, according to that very law of progress by which all things live, it is impossible to bind the conscience by any bonds but those of God's own wisdom (word) in Scripture—a spiritual authority addressing a spiritual subject—a teacher not of 'the letter which killeth, but of the spirit which giveth life.'"* And that this has been taught, and in some measure learnt, is not indistinctly ascribable to the "Row Case." Each cause must have its martyr; and it was Mr. Campbell's destiny to bear the brunt of the first deliberate encounter between the forms of a doctrinal system which, emptied of their living meaning, had lost their strong hold over men's consciences, and the deeper earnestness and spirituality which met new wants and aspirations with a new and diviner teaching. He

* Very Rev. Principal Tulloch—"Leaders of the Reformation."

suffered—but theology gained thereby, and advanced steadily towards a broader, more tolerant, more spiritual expansion than it had known before.

But while this has been so, and while we can now clearly enough perceive this result; it need not surprise us that those of his own time who deemed Mr. Campbell's deposition a grievous wrong and injustice, should be less ready to recognize any blessing as flowing from it, than to trace the judgments which they regarded as appointed to avenge it. The retribution of denied truth and of broken unity seems, according to their view, to have fallen since 1831 upon the Church of Scotland. Mr. Story, for one, could not but see this Nemesis in the subsequent events in the Church's history. In the fragment of biography which has already afforded us a quotation, he goes on to say, in allusion to the self-congratulations of the Assembly on the unanimity displayed by the "Moderate" and "Evangelical" parties in the deposing of Mr. Campbell: "It might certainly have been expected that the Church should now have rest from her controversial travails, her ministers showing such unity of spirit, so bound together in the bond of peace; strife had ceased throughout all her borders. I now write nearly thirty years since that crisis, when that proclamation of peace was issued in a moment of enthusiastic triumph. But alas! it proved but as the utterance of a false prophet, and many were constrained to yield to sad forebodings, thinking that the Great Head of the Church had indeed been sorely wounded in the house of His friends,—even that He had been crucified afresh in the denial of the great truth that He had "tasted death for every man;" and fearful words came into their memory,—"Had Zimri

peace who slew his master?" Since that time has there been peace? In that very year the Voluntary Association of Anti-Church-and-State Dissenters was formed. A furious controversy ensued between those who had been foremost in the condemnation of what were called "the serpent doctrines of Row," and the most distinguished leaders of that body. Without pronouncing any judgment on the merits of that controversy, it may be said of the next that arose, that in a fierce internecine warfare (not about any great principle of the doctrines of Christ, but about a matter of mere ecclesiastical arrangement), the two parties in the Church encountered each other year after year as in a death struggle for the superiority, and at last those who had been most active in the deposition of Mr. Campbell, and in the condemnation of his doctrines, casting him out of the Church of his fathers as an unclean thing, were themselves self-deposed,—dissenters from the Church of which they had deemed their brother to be unworthy. Little was the result foreseen when that proclamation was issued in the Assembly Hall in 1831. But, in their position as they journeyed triumphantly in 1843 from it to Tanfield, there were thoughtful men who saw in that movement, the Nemesis of the fatal decision which denounced as pestilent heresy that which, apart from all peculiarities of expression, was but a repetition of the announcement of the Angel to the Shepherds, 'Fear not, I bring you glad tidings of great joy.'"

It might not be uninteresting to contrast with this summary decision in condemnation of Mr. Campbell's teaching, the proceedings in a similar controversy within one of the most prominent of the Dissenting

bodies in this country, as detailed by Dr. Cairns* in his life of the Rev. John Brown, D.D. We have space for only a short quotation which bears upon the charge of inconsistency with the standards of the Church, which was preferred against Mr. Campbell's teaching.

"His friend and fellow-sufferer," says Dr. Cairns, "in the atonement controversy† (Dr. Balmer), as is apparent from his conversation with Robert Hall, passed through a long and painful process of inquiry, before he arrived at the conclusion that the Atonement was in one sense as wide as the human race. There is no record of Dr. Brown's having experienced equal struggles, since he perhaps was earlier acquainted with the history of opinion on the subject, and was never disposed to look upon the extended view as a material deviation from the great stream of Calvinistic theology. The historical sketch already referred to,‡ is chiefly designed to show that this controversy belonged not to controversies between Calvinists and Arminians, but among Calvinists themselves. The following extract may be here inserted:—'The Arminian controversy not only raised the old Pelagian question [that God willed the salvation of all men equally by the death of Christ], but also the question between Godeschalcus and his opponents [that our Lord Jesus Christ was not crucified and put to death for the redemption of the whole world, but only of those who are saved (*i.e.*, the predestinated)]. The Synod of Dort which determined the first question

* Rev. Dr. Cairns, U. P. Minister at Berwick-upon-Tweed.

† Rev. Dr. Balmer, U. P. Minister at Berwick—an early friend and correspondent of Mr. Story's.

‡ "History of the Atonement Controversy," in the "Secession Magazine" for 1841, by Dr. Brown.

left the other in a great measure an open one. The Gomarists were bent on its being decided, but the English deputies had sufficient influence to prevent this. John Cameron, whose extensive and accurate learning and critical acumen do honour to his country and age, taught that while the elect are by an effectual and irrevocable calling saved through the death of Christ, Christ died for all men, with the intention that they might be invited and called to repentance; and that when so invited and called, it arises from themselves alone, and the hardness of their heart repelling the means of salvation, that they are not saved. . . At present this doctrine, with modification, is held by the great body of Evangelical Protestants on the continent of Europe, of the Congregationalist and Baptist Churches in this country, of the Congregational Churches in New England, and of both the great divisions of the Presbyterian Church in America; for it is quite a mistake to suppose that the doctrine of a limited or general atonement, as understood among Calvinists, is one of the points of difference between these two bodies.'* . . . With regard to the passages cited [from various authors on the Atonement], Dr. Brown remarks that it would perhaps not be easy completely to reconcile them with each other, or with some of the statements in the symbolical books. In these, we believe, will be found statements as strong as either the friends of an exclusively particular, or of a general reference of the Atonement would wish to make."

So far Dr. Cairns: the whole narrative which he

* The "Old School," and the "New School" Presbyterians—into which two sections the original American Presbyterian Church—th daughter of the Scottish Church—is divided.

gives will be interesting to readers engaged with this question of the Atonement, and with the treatment it has received among the Presbyterians of Scotland. The discussions in the U. P. Synod resulted in an offshoot from that body, and the formation of a smaller sect, named from its originator, the Morrisonian, which still survives.

To return,—after the deposition, Mr. Story wrote to Pringle, "I have, as you would see, been in the midst of theological warfare. I believe that to *me* the brethren can do nothing, nor are they much inclined, for I hold the truth of the Standards, although, I freely declare that many expressions in those Standards are not the best possible for that truth. Those controversies have revealed to my mind the nakedness of this unhappy Church. I had no conception that there existed so little of primitive Christianity—of the very first principles of the doctrine of Christ, among men of high reputation both for their learning and their piety. Even admitting Campbell to have held the errors for which he is condemned, I should have expected some sympathy with his holiness, but that very thing, the singular sanctity of his life and manners, seems to have more than anything else stimulated in many the fiercest animosity. But for the present let his cause rest with his God."

Again, he says, "I feel very much that I am severed from all men, and am anxious to find in God habitually *all* my salvation. I understand they could not find fault with what I stated from the bar, and yet I concealed nothing, which persuades me more and more of the reality of the device of Satan in the invention of words not Scriptural, to express the truth of God."

The deposition of Mr. Campbell was not the only exercise of authority on the part of the Assembly of 1831. It also expelled from the Church Messrs. McLean and Scott. The former of these gentlemen had in 1827 been ordained to the charge of the Scottish Church, London Wall.* After some years of useful labour there he was presented to the Church and Parish of Dreghorn, in Ayrshire. His settlement, however, was objected to, on the ground that he held false doctrine regarding our Lord's human nature.

The case came for final decision before this Assembly, which unanimously agreed to deprive him of his licence and of all right to administer religious ordinances within the Church of Scotland.

What Mr. Mc Lean's opinions were will be learnt best from his own words:—He wrote to a friend, "I certainly believe and constantly teach that our blessed Lord, the consubstantial Son of the Eternal Father, did unite the divine nature to ruined, fallen, sin-accursed human nature, that He might make full atonement for transgression, and reconcile us unto God. I believe and teach that His human nature was the same as my own in all its essential properties; and whilst I believe and hang my dependence upon the blessed truth that He was *entirely and always without sin*, I believe that this blessed fact was owing, not to any essential difference in the qualities and properties of His nature from the qualities and properties of mine, but only and certainly to the fact of the hypostatical union of the divine and human nature in his person, and the energizing presence of the Holy Ghost, who dwelt in Him from the

* The "Charge" delivered to Mr. M'Lean on this occasion, by Mr. Irving, is one of the finest and noblest of the latter's utterances—wise—liberal—comprehensive—lofty in thought, and grand in expression.

moment of His conception in the womb of the blessed virgin, by whose aid also He performed all His works and actings in the human nature. And so firm is my belief in this *essential* article of the truth, that, by the grace of God, I will never alter, cancel, or deny it; no, not for all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."

Mr. Scott's case was different. He had for some time acted as Mr. Irving's assistant in London, when he received a call to become the minister of a congregation at Woolwich. On appearing before the Presbytery of London to undergo the necessary examinations prior to ordination, he declared his inability to subscribe the Confession of Faith, on the ground that he differed from some of the statements it contained. The Presbytery, of course, refused to ordain him, and intimated to the Presbytery of Paisley, at whose hands he had received licence, the declaration which Mr. Scott had made. This declaration being repeated on his being summoned before the Presbytery of Paisley, it was held to be equivalent to a resignation of his licence, and his name was struck off the list of licentiates. Against this Mr. Scott appealed, but the Assembly concurred with the Presbytery, and he was finally deprived of his licence.*

In both these cases Mr. Story was deeply interested, especially in that of Mr. Scott, whom he had known intimately from his boyhood, and to whom his words

* Dr. Hanna—("Life of Dr. Chalmers," vol. iii. chap. 15)—states that Mr. M'Lean and Mr. Scott were deprived of their licence for the same error, "because they declared it to be their belief that Christ took on him our 'fallen nature.'" This was not the case as regards Mr. Scott. His opinions on this point were neither declared nor brought in question. He was disliceused simply because he announced that the Westminster Confession was not the Confession of his Faith.

and counsels had been of no slight value. He had a warm fellow feeling with those thus called to suffer for conscience sake, as he believed it only too probable that he should have ere long to suffer in like manner. But though he anticipated libel and deposition, he did not feel called on to withdraw from the Church; he would not quit his post unless he were driven from it. "It is very clear," he writes, "that I am not called upon to resign, for they have not yet denied the Lord that bought them. They have condemned Campbell as holding the doctrines condemned in 1720, which I also condemn; and M'Lean as holding Bourignianism, which I also condemn. They have condemned truth as if it were error, but not the truth as truth."

His thoughts on the whole conduct and issue of the three cases before the Assembly, are fully given in the following letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Stewart Ker, then at Rio Janeiro: "My most beloved Stewart,—How often have I so addressed you, the mutilated sheets scattered up and down my sanctum can testify. Is it that I have little to say? I rather fear that often I have so much that it is vain to attempt what I desire, to throw my heart's thoughts into yours. My Stewart, what a retrospect since we knew, since indeed we saw each other! for do I not turn from our private affairs to the state and prospects of the Church of our absent Lord. You will have heard before this reaches you of the decisions of the Assembly. With regard to Scott there could be no other judgment anticipated, although the manner they came to it cannot command the sympathy of any who look upon the Church as the pillar and ground of the truth, and any portion of the Church to be so regarded, only in so far as it recognizes the supreme and exclusive authority of the Holy

Scriptures in all matters of faith and practice. Any licentiate of the Church of Scotland appearing at the bar of the supreme justiciary to avow that he held doctrines contrary to the standards could scarcely expect any other result than a declaration that, if so, he could no longer be recognized as entitled to preach the gospel with their sanction. The Assembly, however, decided recklessly, not looking beyond the standards. They ought to have said, as a court deliberating under the eye and authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, the opinions you entertain are contrary to the Holy Scriptures, and therefore you can no longer be entrusted with the preaching of the gospel. The proposal on the part of Scott to reason the matter with them I have never been able to regard, although apparently reasonable, as in reality practicable. For every year there might be individuals travelling to the bar of the Assembly, challenging it on some other point or dogma, so that in fact there would be no other alternative than either to dispense with the Confession altogether, or to have incessant polemical discussions upon each or all of its doctrines.

"With regard to M'Lean, while I could not but observe in the Assembly that condemned him a total ignorance of the true character of our Lord, I cannot acquit him of the guilt of departing from Scripture phraseology in the expression of truth. The truth of our Lord's humanity is sufficiently expressed by the statement that He is a son of Adam as really as you and I are, the son of a sinful woman, Himself sinless, that thus He was in such a condition as enabled Him entirely and perfectly to sympathize with all our feelings at all times, and in all circumstances of joy or sorrow, of trial or temptation. But when the words 'consubstantial and inherent

holiness,' 'holiness of nature,' and 'holiness of condition,' &c., are introduced at the bar of a court, where the jealousy of heresy is excited and exasperated, you must see that it is quite possible a judgment may be come to without any accurate conception of the merits of the question at issue. An unrighteous judgment I grant you, but unless the words of the condemned witness for the truth were in all respects fitted to convey right conceptions of truth, the Church in the act of Assembly is not to be held as condemning or casting out the truth, which I perceive is maintained by a great majority of the orthodox believers in our Lord's humanity.

"With regard to our beloved Campbell, similar observations may be made. It is not true,—it is not found in any declaration of Scripture, that all the sins of all mankind without exception and without distinction are forgiven; although it be true that the object of faith presented to all in the gospel is God in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses. He is not forgiving any in his sins so as to deliver him from judgment, and, therefore, although intended to express a true thing and a most blessed reality in the revealed character of God, the proposition alluded to, and for holding which he has been condemned, is not a sound *form of words*. It is true that Campbell has explained what he meant, but that was imperfect. He ought to have done as day after day I entreated him, at once disavow the expressions, and express his resolution never to use them but as Scripture warranted, provided he was permitted under the protection of the Church to preach to every sinner the forgiveness of sins, declaring that nothing prevented his return to God but his own

unbelief of God's love. When they prosecute me, and if they do so, to deposition, it must be for the truth as it is in Jesus, for I have not erred in expression, having confined myself to God's own declaration by the mouth of the prophets, and apostles, and His Son Jesus Christ. The Presbytery purpose to prosecute me. A motion has been made to appoint a committee to consider whether any steps ought to be taken against certain officebearers within the bounds of the Presbytery, thereby including Mr. Dunlop, one of the Row elders, and myself. In a year or two, therefore, it is probable I shall be a wanderer like your own Emperor;* and be thankful, my brother, that the thorough persuasion of having only the truth to contend for has, by the grace and tender mercy of God, prevented me from having even one momentary feeling of anxiety about the matter. I have no feeling as regards myself, but I mourn over a deluded and faithless Church."

This was written in June. Shortly after, a return of his former malady aggravated by mental anxiety and bodily fatigue laid him aside for many weeks. When he appeared at the Presbytery in September, in recovered health, the motion to which he refers above was quietly allowed to lapse. "There was not a whisper," he writes, "about the motion on the table; so when they themselves said nothing, of course no obligation of any kind was imposed upon me to ask what they meant to do. As my way was clear, and as I had no doubt in my own mind of the part that remained for me to perform, I receive as the intimation of the will of God this singular conclu-

* Of Brazil.

sion to their proceedings." Thus died away the last threat of ecclesiastical censure of his teaching or interference with his usefulness, the last menace of exile from his beloved Gairloch, the dread of which had during these months of warfare and of sickness been very present to his mind. In one of his letters he says, pathetically, "The shores of the Gairloch are exquisitely beautiful at present, and, indeed, seem more so than ever. Whether it be that the impression on my mind, that soon I shall be far away from them, adds to their interest and loveliness, I know not, but I am often reminded of the words of the Canticles as I survey them, 'O turn away thine eyes, for I am sick of love.'"

Having now followed to its conclusion the external history of the Row Case* in as far as it affected the subject of this memoir, we must go back to trace the growth of another movement of a less direct and simple character, associated in the common notions and language of our time with the name of the Rev. Edward Irving.

* The full development and exposition of Mr. Campbell's view of the Atonement will be found in his latest work, "Nature of the Atonement," Cambridge, 1856. "I must refer my readers," says the Rev. F. Garden, in No. III. of "Tracts for Priests and People," "to Mr. Campbell's reasonings in his profound book on the Atonement,—a book which, if I shall succeed in pursuading a single earnest man or woman to read, study, and inwardly digest, I shall not have written in vain."

CHAPTER V.

MARY CAMPBELL—"GIFTS"—IRVING.

DURING the progress of the Row controversy, began, as has been indicated, a religious movement of a widely different nature. Its source was not to be found in any new dogmatic views, or in any novel expansion of Christian life, but in the professed revival of an aged belief and restoration of primitive gifts. Its idea was restoration, not development. Its growth was unexpected and abnormal. Nothing in the religious condition of the time can be assigned positively as its root and cause; unless, indeed, we accept as such, the tendency, common to all periods of change and excitement, whether religious or political, to rush from the extreme of repression to the extreme of licence,—the tendency which, in the political world, has produced the Red Republican; in the religious, the German Anabaptist and the English Quaker.

From the level of a time in which, after long stagnation, religious thought was beginning to move freely, suddenly emerged a society claiming direct intercourse with and inspiration from Heaven, and the power of working superhuman works. The philosophy of its origin remains to be propounded: this was the simple fact.

In tracing the facts on which these claims were

based, the path which we must follow, while it leads us to the stately porch of the Church which asserts her special claim to the titles "Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic," sets out from the humble threshold of the house at Fernicarry, which we have already heard of as the home of Isabella Campbell.

In Isabella's Memoir, reference is made to a peculiar sorrow of her sister Mary's, in which she was called to sympathize. This was the death of a young man to whom Mary was engaged to be married, and with whom she had intended to go abroad on a mission to the heathen. His death frustrated the accomplishment of her design, but did not abate her desire to carry it out; and her mind continued to dwell upon it with intense interest, hopeless though the project seemed. She was in ill health, and exhibited obvious symptoms of the disease which had carried off her saintly sister.* Her malady, however, was not of a nature to render society dangerous, or impossible to her. And society she had in abundance. The interest excited by Isabella's Memoir, drew many to Fernicarry, to see the sister, whose name was so often in its pages; and that interest, at first attached to the memory of the one, ere long transferred itself to the living presence of the other. She was a woman of great personal attractions, had a beautiful face, and soft eyes, with drooping lids, which she seldom raised. She was very clever, and, considering her obscure circumstances, was well informed. Her character, however, lacked the moral strength of Isabella's, and her enthusiastic imaginative

* Not the ordinary tubercular consumption, but the formation of large abscesses on the lungs, which from time to time burst, and in doing so reduced the patient to extreme weakness. During the intervals she would rally, and enjoy comparatively good health.

mind was not so strictly controlled as might have been desired, by keen and clear instincts or perceptions of right and wrong. There was in her, in fact, much of the nature and disposition which have, from age to age, furnished the Church with mystics.

A young, beautiful, not highly educated, and withal excitable invalid, could not but suffer a certain distortion of the *morale* of her nature, and be led—insensibly it may be—towards the borders of delusion and vanity, when she found herself the cynosure of the eyes of a large portion of the religious public, and beheld some company of its pilgrims ever and anon resorting to her shrine. Among those who thus came to Fernicarry, were some whose minds were much engaged with the idea to which, at the time, Mr. Irving's teaching had directed public attention, viz., that bodily disease was the direct infliction of Satan, and that, therefore, faith and prayer, and these only, should be employed as the means of deliverance from it; and that moreover, by the due exercise of these, the power of effecting miracles of healing and other wonderful works would be restored to the Church—a power hitherto kept in abeyance, because of the Church's faithlessness.

The subject of missions was also profusely talked about in Mary's sick room, and the idea of a due preparation for evangelistic work was more or less bound up with the new notions regarding the restoration of spiritual gifts. To Mary herself, the central point in all the discussions and speculations that went on around her, was the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen. A small band of intended missionaries gathered at Fernicarry—funds were collected—clothes provided—and prayer was made to God continually that their way

might be directed according to His will. This was in the winter of 1829-30.

To Mrs. Campbell, whose eldest son had for months past been on his death-bed, the constant stream of visitors which the discussions and arrangements about this projected enterprise conducted to Fernicarry, became excessively trying. She frequently complained to her minister of the hardships to which the ceaseless influx of Mary's admirers and coadjutors subjected her. At last, on one occasion, when he found her on a bleak, cold day rinsing clothes at the "burn," near the house, she told him that though she never went to bed "the day she rose," yet, so great was the burden cast on her by these visitors, that she was utterly unable to give the attention that was indispensable to the comfort of her dying son. There were, she said, at that moment two young men in the house, one of whom had been there for some days, and there was no hint of his much longed-for departure. Mr. Story at once went in, and on entering the little parlour, he found the pair, of whom she had spoken, comfortably seated beside the fire with books and writing materials on a small table before them. Stung into quick wrath at the contrast between their comfort and Mrs. Campbell's forlorn washing operations under the wintry sky, he at once told them that they ought immediately to be gone; that they had no right to oppress their hostess and idly eat the bread of charity, as they were doing, instead of attending to their ordinary avocations. To this, one of them starting up and stamping his foot, replied—"Get thee behind me, Satan;" and Mr. Story remaining unmoved by this exorcism, the other proceeded to explain that they were in their present position by the Lord's command, in

order to be prepared for His work, and that it was an honour to Mrs. Campbell to be permitted to minister to the Saints.

Why then, said Mr. Story, if preparing for missionary work, were they not acquiring a knowledge of the languages in which the Holy Scriptures were written, and of the people to whom they meant to proclaim the Gospel. No preparations of that kind, he was answered, were needful; and unbelief alone could suggest the thought of such carnal preliminaries.

If so, pursued the inexorable minister, why not cross over to Cowal? There were thousands of Gaelic-speaking people there, who knew very little of the Glad Tidings: why not try their virgin powers on them? To such a rash experiment, it need hardly be said, they felt the Lord did not call them.

On Mr. Story's going from them to Samuel Campbell's room, the sick man reiterated the complaints which had been made by his mother, and he added, that his rest was night after night entirely destroyed by the continual talking and psalm-singing in his sister's chamber above him.

To her Mr. Story related all that had passed, and urged upon her that it was her obvious duty to send away these foolish young men, and to discourage the renewal of the visiting and noise, which were so grievous to her mother and dying brother. The letter which is subjoined was received a few days after he had thus spoken to her. It not only gives her views regarding the matter alluded to, but discloses the strange state of feeling and of belief, in which she was waiting for a new revelation from God. The whole letter is inserted, not because of any intrinsic merit it possesses, but as unfolding

the faith and expectation of this woman who—let it be borne in mind—was the first to exhibit the phenomenon which was asserted to be "speaking with tongues;" and of whom, two years after this, Irving could write to Mr. Story, from London—"She is a saint of God, and hath the gift of prophecy." The letter bears no date, but must have been written early in the year 1830.

"My dear Mr. Story,—I have not been at liberty to attempt writing to you until the present moment. I bless God who does not NOW suffer me to write when *I* please, or to whom *I* please, but when *He* pleases and WHAT *He* pleases. There is NOW to me a delightful depth of meaning in the words being BIDDEN and FORBIDDEN by the Holy Ghost, and I fear taking one single step in anything unless I see the pillar of fire or of cloud moving before me. The Lord from henceforth ever keep me thus dependent upon *Himself*, and so I shall be to the praise of the glory of *His* grace in Christ Jesus!

"You remember me saying to you that I felt persuaded God was revealing to me by the Spirit the state of mind many of his children were in, and the particular temptations Satan was about to ply them with. Well, I am more fully convinced that it is the case, and I see plainly from the Scriptures how such things *may* be. We are there told, that we know not things we should pray for as we ought, but the 'Spirit maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered.' 'The Spirit searcheth all things, yea the *deep* things of God.' 'The Spirit maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of *God*.'

"Well then, if the Spirit of God dwell in me, and

I pray in the Spirit, I must know by *the things which He teaches* me to ask, for those for whom I pray, what *state they are in.* Nor does this view rob God in the least of the prerogative *He* justly claims as His, ('I the Lord search the heart,') because it is His Spirit, (and not mine, which only knoweth the things of men). Nevertheless, if His dwell in me, it maketh intercession for the saints according to *His* will.

"I was reading last night the history of Elisha, in connection with this very subject, and it has tended mightily to confirm me in the opinion, that were we filled with the Holy Ghost as we ought, we would know what is passing in men's hearts, just in the same way as the *Man Christ Jesus,* by having the Father dwelling in him, knew the thoughts of those who were resisting the blessed truths which *He* spake. I think it is very striking, what the servants of the Syrian monarch answered him, when in the anguish of his heart he said to them, 'Will you not show me which of us is for the King of Israel?' And one of the servants said, 'None, my Lord, O King! but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber:' 2 Kings vi. 11, 12. Now, who could tell Elisha these things but the Spirit of God? What is recorded in the thirty-second verse of this chapter is also very striking: 'But Elisha sat in his house (and the elders with him), and the king sent a man from before him, but ere the messenger came to him, he said to the elders, See how this son of a murderer hath sent to take away mine head? look when the messenger cometh, shut the door; is not the sound of his master's feet close behind him? This passage not only convinced me, that if we have the Spirit of God,

we will know what things are about to happen, but it also shows me how very anxious God is that we should give the glory of such things to *his own Spirit*, by the care he takes to inform us that Elisha foretold the evil that was determined against him, ere the messenger that the king sent had arrived. I am aware it may be said to me that Elisha was a prophet, that God spoke specially to him, and recalled certain things unto him; but that, seeing that I am not, it is presumptuous to suppose that God would speak to me as he spoke to him, or discover things to me or to any one else of God's children as He did. But, I reply, I see no reason why *He* should not. We possess the character of those upon whom the Lord hath promised to pour out in the last days his Spirit and 'they shall prophesy.'

"I cannot, my dear Mr. Story, leave off this subject without informing you of a remarkable circumstance which has just taken place. About a week ago, it was strongly impressed upon my mind that I should speedily receive a letter from an unknown person to whom the Memoir had been blessed, and last night (a night to me of very high communion) the impression became so very strong, as to constrain me to inquire at the Lord concerning this matter, which I had scarcely done until the Spirit bade me to ask it from the Father in the name of Jesus, and believe that I received it, and I should have it, which I did; yea, so little did I doubt in this thing, that I gave thanks to my Father for having blessed me with this letter. Judge then of my joy and gratitude when —— came into my room to-day with the said letter. Holding it in her hand, she said: 'I am sure you do not know who this one is from; it has come from a distance.' I replied, 'I am quite pre-

pared to receive such a letter, and would have felt astonished if it had not arrived to-day.' I send you the letter, which I am sure will delight you. I see such glory to God in His having told me by the Spirit to convert my impression into a prayer. Because I had *no* Scripture to warrant my trusting to an impression; but I had plenty to warrant my believing that whatever I asked in prayer, believing, I should receive. I see more and more the importance of asking everything in the name of Jesus.

"That day after you left me, I prayed to the Lord God to give me great wisdom in all my intercourse with dear ——, and to teach me what I ought, or whether I ought to say anything to him about going away. Well, the answer I received was, 'See thou do it not;' that is, 'interfere not with him; it was *I*, not *thou*, who broughtest him to this place, and it is *I*, not *thou*, who have a right to send him away. I brought him *here* to show him my glory, to teach him to give himself to fasting and prayer, that he might be fitted for glorifying me in a dark and troublous world; and *I* will tell him the day and hour when I wish him to depart hence.' I answered and said—'Ah, Lord God, but thy dear servant said to me to-day, he thought I ought to speak to the boy, that he depart; and also that people might speak of his remaining so long a time here.' And the Lord answered and said—'*I* will show unto my servant the thing thou doest is right; and in this Satan shall get no advantage.* And as to people speaking, what hast thou to do with that, seeing I have showed thee that his being here is to my glory? Dost thou grudge his food? Dost thou

* This promise was never fulfilled.

suppose that there will not be enough for him and thee? If thou dost, be ashamed and lie low in the dust before me. Hast thou forgotten how I have provided for thy wants, how I have fed thee and nourished thee from day to day, that thou feelest as if I were burdening thee when I send one of my children to thee? Know this, that I have often increased the bread on thy table on their account; and know this also and be ashamed, and lay thine hand on thy mouth, when I declare it to thee, that the earth is mine and the fulness thereof; that I have promised to feed my children, and that it is all one with me, whether I feed them in one place or in another. Be thou persuaded of this, that I never send them to thee without sending their bread along with them.' When I heard these things I became as one dead; but He strengthened me and said to me, 'Fear not—only I would have thee without carefulness.' What was I, my dearest Mr. Story, that I could resist God? I gave the thing up into His blessed hands, and our dear young brother left, when desired by the Lord to go. I besought him to spend most of his time in prayer, fasting, reading the Scriptures, and speaking to souls; but I could not urge him to commence the study of languages, seeing I look every day for the gift of tongues, &c., being poured out upon the Church. I am sure nothing hinders these things, but the infidelity of His own children. I look upon the system of education for the ministry to be of the Devil. It was unbelief in God which introduced it at the first, and unbelief has nourished it from that time until now. If God has promised to furnish his servants with every necessary qualification for their great work, what have they to do but step into the field, depending on *Him* for *all?*

And what could anyone say of the man who did this? That he was expecting too much, or that his most unbounded expectations would not be realized? The eloquence of the unlearned fisherman drew forth from the multitude glory to God; and were such eloquence heard again in our world, men would again be compelled to ascribe the glory of it to God. But independent of the dishonour done to God, in not expecting from him all the armour that we need to fight his battles—there is another consideration that prevents me from saying to anyone to study, in order to qualify himself for the work of the Lord. And it is this—*the time is short.* I expect to see the Redeemer on earth long before one (though he were to commence his studies immediately) could be ready or fit, according to the judgment of *men*, for entering into the field of Christian labour. * * * * *

"I am much afflicted before *God*, because His people will not believe that *this* day is so near at hand; but their unbelief will not hinder it, thanks be unto God! The language of the Apostle to the primitive Christians, 'but *ye* are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you unawares,' is not applicable I fear to the Christians of the present day. Oh! that they would cry aloud to the unbelieving world, to repent and give God glory, 'because the acceptable year of the Lord' is about to close, and 'the day of vengeance of our God' to commence. I look for great tribulation shortly, and no cessation of it until the Lord come. All the signs of the latter day trouble are now manifest. Oh, that a sinful world would be warned! but they *will* not be warned. Let not one drop of their blood, however, lie at *our* door; let us beseech them with tears to come into the Ark, for yet a little while,

and He who is now a 'refuge' from the storm, shall be the 'destroying angel.' Oh! my dear, dear Mr. Story, cry these things in the ears of your people, for they believe them not. They are sleeping soundly in the midst of danger; they perceive not the terrible storm that is gathering around them, neither do they discern the signs of these last degenerate times! Oh, may the Spirit of God strengthen and enable you, their beloved pastor, to cry such a cry in their ears as shall awake them from their false slumber, to call upon their God! Oh, let us be fearless, whatever suffering we may be subjected to. The Lord preserve us from being offended in Christ, though persecution should, as it certainly will, arise for the truth's sake. I ask myself now every morning, 'am I prepared to follow Jesus to prison, or to death?' I may shortly be called to do both. I have written at much length, feeling it easier to communicate what I believe and feel in writing, than in conversation. I send my warm Christian love to dearest Mrs. Story; I ask both your prayers, that I may be kept close to God, and give *Him* no rest until He wholly conform me to Him.

"I am, with much love, respect, and gratitude,

"Yours, in Christ Jesus,

"MARY CAMPBELL."

Soon after this singular letter was written, the looked-for gift of tongues was supposed to be granted. On a Sunday evening in the month of March, Mary, in the presence of a few friends, began to utter sounds to them incomprehensible, and believed by her to be a tongue such as of old might have been spoken on the day of Pentecost, or among the Christians of Corinth. This was the first manifestation of the restored "gift," —for such it was imagined to be. She desired to

ascertain what the tongue was, in order that she might, if strengthened to do so, repair to the country where it was intelligible, and there begin her long-contemplated labours. By and by she announced that she believed it to be the language of a group of islands in the Southern Pacific Ocean; but, as nobody knew the speech of the islanders, it was impossible either to refute or corroborate her assertion; and, for the present at least, she was unable to proceed in person in quest of the remote savages, whose mother tongue she held had been revealed to her.

While she at Fernicarry was engrossed with her new linguistic powers, a company of devout persons at the dull little town of Port Glasgow—some fifteen miles away—were daily meeting to unite in prayer for a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Among these was a pious family named M'Donald, consisting of two brothers and three sisters, one of the latter of whom had for eighteen months been in very bad health. These good people, along with some others, had been led to pray for and to expect the restoration of "spiritual gifts" to the Church, by a sermon on the nature of the "*Charismata*" of the Corinthians, preached by Mr. A. J. Scott. In a Memoir of the two brothers published in 1840,* after an account of some peculiar manifestations of God's presence vouchsafed to the invalid sister, we are told (p. 107), that "for several days —— had been so unusually ill, that I quite thought her dying, and, on appealing to the doctor, he held out no hope of her recovery, unless she were able to go through a course of powerful medicine, which he

* "Memoirs of James and George M'Donald of Port Glasgow." By Robert Norton, M.D. London: J. F. Shaw, Southampton-row. 1840.

acknowledged to be, in her then case, impossible. Mrs. —— and myself had been sitting quietly at the bed-side, when the power of the Spirit came upon her. She said, 'There will be a mighty baptism of the Spirit this day,' and then broke forth in a most marvellous setting forth of the wonderful works of God; and, as if her own weakness had been altogether lost in the strength of the Holy Ghost, continued, with little or no intermission, for two or three hours in mingled praise, prayer, and exhortation.

"At dinner-time, James and George came home as usual,* whom she then addressed at great length, concluding with a solemn prayer for James, that he might *at that time* be endowed with the power of the Holy Ghost. Almost instantly James calmly said, 'I have got it.' He walked to the window, and stood silent for a minute or two. I looked at him, and almost trembled, there was such a change upon his whole countenance. He then, with a step and manner of the most indescribable majesty, walked up to ——'s bed-side, and addressed her in those words of the twentieth Psalm, 'Arise, and stand upright.' He repeated the words, took her by the hand, and she arose when we all quietly sat down and had our dinner. After it, my brothers went to the building-yard, as usual, where James wrote over to Miss Campbell, commanding her in the name of the Lord to arise. The next morning, after breakfast, James said, 'I am going down to the quay, to see if Miss C. is come across the water,' at which we expressed our surprise, as he had said nothing to us of having written to her. The

* Their trade was that of shipbuilders, which they steadily and industriously pursued, remembering the Apostolic rule "diligent in business—fervent in spirit—serving the Lord."

result showed how much he knew of what God had done, and would do for her; for she came as he expected, declaring herself perfectly whole."

The following is Mary's own account of her recovery, also embodied in Mr. Norton's book:—"On the Saturday previous to my restoration to health I was very ill, suffering from pain in my chest and breathlessness. On the Sabbath I was very ill, and lay for several hours in a state of insensibility. Next day I was worse than I had been for several weeks previous (the agony of Saturday excepted). On Tuesday I was no better. On Wednesday I did not feel quite so languid, but was suffering some pain from breathing and palpitation of my heart. Two individuals who saw me about four hours before my recovery, said that I would never be strong—that I was not to expect a miracle to be wrought upon me. It was not long after until I received dear brother James M'Donald's letter, giving an account of his sister's being raised up, and commanding me to rise and walk. I had scarcely read the first page when I became quite overpowered, and laid it aside for a few minutes; but I had no rest in my mind until I took it up again and began to read. As I read, every word came home with power; and when I came to the command to arise, it came home with a power which no words can describe; it was felt to be indeed the voice of Christ; it was such a voice as could not be resisted. A mighty power was instantaneously exerted upon me: I felt as if I had been lifted from off the earth, and all my diseases taken from off me at the voice of Christ. I was verily made in a moment to stand upon my feet, leap and walk, sing and rejoice."

These occurrences being bruited abroad, naturally excited great wonder and dispute. Many were the

inquiries, criticisms, denunciations called forth by novelties so unprecedented.

Amid the general excitement, Mr. Story looked on calmly and earnestly—desirous only to sift the matter thoroughly, and to reach the real truth.

On the 24th April, Dr. Chalmers writes to him:—"Do give me, if you can with pleasure to yourself, your information and views about the gift of tongues said to be now descending on people in the West. Could you transmit a copy of the handwriting by Mary Campbell alleged to be in an unknown language?* I have written to Mr. Campbell (of Row) on the same subject." To this request Mr. Story despatched the following reply, which conveys with sufficient distinctness his own impressions of the phenomena inquired into:—

"KEPPOCH, April, 1830.

"My dear Sir,—For several days I have been just upon the point of writing you about the memorable things that are passing before me, so that you may conclude I very willingly answer your letter. Often I have visited and spoken to Mary Campbell as a dying believer, and every medical man that saw her declared that she could not possibly recover. Even still Dr. Bryce, who has been in attendance upon her and her brother, persists in denying that she is well; and in proof of what he conceives to be a true judgment of her case, said to me t' other day, that he has known hectic patients rally and manifest extraordinary strength, even the very day before their death. He is quite sure

* The specimen with which Dr. Chalmers was furnished he submitted to the inspection of Sir George Staunton, whose opinion of it was much the same as that of Dr. Lee, of Cambridge. "My opinion is," wrote Dr. Lee, "that it contains neither character nor language known in any region under the sun."

she will kill herself. For three or four months she had been somewhat convalescent, during which period she was persuaded that God was to raise her up, and for a purpose which, from the very first days of her divine life, was uppermost in her mind—the speaking about the Gospel among the heathen. You observe I do not use the word *preaching*, as she would not use it in our sense herself, but in so far as it implied that she witnessed for God and His truth, which all believing people as well as ministers, women as well as men, are called upon to do. The *history* of the case you will soon have an opportunity of scrutinizing; and the greater jealousy manifested by you and others who, from your station, are much in the eye of the Church, the more will you serve the interests of truth, and the more, I am persuaded, will you be prepared to conclude that these things are of God, and not of men. If a delusion, it is one of the most cunning Satan ever devised. Many here say it is of the Devil, while even some impartial people of the world I have heard observe, 'It is not like his way of working, for every word these people speak is obviously for the glory of God.'

"But I know you are waiting impatiently for some testimony regarding the gift of tongues. I shall tell you all I know. I did not myself, until Monday morning, witness what is of necessity attracting attention everywhere. I had said to her, as upon former occasions, that I had no feeling of curiosity in the matter, but that I was applied to from so many quarters, that I felt it to be a matter of some importance that I should be able to testify regarding a subject of such deep interest. I desired her to retire from the company, and make it a subject of prayer that, before we separated, she

should be able to make manifest before me the power of God. I had just taken her by the hand to bid her adieu, when, obviously possessed by some irresistible power, she uttered, for I should suppose nearly an hour, sounds altogether new to my ear, but which seemed certainly to be language. She knows when the languages change, and the articulations are obviously different—some of them exceedingly musical—others not so. Sometimes she has an impression that what she is uttering is the language of a particular people. One she has often conceived to be Turkish; one of those she spoke in my presence she cried out she knew to be the language of the Pelew Islanders.

"She seemed greatly oppressed in spirit that the power of interpretation was not given. It has been occasionally given to some of those present. On Saturday last Lady C— G— was constrained to interpret various sentences. M'Donald,* who commanded her to rise, was at first very sceptical regarding the gift which he heard Mary had received; but now the same power rests on him and his brother, and they mutually interpret. I read your letter to Mary, and she told me that she felt as if she would write in a little the characters of some language. She describes it as being a very different kind of influence, and, as I understand her, she does not always see the characters of the language she is speaking. . . . .

"I have stated to you all that I can rightly testify regarding the matter: and my testimony is simply this —these sounds *do seem* to be language. Mary and the M'Donalds themselves believe they are language.

* Mary was the first to exhibit the gift of "tongues;" M'D. the first to exhibit the gift of "healing;" and the "tongues" had precedence of the "healing."

"The individuals who thus testify are very holy persons. Should the gift be conclusively ascertained, I see only, for my own part, what would to me be in perfect accordance with the past manifestations of God's power. Ever since Mary Campbell became a Christian, her desire has been to make known the Gospel: for six years such has been the passion of this holy young woman. Many others have imbibed the same spirit; and if some can scarcely see Scriptural authority for such a movement as her going forth on this errand, yet such a gift (of tongues) would obviously annihilate all objection from preconceived opinions; and the fact of a numerous band of young persons of both sexes going forth with the Gospel *so sanctioned*, is well fitted to reprove our dead Church. But while many considerations conspire, in my mind, to efface any obstacle to the willing belief of what is alleged as having been, and still is, manifested by God in Mary and others, I feel that I am called upon to be especially jealous in my scrutiny, seeing that it involves such weighty and important consequences. I am very anxious to have the matter fully and thoroughly investigated; and with this view, I was just on the point of writing you, as well as Drs. Gordon and Thomson, when your letter arrived. If a delusion, the more speedily it is given to the winds, the better. If it be a reality, then one conclusion I know you will at once feel to be utterly unavoidable. Before I conclude I have the prospect of seeing Mary, and of receiving the *characters* you are naturally so desirous to see. For my own part, I recognize in none I have seen the signs of any language I know, and therefore to me they are not evidence; but many have seen her note them down, and it is with inconceivable rapidity, and as if she her-

self were unconscious of the exertion. Both in speaking and writing she describes her words and movements as in every respect independent of her own volition."

From this letter it is evident that the writer of it had no preconceived idea about spiritual gifts, which would have hindered his recognizing them and acknowledging their reality, had he considered himself entitled to do so; and also that, though he had not at this time in any way tested the phenomena which claimed to be the restored gifts of the early Church, his belief in the pious character of those who exhibited them inclined him, if not to adopt their views concerning them, at least to regard them without suspicion. He was endowed with so large a portion of that most excellent of all gifts, the charity that "thinketh no evil," that suspicion or imputation of unworthy motive was in any case foreign and abhorrent to his nature. "The irresistible logic of facts," however, did not permit him to remain long favourably affected towards this new religious movement, because it undermined his confidence in those who were assuming a prominent part in its direction.

The nature and result of his further experience and observation will be best learned from the correspondence that follows. To understand it aright it is needful to state that, after her "miraculous" restoration to health, Mary Campbell had (in 1831) married a young man named W. R. Caird, whose acquaintance she had made on his coming to Fernicarry (from Edinburgh, where he was a clerk in a writer's office) to see Isabella's home. With him she went to Mr. Irving's, in London, and then to Brampton Park, where Caird acted for a short time as a lay missionary in the employment of Lady O. B. Sparrow. Lady Olivia desiring

by-and-by to engage some other agent, he and his wife quitted Brampton for Albury Park, and became the guests of Mr. Drummond. After some time Mrs. Caird visited Scotland. Again and again she passed and repassed Rosneath Manse, but never called. At length, one Saturday, Mr. Story, who had gone up to Fernicarry to visit her mother, saw on the shore a group of elegantly-dressed women, conspicuous among whom he recognized Mrs. Caird. A few years before he had seen her in that house hard by, a destitute girl, and had heard her declare that the Eternal Spirit had bidden her rise from her sick bed to go forth to evangelize the heathen, else she and her father's house should be destroyed, and that speedily. A sufficiently vivid contrast; not without painful suggestions to him, and rendered still more vivid by the fact that where he saw Mrs. Caird walking "in silk attire," one of her sisters, clad in the coarsest garb, had not long before been seen loading a dung-cart in the adjoining field. That day he had no opportunity of private conversation with her. An interview which he subsequently had with her, in the presence of Lady Harriet Drummond, with whom she was staying at Greenock, occasioned the following letter:—

"My dear Mary,—You could not but see that the conversation yesterday unavoidably became in an especial manner personal to you. It was painful to me at the time and has not ceased to be so. I had no doubt, that unless some feeling, not as it ought to be, had existed in your mind, you would not have been so long in the country without having seen me. And I could not but acknowledge a leading of Providence in my at length meeting you as I did, on the very day on which I had been reading over the alleged declarations of the

Holy Ghost by you several years before. *Then* you heard a voice, that unless you rose and proceeded without delay to declare the Gospel to the heathen, you and your father's house should perish. After the lapse of years I met you returned, and not one heathen man or woman had ever received the minutest fragment of God's Gospel from your lips. The command was God's, or it was not. If it was, what did I see but one in the spirit of Jonah refusing to obey? If it was not, how necessary was it to the glory of God, and the interests of truth, that your sin and delusion should at once be confessed before Him and all the people. You have either spoken in His name when He gave you no sanction, and thus sinned profanely and presumptuously: or if upon your own averment it must be held true, that by you the Eternal Spirit spoke, then your conscience must be habitually defiled by resistance to His will, and you, until now, must have been sinning against the clearest light. . . . I wished much to have seen you for some time alone, but, as this you have carefully avoided, I must judge of appearances, and in faithfulness and love would I, as your former pastor and friend, press upon you, as you shall answer before the Lord Jesus at His coming, to ponder what I set before you as the words of truth and soberness:—You must remember that at the time of your marriage I warned Mr. Caird, that if you spoke the truth, and believed what you wished others to believe, he had no liberty or sanction to marry you, unless prepared to go forth as a missionary. I saw then, in the theory that he had formed of first witnessing to the *Roman* earth, the principle that would gradually undermine the authority of the revelation you professed to have received. Of all persons I ever knew, you are liable to be excited

by the presence of others, and originally having a strong love of approbation, I therefore trembled, more especially after what I had seen and heard, when after your marriage you became the guests of dear Mr. Irving. I knew you would, without any intentional deceit, be led to do what was pleasing to him; while he, believing in your godliness, would be inclined to listen to whatever fell from your lips as a gifted person;* for as you know, you were by his own writings first led to expect what you thought you had received when the gift of tongues came upon you, in corroboration of your plan of sending the unlettered ——s forth as missionaries. In London, amid the adulations of an excited people, in the vale of Albury, amid the splendid hospitalities of your godly host and hostess, you have come to the conclusion that it is not the time to obey the voice of God. But Mary, Mary, have you ever put to yourself in all honesty and earnestness the question,—'If I am believing that I received such a command from God to go forth and be a missionary, am I not delaying, from the dread of sacrificing all those comforts I am now enjoying: while professing to have fled out of Babylon, am I not amid the flesh-pots of Egypt?' Now, upon this matter I must speak to you, for the sake of my Master, and for the sake of your own soul; for alas! I must speak very plainly to you, and I could do so weeping that you should have departed from the simplicity that is in Christ, and forgotten amid the display of what are called

* It was exactly so, and Irving hearing from her what was but the repetition of himself—the reproduction of his own speculations, which had influenced and dwelt in her mind—received them as Divine utterances, and thus was built up in his belief, mistaking the echo of his own voice for the voice of God; as the traveller on the Brocken mistakes his own reflection for a phantom giant.

supernatural powers wherein consists the mind of the blessed Jesus. When these gifts and powers came upon you, you were poor and destitute; when you were ordered to go to foreign lands, according to your own declaration, what had you to lean on but the arm of God? When you returned to the very spot where these gifts were bestowed and these revelations given, you were in the enjoyment of all the comforts and blessings of life. You had health of body, the mother of a lovely child, followed by your servant, all arrayed as splendidly as any ladies of the land; but not one word had been uttered for the perishing heathen. For *our* sakes *Christ* became poor: what have *you* sacrificed for the souls of men, on account of your knowledge and love of the truth? Surely you cannot but reply NOTHING, but on the contrary, as far as your present circumstances are concerned and are connected with your religious profession, you exemplify the truth of the words, 'godliness has the promise of the life that now is,' and that, in so far as your experience goes, the meek do already inherit the earth. Now, Mary, I am anxious to address you very solemnly, How did you dare to be silent when I thus expressed myself, conversing with Lady Harriet on the subject of sacrifices, '*And has not godliness been a great gain to you, Mary?*' and when her Ladyship replied, '*What has she* NOT *sacrificed?*' I again press home upon your conscience, how did you dare to be silent? How, professing as you do to be miraculously endowed with gifts of the Holy Ghost, and these manifested but a few moments before? O Mary! how is it possible that your conscience could be so faithless, your moral perceptions so dim, your thankfulness so cold, your estimate of God's goodness so low? Had the Spirit indeed left you by whom you

had been speaking? Had you indeed become as a tinkling cymbal? Had you been indeed given up to strong delusion to believe such a lie as this, that you had sacrificed so much for Christ? O Mary! what a declension from the times of Isabella; what a spurious Christianity must be generated by the excitement and the apparatus of the present day, when in a group of Christian people, no testimony was lifted up for God, no gratitude expressed to him, even by the 'angel'* present, who could not but know, without any new revelation, that your present condition, comfort, and consideration were traceable directly as a stream to its fountain, to your Christian profession. You owe *everything* to your reputation for Christianity. Is your husband a blessing? He would never have heard of you, but for your Christianity. Are Lady Harriet's society, patronage, and bounty, blessings? Would you have enjoyed one of them but for your Christian reputation? Look at any seamstress, labouring early and late for a miserable subsistence, and at your present condition, your very servant arrayed in silken attire, and so long as you have a being be covered with shame and confusion of face for the silence of that moment, when, more perhaps than at any other crisis of your personal history, it became you to testify for God in the presence of those whom you were thus beguiling and preventing from giving to Him due glory. Now, what then occurred has impressed me more and more deeply with a conviction of the false and unscriptural notions you must now have of holiness. Surely mere absence of outward crimes, mere conformity to outward observances, the mere crucifixion of the flesh when

* This gentleman subsequently became a clergyman of another Church.

that is easy, or renouncement of Mammon's service among worldly people,—these cannot constitute holiness. The knowledge of God, approbation of all He does, obedience to all He enjoins, thankfulness for all He gives, trust in Him for all we need,—that is holiness; knowledge of what He is, of necessity precedes and accompanies all that follows. I know well the soul-destroying error which Satan engrafts upon the truth, that whosoever is in Christ is safe and holy, and the antinomian contempt which it induces of all the various moralities of life, as if the Christian life were a tune played upon one string, and not a grave sweet melody, most glorious in the ear of him whom it is raised to glorify. . . . In regard to your thorough persuasion of being still possest by a Divine Power, I beg you to advert to what must be my conviction of the force of your argument, 'is it likely that a person walking in all holiness and nearness to God, with a good conscience, should be so deceived?' Your silence already alluded to was an index to the kind of holiness you meant. Did that indicate your advancement in the knowledge of God, obedience to His word, thankfulness for His gifts, trust in Him for what you needed? O! was it a proof that since we last met you had been walking worthy of God who hath called you to His kingdom and glory? Where a fundamental error regarding holiness exists, there can be no spiritual health.

"O! I can imagine Isabella,—indeed I have her countenance vividly before me, and I do not mistake the expression of astonishment, sorrow, pity, disappointment, and holy indignation with which it seems to say, with many sighs and tears, 'O Mary! Mary! why are you silent?' The certainty of your being under

the influence of some fatal error was not disproved by your silence, and the 'utterance in power,' which I witnessed, left the question just as it was. The *manner* of it exhibited nothing beyond human power or the workings of human fancy; but in saying this I do not implicate your sincerity, for it has been often shown how unconsciously people have been the dupes of the workings of their own mysterious fancies. The *matter* of it expressed nothing beyond what I was propounding. In so far as it went, it corroborated my teaching regarding holiness; while, at the same time, it was the utterance of an accommodating spirit, being artfully framed to induce those present who hesitated about adopting what I said regarding union with Christ as productive of holiness, to reject the light, by making them suppose that any difference of opinion was identical with dissolution of that union.

"I thus plainly express myself, and you must understand that I regarded the 'utterance' as *artfully* framed, by whatever energy prompted. It confirmed what I taught, yet was fitted to induce rejection of the truth, should that disturb the harmony of those who were united in the belief of its own preternatural origin and authority, or who might regard difference of opinion identical with dissolution of union with Christ.

"But I must have done, and in conclusion, with much affection as well as prayerful anxiety, I commend you to God. May He save you from going astray and teach you what it really is to *be holy*. You have been led into temptation, and I fear that you have not, with knowledge of the temptation, prayed 'deliver us from evil.' You have rushed, not without warning, into the midst of the evil. You have

thrown yourself upon the billows, nor are you unwillingly carried along. Where you are I know not, but of this I am persuaded, you are not where Isabella left you. A few months' residence under the roof where Isabella so glorified God, while your husband is in America, might yet restore the faded lineaments of the meek, and lowly, and thankful mind of Jesus. A most painful crucifixion I have no doubt you would find it to be, but you know how much in the days of your adversity your poor mother laboured for you as hard as a slave; and I am sure He who framed our social duties could not but rejoice to see in you a desire to compensate in some degree, by your presence and filial reverence and attentions, for what she so willingly and patiently did and bore for you."

To this letter Mrs. Caird herself vouchsafed no reply, but it did not lack an answer. The following missive proceeded from the pen of the versatile gentleman who in his own person combined the diverse functions of country gentleman at Albury Park, banker at Charing Cross, licensed jester of the House at Westminster, and Apostle of the "Holy Catholic Apostolic Church" everywhere.

"19 June, 1834.

"Sir,—Mrs. Caird, in the absence of her husband, has put into my hands, as her pastor, a letter from you to her, in which you charge her with professing religion from mercenary motives, *making a gain of godliness*. Partly through Mr. Irving, partly through Lady Olivia Sparrow, and partly from my own knowledge, I can prove the charge to be as false as it is base; and it comes with peculiar bad grace from a man who notoriously holding the opinions which drove Mr. John Campbell out of the Church of Scotland,

has contrived to mask them so as to retain his stipend. I shall give the letter into Mr. Caird's hands on his return, and leave him to deal with it as he thinks fit. I am, &c., Henry Drummond."

To this apostolical rescript, Mr. Story replied: "Sir,—I have received your letter in reference to what I had written to Mrs. Caird, and have to say I have read it with much sorrow on your account, because of the painfully unchristian irritation of feeling under which you write, and on poor Mary's account, because of the irresistible proof, by the way in which she has received my letter, of her having erred far more widely from the simplicity and truth of the Gospel than I had even feared. She has received too many evidences of the feeling with which I ever regarded her to be able so to misapprehend my intention in writing to her as *you* appear to have done, and knowing what that must have been, she could not so little understand my meaning as to draw the conclusion to which you have come. She *knows* that I *did not* accuse her of making a profession of religion for purposes of gain, but that I charged her with guilt for refusing to give glory to God for the abundant mercies with which he had loaded her, and for consenting, by her silence, to receive glory for sacrifices which she had never made. She knows this, and I fear she felt that I charged her justly, but that she has been unwilling to confess her fault, and has sought relief from the burden thus brought on her conscience by endeavouring to receive from *you* such an impression of my meaning as she could sit easily under, conscious that such accusations as you suppose me to have made were wholly untrue. I am glad you purpose to preserve for Mr. Caird my letter, and I shall not cease to pray that the Lord may

so reveal to him the truth it contains as that it may yet be blest to the end for which He knows it was written. I do not refer particularly to the railing accusations which you bring against me. I know that God himself alone shall judge, and so I feel it a light matter to be judged of man. Tell Mary she has my love, my pity, and my prayers; remember me respectfully to Lady Harriet; accept my best thanks for much kindness long since received but still gratefully remembered, and with most sincere desire for the present and eternal well-being of your soul, I am, &c. Robert Story."

On the return of Mrs. Caird's husband from Canada, he also despatched a letter in reply to that which had been in his absence addressed to his wife; but it is of such a style that it cannot be introduced here. He characterizes Mr. Story's communication as an "angry and ungodly tirade," "base and blasphemous words," &c., and expresses his astonishment that he should have written as he had, to one "of whom he knew so much." With no small forbearance and kindness of tone, while with equal firmness and dignity, Mr. Story replied to Mr. Caird: I give an extract: "It is just because of the *much* I do know, that I so write; the much for which in better days I have given thanks, and over which, since she assumed the character of a prophetess, I have not ceased to mourn. For on what in all that period can my mind rest that would give it joy? Is it the first exhibition of speaking with tongues to confirm in their sinful and dishonest idleness some foolish boys? Is it the speaking in power to command their stay in her poor oppressed mother's house? Is it the agony of suffering which a patient sufferer endured through the noise and riot which night after

night disturbed his rest, and which was called the expression of *spiritual* joy? Is it the blasphemous appealing to God to decide by lot, that which was no sooner decided than set aside? Or the fearful things transacted in the chamber of the dead?* Or the two persons, each inspired as they said by the spirit of the Lord, directly contradicting each other in my own presence? Or the prophecies which I heard and which were written to me, that have never come to pass? O, my brother, what have I not known, and what ought I not to have written that others might know, and be hindered from dishonouring the high and holy Lord God Almighty, by attributing to the workings of His Spirit what would disgrace the common sense and feeling of degraded and fallen man?"

The correspondence did not end here, but from a discussion regarding spiritual gifts, it was immediately converted by Mr. Caird into one about money. It is a subject which it would have been more grateful to my feelings to have passed over in silence; yet it seems necessary it should be touched upon, as Mr. Story's conduct throughout the transaction to which the correspondence (which I should be sorry to reproduce here) refers, illustrated strikingly the self-forgetful generosity and warmth of his heart; and because his judgment of the moral condition of the possessors of the spiritual gifts was largely influenced by the insight which this correspondence gave him.

I shall not, however, introduce into these pages dedicated to the memory of one who was ever only too generous and forgiving, churlish and ungrateful recollections, farther than it is necessary I should do. It

* A horrible and vain attempt to raise the corpse of Samuel Campbell from the dead.

will be sufficient to say that Mr. Story had constituted himself the almoner of the destitute Campbell family, and had allotted to them the proceeds of the first edition of Isabella's memoir (600*l.*);* and that now Mr. Caird, either at their instigation or his own, presumed to interfere with Mr. Story in the management of this charity; and at last so far forgot himself, as to threaten a lawsuit, if certain discourteous and unwarrantable demands which he made were not complied with. Probably no lawyer ever before had such a case placed in his hands by such a client: the case—prosecution of the bestower of a charity by the recipients of the same, or by one professing to act on their behalf; the client—a man pretending to speak and act by the direct power of the Spirit of Almighty God.†

It would be useless and tedious to enter into the odious details: suffice to say, Mr. Story maintained his ground, and Mr. Caird finally abandoned his lawsuit.

Basely as Mr. Story was thus treated by those for whom he had done so much, his kindness to them did not cease. Their door had been shut against him; but learning from their neighbours that Mrs. Campbell in her last illness was in want of the nourishment an invalid requires, he caused supplies to be sent to her anonymously from Helensburgh.

We have seen that at the first he was inclined to look unsuspectingly on the imagined spiritual gifts. Like many others at that time, he was disposed to believe that a crisis in the Christian Dispensation was approaching, and that the signs of the latter

* Which would not have been so large but for the kindness of Mr. Lusk, the publisher.

† Mr. Caird was by this time an "Evangelist" of the "H. C. A. Church."

days of which Joel had spoken, and which Peter had declared to be manifested at Pentecost, might be expected to appear once more. He, however, believed still more deeply, that any higher development of the Church was to be looked for, not in the display of supernatural powers, but in the growth of a diviner life—in the increase of love. The spiritual gifts of the Corinthian Church had co-existed with error and imperfection: the Apostle had warned the members of that Church to regard the possession of these as altogether secondary to the possession of the far more excellent gift of Charity; for Prophecies, he said, shall fail, and Tongues shall cease, and Knowledge shall vanish away, but Charity never faileth.* Any one, therefore, earnestly waiting for a better day of purer and more perfect Christian life, could not but shrink from acknowledging its dawn in a disorderly manifestation of alleged gifts of the Holy Spirit, on the part of persons in whom its best and greatest gifts seemed most lamentably a-wanting. If, indeed, after a silence of eighteen hundred years, the Spirit had returned to the Church in great power, might not its quickened energy have been expected to display itself in freer and fuller operation than of old —less fettered by the imperfection of its human organs? But alas, the Divine power was less distinct, and the human alloy more marked than ever.†

* "And though prophecy may fail and tongues cease, though to those who look back upon them when they are with the Past, they are different from what they were to those who melted under their influence, —the pure moral and spiritual nature of Christianity—'the kingdom of God within' remains as at first, the law of Christian love becoming more and more and all in all."—*Jowett's Epistles of S. Paul*, vol. i. p. 124.

† "The wide difference between the character, intellectual, moral,

And he, for one, in whose parish the unknown voice first spoke, and who had traced the movement from the beginning, could not but regard it as a delusion and a snare. Delusive or not, however, it rapidly extended itself. After her restoration to health,* Mary Campbell went to Helensburgh, where, in the summer of 1830, meetings were constantly held, amid much wonder and excitement, in which persons who were believed, and probably believed themselves to be, under the influence of the Spirit, spoke in tongues, prophesied, interpreted, &c. To these meetings envoys came from Edinburgh and London, who, returning to their respective congregations, inaugurated similar scenes in both these cities. The result was in Edinburgh, the removal of the Rev. Walter Tait, from Trinity College Church, and the formation under him of a congregation connected with the new body; and in London, the series of sad and extraordinary meetings and "manifestations" in Regent Square Church, which at length were the efficient cause of Mr. Irving's expulsion from that edifice, and from the pale of the Church of Scotland.

We are not called on here to trace the progress of the new belief, and the development of the new order in either city,† nor the painful succession of events which ended in the deposition of the noble-hearted and great-souled Edward Irving from the

and spiritual, of the early Christian Church, and that of the sects in which such later manifestations have appeared, places a deep gulf between the Apostolic gifts and these doubtful copies."—*Dr. Stanley's "Epistles of S. Paul to the Corinthians,"* 2nd edition, p. 261.

* This singular restoration was always entitled "miraculous," but we are warranted to expect that wonderful recovery from sickness shall follow "effectual fervent prayer."—*See Epistle of S. James,* v. 14—16.

† In the Appendix will be found a curious statement regarding the appointment of the first Apostle.

Church he loved so well and had served so faithfully. The end was lamentable, but the events which led inevitably to it were lamentable too. It was sad to see a lofty mind wasting itself on the vague uncertainties into which modern interpretation delights to beat down the inspired utterances of the ancient Hebrew prophets; and a pure and heroic spirit, instead of patiently waiting upon God, hurried on and worn out in the feverish excitement of a restless and bewildering supernaturalism.

The spectacle was not one to allure a mind as earnest and rational (needful counterpoise to his impulsive heart and fancy) as Mr. Story's, within the circle of the gifted or possessed. That he should be drawn within it was earnestly desired by many who loved him and considered that beyond that circle there was little, if any, truth or safety.*

Irving wrote to him from time to time letters full of high enthusiasm, exhorting him to hold not back. "Oh, Story," he says on one occasion in 1832, "thou hast grievously sinned in standing afar off from the work of the Lord, scanning it like a sceptic, instead of proving it like a spiritual man. Ah, brother, repent, and the Lord will forgive thee. I am very much troubled for you;" and again, "Dear Story, you keep too much aloof from the great work of the Spirit which is proceeding beside you. Draw not back, brother, but go forward. The kingdom of Heaven is only to be won by the brave. Keep your conscience unfettered by your understanding. Farewell." And then in the same letters, sad proof of how he had thrown aside the

* For years his name was specially mentioned in the prayers of at least one congregation of the "H. C. A. Church," and his "conversion" was foretold by one of the "gifted."

fetters of his own understanding, he would adduce evidences of the Spirit's speaking in the Church—"prophecies" and declarations which it was impossible seriously to believe, and which the lapse of a little time was sufficient to refute and disprove.

Others besides Irving besought him to join himself to the spiritualists, and sometimes the solicitations and arguments were more ludicrous than impressive: "And now, beloved sir," wrote one, "I warn you of your danger if you remain in Babylon—flee out of her, I beseech you. On Tuesday night I had a dream which appeared to me very striking, and I cannot but regard it as a call from God to *you*. The dream was this, I saw you most distinctly flying from a *ship* which was on fire, and you yourself much burned and blackened in the face, and your eyelashes singed; but you had escaped with your life, and had your clothes hanging over your arm, and I was reproving you for your unfaithfulness; and thus did I awake with a deep impression of what I had seen in my dream, and told it to my wife. I pray now that the Lord *Himself* may give you the true interpretation of it." While there is in this a quaint and Bunyan-like simplicity, there is also curious evidence of the unquiet seeking after signs and wonders, and of the tendency to invest the baldest natural facts with hidden spiritual meanings, which marked that period of religious fermentation.

The immediate interest and activity of the new movement gradually passed away from the scene of its first workings to other and more prominent spheres, and for some time previous to Irving's death their chief centre had been London.

In the end of 1834, Irving came down to Scotland,

to die, deposed from his Mother Church,* diseased in body, broken down in heart and mind,—a worn out, wasted man. Mr. Story met him in Glasgow, and still Irving pleaded earnestly with him that he would enter into the Ark of Safety from those things that were coming on the earth. "I seldom bow my knee in prayer," said he to Mrs. Stewart Ker; "but I pray to God that Story may be brought to see the truth as I see it." The last time they met, Mr. Story, entering at length into his reasons for doubting the work of the Spirit in the "H. C. A. Church," told him of the many circumstances which had led him to distrust the originator of the movement, and those immediately connected with her: the narrative in no wise shook Irving's deep-rooted confidence in the reality of the Spirit's manifestation. "Ah, brother," said he, "you have seen the shortcomings of the brethren in private; but I have heard the voice of the Eternal Spirit in the midst of the great congregation." It was after this interview that Mr. S. wrote the letter, of which the following is an extract. "Oh! my beloved brother, what in this whole matter has given me so much pain, is the infallible proof I have received thereby of the backsliding of one whom I so confidently set forth to the Church, as possessed of a like spirit with her departed sister. From the time she conceived that she had become the recipient of supernatural powers, she lost much of what I had witnessed in her, of the mind of Christ. The simplicity was no more, and the love of display, which was natural

* He had been removed from the pastorate of Regent Square Church by the Presbytery of London in May, 1832, and was deposed by the Presbytery of Annan in March, 1833, on a charge of heresy, regarding Christ's humanity.

to her from her childhood, was visibly, but I doubt not unconsciously to herself, an element in all her sayings and doings. Upon natural bias does the Tempter erect the most efficient munitions of his warfare; and here he found in poor Mary what was sufficient for his purpose. . . My brother, I state to you mere outlines, that might be filled up with particulars, which would show you what a wild and troubled sea of uncertainties my mind must have been doomed to walk upon, had I admitted Mary's claims to inspiration. I feel I have greatly sinned in not having publicly given to the Church, for its direction, a faithful narrative of the beginnings of these things. I am peculiarly guilty, in not having written to you at the time, but a tenderness towards Mary herself, which ought not to have been, and perhaps the solicitations of Mrs. Story, who had great love for her, aided to prevent me doing what would, at all events, have more thoroughly furnished you with premises for a righteous judgment. . . . . Hers was the *first* of all those cases which, within the last five years, have led so many to think that the Holy Ghost is again with power in the midst of the Church. By most—if not by all—who so believe, her case is considered the most remarkable and conclusive; and to me, who know it better than any other human being, it is an unchangeable stumbling-block, which I could get over only at the cost of all the powers of moral and spiritual discernment by which I can know the things of God at all. . . . . .

"O! my friend, what will you judge of these terrible scenes, when I tell you that when poor Samuel was racked through his whole frame by the shouting, and leaping, and singing overhead, he rallied as by a desperate effort of nature, his decaying energies—

left his pillow, and ascended the stair—and when he entered the room and entreated them to be silent, —— (not *Mary*, as was stated in a scurrilous publication) addressed him, the head of their family, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' You will be tempted to think that I am indulging in a strain of uncharitable details, like those that are found in the pamphlets of godless and hostile scorners; but it is not so; and it is remarkable that all the published accounts were so incorrect that I could always, when I met them, deny their truth; while I knew things much worse than the gainsayers ever got hold of. A fatal disinclination to expose persons I loved—whom I was unwilling to judge—of whom I yet hoped well, kept me from doing what I ought to have seen to be my part, as a teacher of truth and watchman of souls. . . . . You know what occurred afterwards. She was in the midst of those tumultuous meetings in Helensburgh and Port Glasgow, receiving the homage of all classes of those religionists who were panting after novelties. I attempted from time to time, in vain, to rescue her from such a perilous fellowship, and at last, with much ado, and only after a schism had occurred among the 'gifted' people, I succeeded in prevailing on her to live for some time away from excitement, in the loneliness and quiet of the cottage, at Mamore, where we then resided. Then, when away from those blasphemous scenes, where such gross familiarity was dared with the name of the Eternal, she came to herself, and confessed that she had spoken and prophesied in the name of the Lord God Almighty, when only giving vent to her own fancies.* . . . . . It was remarkable enough that

* At an earlier period than that now alluded to, she had written to Mr. Story—"I had, before receiving your letter, come to the resolution

while she and Caird (after their marriage) were in the Manse, I received a letter from Prince Edward's Island, from a parishioner who had emigrated, and there become a new creature, earnestly calling upon me to send out to that desolate land preachers of the gospel: 'Here,' said I, 'is an opening at once.' 'No,' said Caird, 'we must first witness to the *Roman* earth!' I saw even then how a Divine counsel or command could be tampered with, if not agreeable to our feelings; it was a simple matter to apply a '*prophetic theory*' in palliation of disobedience to a voice which, if they were sincere, they still believed Divine. . . . . I take for granted that Mr. Drummond received from Mary the notices regarding Isabella and the Johnstons, which his account of the rise of the Church at Albury contains. The halo around Isabella's head is a pure fiction.* Mrs. Johnston denies entirely the statements respecting her husband and her sister.

"O! my beloved brother, do you not hesitate before you admit such things as possessed of Divine authority? Are there in the Acts of the Apostles, written by *Luke*, such exaggerations, as in *Mr. Drummond's* account of transactions which he would represent as not less important? What an awful compromise of truth there must be, and what guilt does it involve, gravely and as by Apostolical authority, to give for infallible statements the false glosses of an excited and imaginative girl."

Before he could read this letter, Irving was called

to write to you, and to confess my sin and error for calling my own impressions the voice of God. Oh! it is *no* light thing to use that Holy *Name* irreverently, as I have been made to feel."

* A halo which, according to Mr. Drummond, shone round her head as she lay dying. Mr. Johnston was a devout man, who died at Port Glasgow.

into that Presence where the mysteries of the spiritual life would be at last unveiled, and where turmoil and uncertainty would no longer vex his soul. He died on the 8th of December, 1834. It had been prophesied that he should not die at this time, but the prophecy did not bind the hand of death.

He was laid to rest amid the solemn gloom of the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral. It has been idly reported again and again, repeated lately even in such a respectable work as Dr. Cunningham's Church History of Scotland,* that a band of his followers stood around the grave expecting him to rise from the dead. No such display of rebellious credulity mocked the consignment of his honoured dust to its venerable tomb. If any expectation so profane was entertained, it was not expressed; and of those true and mourning friends who stood by, thinking not of a present resurrection, but of one to come, when all the Saints departed shall be raised, one of the very last to quit the resting-place of the "man greatly beloved," was Mr. Story.

Irving passed away, but the religious movement which, though chiefly associated with his name, had not begun with him, and had not owned his direction or control, was not checked or hindered by his removal. During the twenty-seven years which have elapsed since he was called hence it has developed into a perfection of organization and an energy of Christian life of which, in his lifetime, it was only giving the early promise. The Church which has grown out of it has continued to meet and satisfy, with ever-increasing fulness, the spiritual wants of the many, who can find rest and life

* Church History of Scotland by the Rev. John Cunningham, D.D., Minister of Crieff.

neither in the dogmatism of Protestant Churches nor in the infallibility of Rome; while in its government and constitution it professes to possess an order, whose Divine commission is neither deduced from nor affected by Presbyterian equality or Episcopal succession. In the world, it yet is not of it; and while it seems to have a point of union with every aspect of many-sided modern society, it maintains inviolate its own lofty standard of life, and does not swerve from its earnest preaching of a living Lord, and warning of a coming judgment. It sets before the world, not only in Britain but on the continent of Europe, in America, and in the great Australian colonies, that combination which has been said to form the religious want of this age, the union in one Church of a simple creed, a splendid ritual, and an earnest ministry. "It has," says Mr. Wilks, in his rapid and journalistic, yet warmly appreciative, sketch of Irving,* "no Decrees of Councils, no Thirty-nine Articles, no Westminster Confession, no Declaration of Faith; by one of which four devices every other Church narrows its borders, fetters thought, and tempts to hypocrisy; it is content with those antique statements of Christian fact and doctrine which are anterior to either of the great schisms, and whose antiquity, while endearing them to the heart, invites the free action of the intellect. . . . . Providing, by the essentials of its constitution, for the utterance of Divine messages by whomsoever sent, it needs not to worship the letter of Scripture, nor to perplex itself with definitions of inspiration. Recognizing as Christian brethren all the baptized, it gives a practical solution to the problem of sacramental efficacy; yet, not con-

* ard Irving," by Washington Wilks. London, 1854.

founding the numbers of the elect with the numbers of the saved, limits redeeming grace neither by the font nor by the grave. Its unity being a unity of spirit, not of subscription, it may enjoy within a diversity of opinion, the counterpart of its charity towards those who are without. Its worship strikes the imagination of the educated beholder as the very worship celebrated by Tertullian or by Hippolytus. That venerable presbyter, those ardent young evangelists, those black-vested deacons, that ancient anthem, and still more ancient incense-burning; the homily, the hymn, the utterance and the eucharist,—transport us in sacred fancy to an antiquity beyond the reach of Romish or other rites. And yet how fitting is it to all the wants of to-day. That unique confession of the sin of schism, that prayerful remembrance of the dead, that earnest recognition of a PRESENT CHRIST, that all-pervading devotion without doctrine, does it not give shape and language to the aspirations of the soul alienated from all Churches, yet quite unable to do without them? It may well be so, for this ritual is the product of many minds, trained in diverse schools, united in their belief of a Divine mission, and searching, under the impression of a Divine command, up and down Christendom for the scattered vessels of the sanctuary, to find and to rebuild. And the priesthood! Consisting of men of various sects and vocations, not all of them separated from those vocations, it may not exceed the priesthood of other Churches in devotion to prescribed duty; but its functions certainly appear at once more comprehensive and more precise, every man having a special work, and the entire work including ministration to every want or circumstance of humanity; the daily service of the altar and the pulpit, the visitation of the sick,

the relief of the distressed, the absolution of the burdened."

Such has been the development from the germ of Mary Campbell's utterances at Fernicarry.

Throughout his life Mr. Story counted amongst the members of the "Holy Catholic Apostolic Church" many of his dearest friends. With not a few of them he held constant and unreserved communion; he knew well their belief, their hope, their principles; he rejoiced in the earnest self-sacrifice and devotion which marked much of that Church's life; when opportunity offered, he joined readily in its worship; but the Divine origin and inspiration, and special guidance, which it claimed for itself, he having known its beginning and heedfully scanned its progress, never could admit. The Church in which he had been baptized and ordained appeared to him, despite the many errors, which he deplored, in its Ecclesiastical and in its Christian life, to be the branch of the True Vine, which was best fitted to supply the needs of his native country. Nothing which occurred in the times of which we have been speaking, or in those that followed, prevailed to estrange from it his affection, or to paralyze the whole-hearted energy with which he continued to labour in its cause—a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

CHAPTER VI.

PERSONAL HISTORY.

THE chief interest of Mr. Story's life in these years was absorbed in the events related in the three preceding chapters.

Apart from them his personal history was calm and uneventful, always influenced and coloured more or less by his connection with those transactions.

His four children were born during the years 1830-5; and of these, the first and third were early taken. Of the first he writes to Pringle, in August, 1830:—"Before he completed his eighth week the blessed babe was translated to glory. After death his little frame assumed an aspect of most exquisite beauty; although we kept the precious dust for several days, every hour that intervened beheld it more beautiful; the eyelids would never shut, but when the pressure of the finger was removed they always retired and left about half of the pupil unveiled, disclosing that heavenly azure so brilliant, and so beaming with life, that without other means of judging, we must have concluded that he was only enjoying a refreshing slumber. I carried him in my own arms to the tomb, and there felt what it was to lose a first-born, an only son." The trial of this loss was not a little aggravated by the intrusion of one of the believers in the "gifts"

followed, and in 1836 Mr. Story went up to visit him. From Northampton, where he met the warmest welcome, he went to see Lady Olivia Sparrow, at Brampton Park, and thence returned home by Liverpool.

About two years later he again visited England. He enjoyed these trips extremely, continually picked up new acquaintances and formed new friendships, and entered with keen zest into the pleasures of travel and society. His health, moreover, required them, his frequent rheumatic and bilious attacks rendering cessation from work and change of air and scene necessary.

In 1838 his health was seriously impaired, so that he had to give up all duty; and during his period of rest and absence, his place was supplied by his friend, the Rev. Francis Wylie, now the excellent minister of Elgin. His English tour on this occasion included Northampton, where he was interested in meeting, among other new acquaintances, both lay and clerical, the Hon. Mr. Spencer, a new pervert to Rome, since well known as Father Ignatius, and the Rev. Sir Henry Robinson, of the Established Church; and Leamington, where he visited his friends, Sir William and Lady Maxwell, of Monreith. Here he met one who, for the rest of her life, was to him a very dear and valued friend. The high appreciation and sincere regard he ever after entertained for her express themselves in the first mention he makes of her name; and those who knew Lady Matilda Maxwell will not wonder that these sentiments were early formed and lastingly retained. "Have you heard of Lady Matilda Bruce? Of high intellect, devoted piety, with an open and ingenuous disposition. She crossed to the Maxwells when she heard of my arrival, and we have been a good deal together. She is a great friend of Erskine and

Chalmers, and has great *largeness* of heart;" this latter was ever a very special term of commendation with the writer,—the possession of a heart that could open wide, and take in many—covered from him a multitude of sins.

In this summer he also paid his first visit to Ireland. He went thither to visit the friend who has kindly contributed to these pages a letter which, while it expresses its writer's warm regard for the subject of this memoir, does not tell that the latter ever reciprocated that affection with a most fatherly interest and love. Mr. Goold was at this time residing on the Hill of Howth, on that side of it where the broad Bay of Dublin rolls in front, and the blue hills of Wicklow rise beyond. The sunny slope of the hill, above the waveworn cliffs, where he had pitched his tent, needs no warm Irish welcome to make it a delightful resting-place; but the Irish welcome was not awanting. "You may believe," writes he, "they were most happy to see me. 'To whom,' said Fred, 'shall we be kind, if not to you? and as to C., she will make a Pope of you.'"

The following are a few extracts from his letters at this time. Here is an incident in his host's pastoral experience:—"A Roman Catholic at —— died of cholera. Not one of the wretches, not even the priest, would approach the dead body. F. and another person buried him; and, because he read the funeral service over the corpse, they swore they would murder the 'bloody parson' for having made a Protestant of him. He had to sleep every night with loaded pistols beside him." "Mr. Nangle, the Achil clergyman, has been with us after service. His labours have been greatly blessed among the poor Irish. I am happy to have met him; for I shall thus have a kind of personal

interest in the Achil mission." "What strange things happen in this country, which could not occur in any other. Last evening the prayers of the Church (Mr. V.'s) were requested for the Rev. Mr. J., dangerously ill, when Mr. J., in the course of the service, entered the Church, and worshipped among those who were praying for him. Mr. V. declared afterwards that he would not allow him to be prayed for again till he was really dead." "On Monday there was a prayer-meeting at Merrion Avenue, which I attended, when there were about 200 people assembled. I offered up one of the prayers, at Mr. Nixon's earnest request.* We are to be there on Sunday, when Dalton, from Wolverhampton, is to preach a missionary sermon; and on Tuesday, Joseph Wolff is to be with Mr. N. On Thursday I attended a visitation of the Archbishop in St. Patrick's—a very sorry affair; the clergy amounting to perhaps seventy or eighty." "I addressed a few Irish Protestants on the cliffs of Howth, last evening, for a considerable time. We had between forty and fifty of a congregation. About a dozen English fishermen, Methodists, came from Howth, across the hill, and conducted the music—a very fine set of men; and it was exceedingly interesting to see their hardy, sunburnt visages while they sang with such earnestness, and with no small art, the praises of God."

In all his absences from home, it is half amusing to observe together his hearty relish for the change and excitement of new scenes and new society, and the warmth and sincerity of his constant reminiscences of his own fireside. The day seems a blank in which he has no letter from the Manse; when the longed-

* Rev. R. H. Nixon, Incumbent of Booterstown Church, near Dublin.

for despatch has come, then every burden seems lifted from his spirit. "I went along the street making verses to you in my mind," he writes one day, after a satisfactory account has been received from home. "Mrs. Carpenter has to keep her husband from *buying* likewise," he writes, at another time, naïvely conscious of a purchasing frailty, especially in respect of books, and which his generally slender resources made it highly impolitic to indulge. But an old bookstand presented to him irresistible attractions; if he could not buy, he at least would handle and brood over the ancient, tarnished volumes. "I kept at a respectful distance from the bookstands," he says in one letter, proud of his self-command. This tendency leading him, as it did, to linger in all sorts of dingy and grimy corners when in town, often was a severe cross to the friend who chanced to be with him at the time the bibliomania seized him. It was not at all a pleasant pastime—as one of his Irish friends used to represent—to have to loiter among the dubious purlieus of the Quays and Four Courts while he was poking about among the bookstalls, and conversing with the voluble and ragged Irish gentlemen who presided thereat. He occasionally, however, was rewarded with a bargain; and he gradually acquired a large collection of old and curious editions—some of them of considerable value. His library was extensive, and was especially rich in the works of the older English divines. The range of his reading was at all times wide and varied, and his taste classical and refined.

It is interesting and instructive to observe how constantly both in presence and absence he bore his parish and people on his heart before God, how devotedly his thoughts turned to them, how, when he was laid

aside from work and separated from his flock, he like Paul "night and day prayed exceedingly that he might see their face and might perfect that which was lacking in their faith." Instructive too, to note how decidedly and openly he bore himself everywhere and always, as the Christian minister. Many in travel, or in any promiscuous company are inclined to keep their ministerial character out of sight. But he was, to use the language of Irving's charge to Mr. McLean, "the Pastor always, less than the Pastor never." No meal was ever begun in his presence without a blessing invoked upon it; no evening ever closed without an "evening sacrifice." "He is a marvellous man, he's always praying," was once said of him by one who thought that the forms of prayer and thanksgiving were perhaps too constantly insisted on; but to him they were not forms, they were the living expression of the "deep religion of a thankful heart." No profanity or misconduct ever passed him without a sharp rebuke, enforced with a tone and look of such inherent authority as few cared to question or disobey.

In August, 1839, he lost his second son, aged six years. "He longed to depart," says his father, "to be with Jesus: he frequently wished me to pray, especially that God might take him to himself before the morning. There was not one thought or word but was consistent and rational to the last, and in holding out his hand for his mother to kiss he expired." The consolations, which he felt to abound towards himself in the bereavements he endured, are expressed in a letter written long afterwards to a friend, mourning the death of an only son. "I cannot," he writes, "help, in a sentence alluding to what I felt an all-availing consolation when in bitterness for my own

first-born. I was reading the words 'God spared not his own Son,' a light flashed upon the word *spared.* Yes, thought I, that word *was* chosen as the symbol of the sacrifice that God's fatherly heart made and felt, when he gave up his Son to die. He knows, exclaimed I, what I feel; He once had a dead Son. The Infinite from that blessed moment seemed to be in my presence, actuated by fatherly sympathies, swathed as it were in a human heart, afflicted in my affliction; the incomprehensible Jehovah manifest to me indeed in flesh, the fountain of my fatherly nature, and bathing so to speak my fatherly sufferings in his fatherly sympathies. . . . I commit your sorrowful household to the consolations of Him who knows alone how to give the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and a name to the bereaved better than that of sons or daughters."

His family circle after this bereavement, remained unbroken to the close.

It were unfitting here to draw aside the veil which encloses the sacred household memories; but surely no home was ever the centre of happier associations to those who knew it, than his; none could be visited with more pleasure and remembered with kindlier affection. "He was one," to use the language of a friend and neighbour,* "who, the more intimately he was known was the more highly esteemed, whose Christian character shone forth with especial brightness to those who were admitted to his familiar intercourse, who saw him in his house at home, and in his personal conduct of himself." †

* Rev. John Paisley, Gairlochhead.

† The following words are from the sermon preached the second Sunday after Mr. Story's death, by his friend and co-presbyter the Rev.

To more than one that genial home was the Sacred Point in their horizon to which their "hearts untravelled," ever returned with the assurance of finding there help, and light and sympathy, such as they could find nowhere else.

There were a few ill-starred beings whom he called his "enfans perdus." These persons were perpetually travelling from Jerusalem to Jericho, and getting sadly knocked about by the way. He was the Good Samaritan; and his were the oil and wine that helped to rehabilitate them, and his own house was the inn to which their friendly footsteps were guided.

The "facile princeps" of this broken band was the Rev. R. B. He had at some former period held a charge in the Synod of Ulster, and being a person of headstrong temper had immersed himself in a sea of Irish troubles, from which several years did not suffice to extricate him. During his struggles to disentangle himself from Ireland, and yet obtain his "rights" from the Hibernian Presbyterians, he came within Mr. Story's ken; and for years after Mr. Story was his refuge, the Manse his cave of Adullam. He wandered about

W. Dunn, of Cardross:—"And over a man of finer, more graceful mould and form—over a more genial friend and companion—over one whose face and presence threw more light, and cheerfulness, and vivacity into a social circle—over a kinder and more loving heart—over one with larger and wider sympathies, sympathies with all humanity, with all creatures and created things, enjoying with a keener relish everything enjoyable on earth, with a quicker ear and eye to all sweet sounds and sights of beauty, with a merrier laugh and a more exquisite sense of humour, and a readier tear—over one who took into his bosom so many and so diverse persons, of all variety of temperament, of all sects and denominations, and had room and space for each, and a special nook for all unfortunates and outcasts, cast adrift on life's voyage—over a man who had seen more of human life in all its aspects, in the hall and in the cottage, and who had such store of anecdotes and illustrations gathered from books and men—the grave of a country Churchyard has seldom closed."

Scotland as a preacher, and occasionally in a case of extreme need officiated in that capacity at Rosneath, till increasing age and eccentricity forbade his being admitted to the pulpit. Whenever a forlorn ring of the door bell was heard late of a winter's night, "This is B.," was the unanimous and almost always the correct prognostication. He came when he pleased and stayed as long as he chose, and was by no means bashful in making known his wants while an inmate. Mrs. Story was not quite so tolerant of his ways as her husband, and could not be brought to believe that hospitality required that B. should one day eat all the eggs in the house, raw, to cure a slight hoarseness, or the next be permitted to recline on the drawing-room sofa with his shoes on, and with a small mound of the best bound books in the room under his head for a pillow. She consequently was held in less esteem than the minister himself; a fact which B. took his own way of notifying. One summer we were at Bridge of Earn, and as usual he turned up; he was visiting in the neighbourhood, and considerately came to see his friend, Mr. Story. "My friends Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, of Henhill," said he, "were just talking about you last night, Mr. Story, and they thought you were very like one of the Patriarchs." "Indeed, Mr. B., and which of the Patriarchs am I like?" "Well, we agreed it was Isaac. You see he was a fine, mild, benevolent old gentleman; and then you know" (with a vixenish glance at Mrs. Story) "he had a real *birky* of a wife."

Poor B., he betook himself at last to medical studies, with a view to becoming a medical missionary; but on his way to Paris to walk the Hospitals there, he broke down in London, and all his money melted away

as he lay sick in some obscure lane about Smithfield. Utterly destitute and forlorn, he wrote to the Duke of Argyll, and told him he wanted to get to Rosneath, to die there. The Duke had him sent safely down by rail—he died in a day or two, and was buried in the spot he chose, under the shadow of the large laurel, beside the old Church. And then, strange to say, one who in other years had known this queer, lonely, helpless creature, and true to his earlier image had always loved him, came to ask where he was laid, that she might raise a stone to his memory. What broken and twisted chains of love must lie scattered up and down the world, waiting for the time that shall rivet them anew!

Another protégé, to whom Mr. Story was much attached, was a negro, sent home from Rio, by Mr. S. Ker. He was baptized Robert Story; and when after a pious and useful life, his end came, Mr. Story laid his head in his grave in Rosneath Churchyard, and wrote his epitaph.

During the Greek War of Independence, Joseph Wolff sent home to Irving's care two Greek lads, whom he had rescued from danger and privation, and whom he wished to have educated in Scotland. Irving sent them down to the patriarchal guardian, whom in a subsequent letter Joseph Wolff calls "our incomparably excellent, and kind-hearted friend, Mr. Story."

He proposes their coming in a characteristic letter. "Joseph Wolff, my much esteemed friend, and Lady Georgiana Wolff also, my much esteemed friend, have given me another proof of their esteem, by sending me two Greeks—the one a Deacon (Parthenius), the other a youth of thirteen or fourteen (Pavolo), son of a mer-

chant, in Cyprus, whom the Turks beheaded. The Deacon is about twenty-four years old, and brings excellent testimonials from one of the Bishops of Cyprus, upon whom he has been accustomed to wait; for the Deacon in the Greek Church is nearer to the Deacon in our Church, than either in the Latin or English Church. Well, these two Greeks has Joseph Wolff sent, wholly entrusted to me, so that I am to them as father and guardian, and provider, and everything, which also I am right happy to be, for they are come purely for the acquisition of knowledge. . . . Wolff's positive instruction to me, is to send them to Scotland that they may be educated there, and after a while return to their native land to instruct their countrymen, both as teachers and preachers;—not to take Orders with us; but as it were to obtain the style and character of our Scottish Church, and return with it to their own land. This I very much approve, and by the blessing of God, poor though I am, yet rich in faith by His grace, I will take upon myself the responsibility of all their charges till they return to their native Cyprus again. At once and immediately it occurred to my wife and me, that the proper place to station them in was your village, and your parish school the proper school for them, and you, the proper pastor."

The two Greeks accordingly came down, and were boarded with Mr. Dodds, the schoolmaster, much to the horror of one conservative old gentleman in the parish, who declared that Mr. Story was going to overrun the countryside with Greeks and Barbarians, and that there would not be a fence left in the place—his hobby being dykes and hedges. The Deacon had a flowing beard which, with a view to Scotticizing himself more tho-

roughly, he wished to get rid of. After considerable persuasion, the village barber was prevailed upon to perform the necessary tonsure; but when the operation was ended, the Deacon's glory was gone. His chin was the merest bracket for his face to rest on—the diaconal gravity and comeliness had perished with the beard. Mr. Story enjoyed, as he enjoyed all that moved his keen sense of humour—the wonder and speculation caused in the quiet parish by the advent of these foreigners. He used to give with great effect the narrative of their first visit to Portkiln, where old Mrs. Campbell, after regarding them with a look of benevolent perplexity, turned to him at last with the practical query, "And what can the worthy gentlemen eat?" and on finding that their gastric powers were not different from those of Scotchmen, she stuffed them with good things, till Paul laying his hand impressively on his stomach declared, "*non possible more.*" The Deacon was not a popular character: after a time he returned to Cyprus. Paul was a universal favourite; after acquiring the English language and a good foundation of education at Rosneath, he studied medicine at Edinburgh, and eventually, discharged for many years the duties of Medical officer, in Murray's Lunatic Asylum, near Perth; after leaving which, he also went back to Cyprus.

These are but a few of the many clients for his sympathy and aid and counsel, who from time to time found their way to his door. That door, one of his friends used to say, was like the heart of its owner, ever standing wide open to receive all who chose to enter. All were welcomed with a kindly courtesy which, while it expressed at once a genial hospitality which no formality stiffened or restrained, yet had not

a little of the dignity and grace of an age of statelier manners than our own.

However dreary a bore the guest might prove himself to be, he was taken leave of with a certain reluctance, there was a kind of lingering dislike to say farewell, even to a bore. There is one example of his thoughtful consideration of others which occurs in a letter written during absence from home, and which, perhaps, should be extracted, as it concerns a class of most deserving, yet too often neglected persons—the unattached and unendowed licentiates. He says, "I can only write about some necessary things, and first about the preacher. Let him have a fire in his room lest he should be inclined to sit up, and let the glasses be set down at supper, as he may incline to take something after the fatigues of the day. Ever remember I am anxious that the preachers be particularly attended to, for they are performing a very important, and necessary, and obliging duty, and they are generally in circumstances which make them feel the more about the attention paid to them. . . . . P.S.—If the preacher goes off by the early boat, be sure that the servants get him some coffee."

One lingers over these traits of the nature, open, and generous, and loving, which expressed itself so vividly in every word and look, and which endeared him so closely to the many who called him friend. To them, these few reminiscences are not needed to recall the daily aspect and home life of one, whose presence diffused a geniality—a kindliness—an atmosphere of love around him as he moved, that seemed to bathe his path in constant sunshine. To others they must appear but cold and feeble outlines, hardly indicating at all the characteristics which they should illustrate.

It will be best to go on without longer delay to matters of more public interest; and to point out the position occupied and the part taken by the subject of this memoir, in those important passages of Scottish Church History, which culminated in the secession of 1843.

PART III.

1834—1846.

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CHAPTER I.

PATRONAGE—VETO—GROWTH OF "NON-INTRUSION" PARTY.

When the Church of Scotland was finally established on its present basis after the Revolution of 1688, the method adopted for the settlement of ministers in vacant charges was election by the joint suffrages of the heritors and the Elders of the parish. In 1712, this system was overturned, and lay patronage substituted in its stead; and ever since 1712 lay patronage has been the difficulty and the bugbear of the Scottish Church. It has been found all but impossible to adjust the respective rights of the patron and the people in a manner satisfactory to both parties, and the effort to do so has cost the Church no small labour. During the latter part of last century and the earlier part of this, all cases of disputed settlement commonly ended in the reclaiming voice of the people being overruled in the General Assembly by the votes of the "Moderate" party in that Court. "It often happened," * says Dr. Somerville, "that the call

* Somerville's "Life and Times, 1741—1818," page 77.

in favour of the presentee consisted exclusively of the names and signatures of the patron and non-resident heritors; but I do not recollect a single instance within the time of my attendance on the General Assembly, of any call in the favour of a presentee having been rejected or set aside." This, no doubt, was a state of matters fraught with evil; it engendered dissent; it impaired the usefulness and respectability of the Church. Its evils, however, were such as the extending education of the people, and the increasing strength of public opinion would gradually have removed by leading the people to a wiser choice, and the patron to a more respectful attention to their reasonable wishes. But even while these good influences were beginning to operate, the solution of the vexed question of patronage was precipitated by the action of the Church itself.

The Reform excitement of 1831-32 fostered agitation for ecclesiastical reform no less than political.

The people became more bent than ever on obtaining power in the Church—now that they had gained a certain power in the State. The popular party in the General Assembly found its ranks swelled by a number of lay members, who, unlike their predecessors before 1832, held opinions decidedly opposed to patronage. Without the Church, the Dissenters formed a Voluntary Anti-State-Church association; within her pale, a strong anti-patronage party began to develop itself. The best and largest section of the popular party, however, did not seek the abolition of patronage, but the amendment and regulation of it, so as at once to preserve the salutary rights of the patron, and to give effect, as far as possible, to the deliberate wishes of the people. With this view the law, known as the

Veto Law,* was passed in the Assembly of 1834 by a majority of 46, the popular party now finding themselves, for the first time, unquestionably in the ascendant. The law carried with it the approval of the highest legal authorities; it was recommended by the overpowering eloquence of Chalmers; it seemed a generous concession to the popular claims, and it appeared to be most skilfully adapted to preserve, by slightly modifying it, the patronage which extreme reformers insisted should be overthrown.

The same Assembly admitted to the full *status* and functions of the parochial clergy, ministers of chapels of ease, or chapels "*quoad sacra*," as they were called, who hitherto having no parochial charge or endowment, had been held unqualified to sit in Church Courts.

These acts were not passed without strong opposition from the Moderate party; but having been passed by a majority of the Assembly, they were adopted as law, and acted upon.

For some time the Veto Act, when put in force, was not disputed; but a case soon arose to test its legality—the famous case of Auchterarder. The presentee, Mr. Young, was vetoed; he appealed to the civil Courts against the Presbytery's right to give effect to the people's Veto by refusing to "take him on trials,"† and the decision of the Court of Session and of the House of Lords was, that the Presbytery had no right to give effect to the Veto—the Veto Act being an Act

* The veto law gave to a majority of male heads of families in any parish—being communicants—the right to reject a presentee, absolutely, without reason given.

† *I.e.*, to subject him to the usual examination, in order to test his fitness for receiving ordination to the charge.

which it was incompetent for the Church to pass without the concurrent sanction of the State, which concurrent sanction had not been secured. This was the simple legal decision (apart from any consideration of the desirability or excellence of the Veto Law), that it had been passed illegally, was therefore null and void, and could not justly be acted on. The same judgment was at a later period pronounced on the Act admitting ministers of chapels to the *status* and functions of ministers of parishes. Their admission may have been, as the popular party maintained, a desirable step, but it was an illegal one. In enacting both these measures, each involving civil rights, the Ecclesiastical Court had exceeded its proper jurisdiction; neither could be in any way binding without the assent of the Legislature. Such an interdependence of the two powers in the State, the Civil and the Ecclesiastical, is inevitable in an established Church.

Into the dreary history of the conflict between the rival jurisdictions of the General Assembly and the Court of Session which followed the Auchterarder case, it is not our province to enter. Those who wish a detail of the whole will find it in the magniloquent pages of the "Ten Years' Conflict," by the Rev. Dr. R. Buchanan, where they will be entertained by a good deal of clever description and special pleading, and amused with the calm self-complacency with which the good Doctor assumes that he and his party are the only true Church of Scotland, and their principles the only principles a Christian man should, could, or would hold. A fairer and more judicial narrative of the leading points, and examination of the principles involved, will be found in the work of Dr. Turner.*

* "The Scottish Secession of 1843." Rev. A. Turner, D.D.

That during these ten years much was done by the Civil and the Ecclesiastical Court that was fitted to embitter the contest, few will deny. The authority of each was stretched to, perhaps beyond, the extreme limit, and the mode in which the law of patronage was enforced in certain cases exhibited the utmost abuse of which that law was susceptible. The cases of Marnoch and Culsalmond, especially, seem discreditable to almost all concerned in them, and can be regarded only with shame and disgust—shame, that in a Christian and National Church such cases should occur, and disgust with those for whose behoof the rigour of the law was so unhappily exerted.

But one must not forget that general principles of equity are not affected by particular instances of hardship, and the fact of the law sanctioning the hardship does not justify us in any attempt to gain a lawless liberty.

At the same time the Government of the country cannot be acquitted of heavy blame for having indolently or timidly neglected to adopt safe and reasonable measures, to regulate the action of the law, and give peace to a distracted Church. Opportunity after opportunity of an equitable adjustment of the question of patronage was suffered to slip by, until at length the question had lapsed from a demand for "Non-intrusion" * into a demand for "Spiritual Independence;" the popular party had become a revolutionary party, and the claims of the Church, as represented to the House of Commons, were such as the Constitutional Legislature of this land could not possibly grant.

And then came the end, the secession of the revolu-

* That is—a demand that no minister should be settled in a parish in defiance of the people's wish.

tionary party from the Establishment and the creation of the so-called "Free" Church, in 1843.

During the long contest and the harassing disputes which were thus terminated, Mr. Story joined but little in the strife; but when he did speak and act in the Church Courts, he took an independent part. From the peculiar position which his connexion with the Row case had given him among his brethren, he could not have complete sympathy with either party in the Church. While he felt the political correctness and necessity of the course adopted by the party called "Moderate," there was much in their traditions, in their habits of thought, in their views and practice as ministers, that separated between him and not a few of them. In what was really true and earnest in the life of the party called "Evangelical" he cordially rejoiced, while he recoiled from the fatal tendencies of the policy they adopted, a policy which, from the first, he condemned as subversive of the peace and safety of the Church, and of the wise and salutary union between her and the State.

On his return from the Assembly of 1834, in which the Veto Law was passed, he stated from the pulpit that the Church had adopted a measure which he could foresee was to produce much trouble and dispeace; a new power had been put into the hands of her members, their possession of which he regarded with alarm, and as the only protection against the abuse of that power was to be found in the character of those who were to wield it, he should consider it in future his duty to be even more strict than he hitherto had been in determining who were to be admitted to the Lord's table, since admission thereto was to involve the heavy responsibility implied in the power of "vetoing."

He thus early detected where the danger of the Act lay, and took the only possible precaution.

In an ideal state of society the Veto Law would have been unnecessary, but only in such would it have acted fairly. Had all the "male heads of families being communicants" in Scotland, been the too perfect characters they were assumed by the advocates of the Veto to be, it might have been safe to entrust them with the irresponsible right of absolutely rejecting any clergyman presented by a patron to a living; but being as they were, "men of like passions with ourselves," often very ignorant and very prejudiced, they were not in every case, if in any, fit recipients of such a power. One case in which the Veto was exercised occurred in the Presbytery of Dunbarton, under Mr. Story's own eye. "And what is your objection to Mr. ——?" was asked of one of the congregation, "Div' ye think," replied the high-minded "non-intrusionist," "that we're gaun to hae a minister that wears a sark collar like thon?" The minister was then, and is still, an able and excellent clergyman. Mr. Story besought the people to be sure that in exercising the power which the Act of Assembly gave them they were led by the Spirit of Christ; but the shirt-collars carried the day, and the presentee was vetoed.

The Auchterarder case was decided in the House of Lords on the 2nd of May, 1839. By the highest legal tribunal in the empire the illegality of the Veto Act itself, and of all proceedings arising out of it, was thus finally and positively decided. The Church herself had appealed the case to the civil court. She was bound to bow to its decision. True, the Veto Law had been passed with the counsel and concurrence of high legal functionaries; but this did not invalidate the

rior courts. I will not come as a member to your General Assembly. I will not form part of the governing body of an Established Church which, with no invasion by the State of any of her holy and inherent rights—in defence of no sacred principle—but for a matter of mere ecclesiastical polity, has set herself up in an attitude—for so it is, gloss it as you will—of dogged defiance, of virtual disobedience to the declared law of the land. I will not, by my presence even, be responsible for a line of policy which I believe is at variance with all her own best interests, and which, in a few years, will leave her a Church, no doubt (nobody ever denied she would still be a Church, if she had not a shilling of endowment left; and it needed not yesterday's declamation to prove it), but which in my conscience I believe has already rung out her knell as the *Established Church of Scotland.*"

Having so said, Lord Dalhousie walked out of the house, the Rev. William Cunningham* coarsely calling after him, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" "The step was rash," wrote Mr. Story, who spent part of his time during the sitting of Assembly, at Dalhousie Castle. "Had he been less straightforward, open, and single-minded, he would have been more prudent." Rash as it was, however, it showed only too plainly how rapidly the revolutionary party were outrunning the sympathies of calm and statesmanlike advisers—how surely they were becoming involved in the eddies of a mere popular agitation.

The only active part Mr. Story took in the business of this Assembly, was to move that a day be appointed for fasting and humiliation for the sins and afflictions of the Church; but his motion was unsuccessful: those

* Late Principal of the Edinburgh "Free" Kirk College.

who considered themselves the "Evangelical," did not love to have such proposals made by any but themselves.

"Blunder will succeed to blunder," he writes, "until they acknowledge more decidedly than has ever yet been done, that neither ministers nor people can form any just idea of the 'Headship of Christ,' or how his sovereignty ought to be exercised in the government of his Church, until crucified together with him they have acquired the divine art of carrying about his dying."

What, in the whole agitation, most grieved and saddened him, was the tone of mere political excitement—of mere worldly strife—which pervaded the counsels of the Church. The "headship," or absolute sovereignty of Christ over his Church, was professedly the point in dispute; but the mind of Christ seemed to have been scared away by the clamour and bitterness of the disputants. He felt that the unity of the spirit was broken—that the sacred name was profaned by these fierce contendings about what were, in truth, as Lord Dalhousie had called them, "matters of mere ecclesiastical polity." On one occasion, in one of the Church courts, he gave indignant expression to the feeling. "How dare you," he broke in, amid some miserable wrangling about the "crown rights of the Redeemer," &c., "how dare you speak of the Lord that bought you as if he were the chief magistrate of some fierce democracy?"

"Look round you," he wrote at another time to a gentleman near him, "at the people among whom you dwell, and surely you cannot possibly judge it to be a counsel of the Spirit of God that you should hazard the very existence of the Church in its present form, rather than not bestow upon them an absolute and

uncontrolled discretion in the election of their pastors. Yet, because this is assumed to be the mind of God respecting the *whole* population, all those contentions have deluged our unhappy time. The adoption of the Veto was the opening of the fatal valve, and now who can prevent the rushing forth of those bitter waters? I from the beginning opposed and denounced the Veto, as essentially unrighteous in principle, and therefore necessarily unscriptural. Independent of its unrighteousness, it had this additional evil—it deprived Presbyteries of their *judicial* prerogative, and forced them to act according to the people's capricious will at a most important stage of the process in the settlement of pastors. And mark here how marvellously the Divine will has been expressed;—that which they wrongfully resigned to the people, is the very power of which the majority complain the civil courts have deprived *them*. They degraded their own judgment seat, abandoned its duties, countenanced the infidel maxim, '*Vox populi vox Dei*,' and now they cry to the people to deliver them from oppressions which their very flatteries of those people have provoked."

The agitation rapidly spread and gathered strength. Never were popular demagogues more successful in stimulating the enthusiasm of the multitude, than were the revolutionary party in their advocacy of the "Headship of Christ." The halls in which the General Assemblies and the Commissions* met, were at every meeting crammed with excited and tumultuous crowds, congregated to cheer the popular declamations to the echo.

* The Commission, or "committee of the whole house," of the General Assembly, meeting quarterly to transact any business that arise in the interval between one Assembly and another.

The unfortunate cases of disputed settlement which occurred in the years from 1838 to 1842, certainly afforded ground enough whence to appeal to the passions of the many, while they dismayed and discouraged the efforts and prayers for peace of the few. The state of the Church grew worse and worse, disunion, disaffection, wrath and malice and evil speaking were increasing on every side, while the love that cannot dwell in unquiet chambers, where its calm sovereignty is slighted, seemed to have fled away to seek elsewhere its home. The following extract from a letter written during the commission of March, 1840, gives a glimpse of scenes that were too frequently repeated. In order to render intelligible the allusion to the "Reel of Bogie," it must be premised that the majority of the Presbytery of Strathbogie had been suspended from the performance of ministerial duty by the commission of December, 1839, because they had in spite of the people's veto, and in compliance with an injunction of the Court of Session, taken Mr. Edwards, the presentee to Marnoch, on trial for ordination. The Presbytery of St. Andrews in a similar case had acted in a like manner, choosing to obey the law as interpreted by the Court of Session, rather than to give heed to the standing order of the Church recently enacted, which ruled that no action should be taken in any case of disputed settlement until the matter had been referred to the General Assembly. Dr. Chalmers, in demanding that the Presbytery of St. Andrews should be dealt with as that of Strathbogie had been, made very merry over the picture of these two Presbyteries being "partners in a dance of mazy and multiform confusion"—describing the former as coming forward to play her part in

the "Reel of Bogie." The joke was not very brilliant, but coming from Dr. Chalmers, it convulsed the house with laughter. In the "Witness"* the laughter is duly chronicled, but not the indignant interruption from Mr. Story, nor the "dismal universal hiss" with which it was greeted. "The non-intrusionists are very cold to me now; but if God spare me I shall yet be more determined in resenting what I see to be a wrong thing. The present is an awful condition of things. Every word of that paragraph† about the 'Reel of Bogie' was carefully written and read by Chalmers. An immoderate laughter of course was occasioned thereby. I rose (that of course the 'Witness' will not report) and cried that we were the visible representatives of Christ's sovereignty, professing to establish more firmly the foundations of his spiritual kingdom. Were we manifesting the mind of Christ? A reverend doctor‡ near me said, 'O do you never laugh now? He that sits in Heaven shall laugh, you know.' My spirit is grieved, but I have too long temporized, and now I must write, if spared and counselled by God, upon the subject. I am just going to a prayer meeting at Mrs. David Wauchope's. I then dine with Terrot,§ who is terribly shocked with us. I

* The organ of the revolutionary party, conducted by the late Hugh Miller. Mr. Miller, whose scientific writings are composed in a style which is the envy of his brother geologists, wedding as it does fact and fancy with a grace of which he and the late George Wilson alone seem to have possessed the secret, wielded as a controversialist a strong, coarse, unscrupulous pen, which throughout the ecclesiastical turmoils from 1840 to 1843, did yeoman's service to the cause of the seceders. The "Witness" is but a stammering witness now.

† See "Witness" of March 7, 1840.

‡ A prominent member of the dominant party.

§ Right Rev. Dr. Terrot, Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Church, at Edinburgh.

go to Kilsyth on Tuesday," to preach to the people there, among whom at the time there was a very earnest spirit of revival and enquiry. "I spoke," he writes from Kilsyth, "to two hundred people that were collected in less than an hour's time. I was told by several that my address had aroused and quickened them. To-day I addressed the factory people, in which I had great enjoyment, and they were deeply impressed."

In the early summer of this year a brighter day seemed about to dawn upon the troubled Church. The great and good Earl of Aberdeen, no less devoted to his mother Church than distinguished as a statesman, introduced a Bill in the month of May for the purpose of adjusting the difficulties with which she was harassed. The Bill secured to the people—in place of an absolute and unreasoning veto—the right of objecting to any presentee, and of stating their objections; and to the Presbytery their constitutional prerogative of examining these objections, and giving them whatever effect they were judged to deserve. One would have thought this was ample security against intrusion, but no—the Bill was indignantly rejected by a majority of eighty-seven in the General Assembly, and its author branded as a traitor to the Church's glorious Head—as trying to hurl the Redeemer from His throne, and to tear the crown from His brow. He consequently withdrew the measure in the House of Lords before its third reading.

The Duke of Argyll next stepped forward to the rescue. In May, 1841 (the strife of parties in Scotland having in the intervening year grown fiercer and fiercer), he laid a Bill on the table of the House of Lords, which was in its principle identical with the

Church's Veto Law. It differed from the Veto Law chiefly in this, that it extended the right of Veto to all male communicants above twenty years of age; and it provided that the Veto should be set aside in any case in which it could be proved to have been exercised on account of mere factiousness or prejudice. By a majority of 125, the General Assembly which met on the 20th May, approved of and adopted the Bill. It was destined, however, never to reach a second reading. The Whig Ministry fell in June, and Parliament was dissolved. When the Legislature met after the new elections, the reins of government were transferred to the hands of Sir Robert Peel, who had no sympathy with the demands for "spiritual independence" urged by the clamant majority of the Assembly. A Mr. Campbell, who was one of the advocates of the revolutionary party in the House of Commons, brought forward a measure identical with the Duke of Argyll's in April, 1842, but after some delay and opposition it was finally thrown out. The subject was not a favourite nor a well understood one in the House, and the question of a noble lord, overheard in the lobby, indicated only too truly the spirit in which it was approached: "What the —— are we to do with this d—— Scotch Kirk of yours?"

Meantime, there had been an attempt made by Sir George Sinclair, a well-known member of the Church, to effect a pacific arrangement, which had at first promised well, but eventually been thwarted by the opposition of the extreme party. Sir George had, in September, 1841, proposed to add to the bill which Lord Aberdeen had withdrawn, a clause which should conciliate that party's support. The object of the clause was to provide that, in the event of a strong and

continued opposition to a presentee, the Presbytery, though, in their judgment, the reasons of that opposition might not be satisfactory, should give effect to it, lest by disregarding it, they should "preclude the prospect of the presentee's usefulness in that particular parish." The "Non-Intrusion Committee" agreed to accept the bill with this clause, and their approbation included that of the party in the Church whom they represented; and had not Parliament been prorogued early in October, the bill, with this addition, would have been reintroduced and passed into law. Unfortunately, by the time Parliament reassembled, and when the Government was willing to carry the measure through, the revolutionary tide on which they had embarked had carried the "Non-Intrusion Committee" far beyond the point of any constitutional adjustment of their grievances. Accordingly, in April, 1842, they deliberately repudiated the arrangement which they had professed themselves willing to accept in October, 1841:* while in the Assembly which met in May, a resolution condemning patronage as a grievance which ought to be abolished, was carried by a majority of 69—a majority, swelled by the influence of those who, in 1834, had introduced the Veto law with the view, (to use the words of its introducer,) "undoubtedly of preserving, not of putting down, the right of patronage."

While the revolutionary agitators were thus rushing on to the consummation of their wilful and headstrong policy; a middle party emerged, composed in part of those who had been inclined to seek either the legalization of the Veto law, or some other constitutional means of satisfying the demand for an amendment of

* See Dr. Turner's "Scottish Secession," chap. xi.

the law of patronage, but who could not conscientiously advance to the point the extreme Non-Intrusionists had now reached; in part of those who, from the first, had condemned and lamented the Veto and its bitter fruits.

Among this party, and in that section of it known as the Forty,* Mr. Story now took his stand. It was a position exposing those who held it to all the vituperation and abuse of the Non-Intrusionists, hurled even more vehemently at them than at "the old Moderates," because their opponents could not but perceive that in the middle party, and specially among the Forty, there were not a few on whose earnestness, piety, and sincerity, they could cast no slur, and who in spirit were far removed from indifference or Erastianism. The old Moderates, such as Dr. Cook, Dr. Mearns, Dr. Bryce, &c., were their long-established foes; but this new battalion was made up of different men, whose opposition was less expected, and less easily flouted with the old reproach of Moderatism.

Mr. Story and Mr. Wylie had in former days, in the same Synod which now held the Forty, defended their friend the minister of Row against the charge of heresy. Such an opportunity of adding the "odium theologicum" to the already bitter elements of strife, as this fact afforded, was not to be let slip by so keen-witted a controversialist as the Editor of the "Witness." "Where now," he asks in a leader,† devoted to the pounding of the obnoxious party, "are the gibbering disciples of Row and Gareloch—the men who, some ten or twelve years ago, were busy working unseen

* So called by their opponents (sometimes more elegantly the "Forty Thieves"), because of the number they mustered in the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr.

† May 27, 1842.

miracles and speaking unknown tongues? Scattered over many a devious track—some deep in the delusions of Puseyism—some reposing supinely in the infallibility of Rome—some foremost in the ranks of infidelity—some sunk in utter worldliness—'trees twice dead'—some conducting Intrusion newspapers—*some swelling the amount of the Forty.*"

Those portions of Mr. Story's correspondence which have been preserved are so scanty as to offer no extracts very clearly indicative of his views and feelings during this time; but the excerpts which follow from letters written to him by a well-known dignitary of another communion, with whom he corresponded on Church matters, and with whose opinions he cordially agreed, will help to throw some light on his own standpoint, and on the reasons which had guided his course throughout the whole contest, now hastening to its ill-starred close:—

"My dear Story,—1. Dr. Chalmers says that the irreconcilable difference between your Church and mine is, that you hold Christ to be the head of the Church, while we hold the Queen. If this have any meaning, it must mean either that we hold the Queen to be the head of the Church in the same sense in which you hold Christ—that is, that we believe our Bible, sacraments, and orders, to be true and effective, because they are sanctioned by the Crown; or that you hold Christ to be the head of the Church in the sense in which we hold the Queen—that is, that you believe Christ ought to, and that he does personally, alter your ceremonies and formularies, and exercise certain rights of patronage, according to the expediency of the case. That is, that either you or we are actually insane.

"2. In all this question, it should be kept in mind that there is the *common law* of Christianity, which is contained in the positive commands of Scripture, and the *bye-laws* which each National Church makes for itself. If the Veto, or popular election, be the common law of the Church, then every established Church throughout Christendom is in rebellion against its Divine Head; if it be only a *bye-law*, then, though it may be wrong in any member of your National Church to disobey it, it may be very right for him to disapprove of and regret it.

"3. It must be remembered, that the Church of Scotland is the clergy and laity of your communion within the kingdom of Scotland; that the laity, using their right and interest, are not bound to act simply in courts called ecclesiastical, but may act by courts of law, or of Parliament, and have done so without challenge in innumerable cases.

"4. That in a Missionary Church it would be absurd to maintain the right of the heathen, who are to be taught to choose their teacher; that a partially informed, or partially sanctified people, can be only partially qualified to choose their pastor; that, therefore, the absolute right of choice is not a fundamental right, but can only be termed right when it is proved to be expedient. In any parish where it can be proved that the majority are truly pious, thoroughly acquainted with the doctrine, and practically obedient to the law of Christianity, I will allow they have an equitable right to the choice of their own minister, but not to dispose of a stipend to which they do not contribute.

"So long as 'no patronage' is treated, not as a reasonable and expedient polity, but as the assertion of Christ's authority, it must be opposed by conscientious

and well-informed men, as false, oppressive, and fanatical.

"5. As the supreme government of Jehovah over the affairs of men, does not make Queen Victoria an usurper, so neither does the acknowledged headship of Christ render it absurd to acknowledge the headship of a minister in his own parish, of a Bishop in his diocese, of a General Assembly, or of a Court of Session. Nay, even the Pope, when he claims to be the visible head of the Church, usurps, not upon the authority of Christ, but upon the rights of his fellow-Christians. Temporal powers (Courts of Session, Parliament, the Queen in Council) violate the rights of the people when they meddle in ecclesiastical matters otherwise than as the conjoint constitution of the Church and State warrants. Thus I think that the attaching the penalties of *premunire* to a refusal to elect a Bishop recommended by the Crown, is manifest tyranny; for the very form of election implies a constitutional right to elect, and this is practically taken away by the penalty.

"6. It is allowed that in Scotland a civil process, that of induction, is conjoined with a spiritual, that of ordination: it is therefore equally competent for the civil courts, as for the ecclesiastical, to say they ought to have the supreme authority in the matter. In England ordination is entirely in the hands of the Bishop, and has no reference to induction. Induction supposes a previous ordination, and can be compelled by a civil power. Surely no man can say that such a separation is contrary to the headship of Christ; and if your Church could alleviate the bitterness of the strife in which she is engaged by such a separation, she would do well to make it. These are some of my poor

thoughts upon the matters in question. As to the temper and language with which the controversy is carried on, I only say that the loudest blusterer for the headship of Christ, if he have not charity, is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

"My dear Story,—Really the rheumatism had little to do when it set upon spoiling your hand; at present it has really reached the *ne plus ultra* of unintelligibility. . . . . As to the Church Catholic, I believe that the Apostles fixed a complete system of government, part of which was temporary, part perpetual; and as their immediate successors retained only the *three orders*, I think there is a high probability that those only were to be continued. I see in the Acts, that the government of the Church was not purely hierarchical, but that the Christian laity sat in council with the inspired Apostles, and that the decree of the council of Jerusalem ran in their name, as well as in that of the Apostles. I see that Cyprian, the oracle of High Churchmen, and really a good and great man, considered the approbation of the people essential to his acts of discipline, and that in his age the concurrence of the laity and provincial bishops was requisite for the election of bishops. I see that as soon as the empire was acknowledged to be Christian, the Emperor, though not a Christian himself, did, as legal representative of the whole Christian laity, preside over the Council of Nice. From all this I infer that no government of the Church can be agreeable to the will of Christ, in which the judgment both of clergy and laity is not consulted. In Voluntary Churches this is effectually done by vestries, sessions, &c.: often, so as to tyrannize over members who boast of their indepen-

dence. In Established Churches it is far better managed by the general control which the chief magistrate, *i.e.*, not the Queen personally, but the legislature, exercises over the Church. In England, the constitutional view is, that the State of England is the mass of the English people considered in relation to their temporal interests and organization; while the Church of England is the same mass considered in relation to its spiritual interests. When our fundamental laws were framed, dissent was unknown and uncontemplated. In your case the matter was very different. The Kirk was a predominant sect, which made a contract with the State, as an external and adverse body. The power which the State exercises in England is, therefore, I believe, of divine right,—so long as the people of England consent to consider the legislature as their representative in spiritual as well as in temporal affairs. In Scotland, it is merely the result of a compact or series of compacts, embodied in the statute law of the country. The meaning of these compacts can be explained only by the sworn interpreters of the law. If the Church, which is in Scotland a body quite distinct from the State, finds the compact incompatible with its duty to God, let it renounce the wages of iniquity, and if the State be willing, make a new arrangement for the future. But really, to break the existing compact, make no intelligent demands for a new compact, and lay upon the State the *onus* of finding out what would satisfy the conscience of the Church, which has at least three very distinct consciences, is too bad. Can you make anything out of this very syllabical sketch of my views of the *Regale*? . . . I can see no end to the controversy but the dissolution of your Establishment; for I cannot imagine

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the first of which, subscribed by 422 ministers, detailed the supposed grievances of the Church; and the second of which, subscribed by 354 ministers, proposed as the remedy for these, an appeal to Parliament, and in the event of its rejection, secession from the Establishment. There can be no doubt that many adhered to the second of these, in the fond belief that the declaration of their determination to quit the Church, would coerce the Government into submission to their demands.

This, however, was a most deceiving calculation. The Government stood firm, and when the Church's "Claim of Rights" was brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Fox Maule in March, 1843, it was received by the ministry with a direct negative, and the proposal for a committee of inquiry rejected by a large majority. The revolutionary party thus saw their own-chosen alternative before them: they had pledged themselves to secede, and right or wrong, the pledge must be redeemed.

But they did not act precipitately. The Established Church was Egypt and Babylon, but still it was a comfortable shelter until they could complete all their preparations for their journey to the land flowing with the milk and honey of spiritual independence. Accordingly the intending seceders proceeded to collect funds, to prepare meeting-houses, to organize societies, to harangue and agitate in every parish in Scotland, with the view of securing a large following, and providing a well-filled treasury.* For the two or three months that they remained in the Church after the secession

* An old woman in Rosneath being urged to contribute to the fund for the seceding ministers, replied, "I hae heard o' some that went oot lang syne, and they were tell't no to tak' purse or scrip wi' them, but ye're a hantle wiser—ye send the purse and the scrip afore ye."

was irrevocably resolved on, they were certainly, though in the Church, not of it, and only continued within its pale for the purpose of dealing their mother at the last a more deliberate and fatal blow.

Rosneath was of course not overlooked by the zealots, who were careering through the country as deputies of the Convocation, with the view of enlightening the people on the duty of committing the sin of schism, and abandoning the Church of their fathers.

In many parishes the deputies were not received by the parish minister, and not allowed to deliver their harangues in the Church. Mr. Story, however, hospitably entertained the two who were sent to shed their light on the darkness of his flock, and admitted the one who was to speak, to his pulpit, which he had been careful never to desecrate by any such discourses on Church politics as formed the staple of too many of the Sabbatic orations of the Nonintrusionists.

In intimating the meeting on the previous Sunday, he said: "You are aware the subject to be discussed is one I have always refrained from bringing before you, because, being set to watch for your souls as one who must give account, I feel that I would have sinned against them, had I led any man to believe that the conclusions to which he came in such a matter could at all affect his eternal salvation, or take the place of that inquiry which I am bound ever to press on each of you, viz., 'What is God to you, and what is your condition before God?'" His jealousy of the mixture of any lower principles or questions with the all-important subject of eternal salvation led him, it cannot be doubted, to preserve a silence on the points in dispute which was injudicious. His abstaining from speaking

to his people about the existing controversies did not keep them out of the whirlpool of popular excitement, but only left them a prey to the fiery declamations and seductive misrepresentations of the agitators.

The orator who addressed the meeting at Rosneath, gave a fair enough representation of the state of matters in the Church, but concluded with the somewhat startling, though on like occasions very usual announcement, that he was sure no Christian man who heard what he had said could be in any doubt as to the duty of seceding; then waving his hand towards the minister whose pulpit he occupied, he added, "But yet there are some, my brethren, who, though they profess to reverence the headship of Christ, say, 'No, we won't go, we'll stick by our Manse, our Glebe, and our Stipend.'" When he had finished, Mr. Story rose, and after adverting briefly to what they had heard, said: "And now, brethren, one word about your own conduct in this matter. It is everywhere creating disquietude and dispeace, and many, alas, who think they are doing God service, are only by their hatred and malice, and envyings, and evil speakings, crucifying the Lord afresh, and putting Him to an open shame. Let it not be so with you; let every man be thoroughly persuaded in his own mind, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin; but let none judge or condemn his brother. Where God has not seen fit clearly to reveal his mind, men must be allowed to differ; and surely those for whom the Lord died, while they unite in praising God for this common salvation, should not allow minor differences to separate them, and should not be guilty of rending the seamless garment of their Lord. For myself, brethren, I have from the beginning disapproved of, and on every fit occasion opposed the steps that

have brought the Church into her present troubles, because I saw not the mind of God in them; and now, while I am free to preach the gospel and faithfully to administer the ordinances of His house, I feel bound to abide in the station to which His Providence has called me. It were vain to expect that a schism which is rending the whole Church asunder should find no place here, and I do not expect it. Some, doubtless, will walk no more with us, but to them I fear not in the strength of my Master to say that it shall not change my heart or conduct towards them. I may not be permitted to pray with them, but my supplications shall ever ascend before God for them. I have served you long and willingly in the gospel of Christ, and by His grace I shall serve you still. I know there is not one among you all who would not willingly testify that none ever sought my help either in spiritual or temporal matters, who found me not ever ready to direct and succour them. By God's grace you shall find me so still; my heart's desire and prayer to God for every one of you is that ye may be saved; and to His grace and keeping I now commend you."

These were earnest affecting words coming from one who had tended his flock through good report and bad report for a quarter of a century,—hardly food for laughter, one would think, to a deputy of the "Evangelical" Convocation. There is a letter, however, narrating some other steps in the deputy's progress, in which the writer says, "S—— diverted me very much with his account of Mr. Story ascending the pulpit after his lecture was finished, and telling the people that though they left him he would still continue to love them and follow after them with his prayers. Oh! that is so like Mr. Story." Nero played

the fiddle amid the burning of Rome. The seceders jested over the downfall of the Church.

As the time of the Assembly drew on, Mr. Story looked forward with ever-deepening apprehension to the evil days which he saw coming upon the Church. The estrangements, the malignings, the suspicions which were so rife weighed down his spirit with a sense of personal calamity. He saw in the conflict and its issues only a distracted society and a degraded Christianity. His whole soul revolted against the language used by the one party against the other, and against the base and ungenerous insinuation so broadly made and so industriously circulated, that "filthy lucre" was the only tie that bound the clergy who refused to secede, to their mother Church. One example of the perverted state of feeling which these dissensions engendered, he often afterwards referred to as having given him at the time much pain. He attended a meeting held in Glasgow in March, 1843, "to form a young men's Evangelical Church of Scotland Society." An "Evangelical" orator, since renowned, no less as a philanthropist than as a preacher, in a speech garnished with ribald jests levelled at the constitutional party in the Church, took occasion to say, "I saw a person the other day who said to me, 'You speak of pulling down the Establishment?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I do, just because I have a regard for it I would pull it down. I have a regard for the dead body when the spirit is gone,* and just because I have a regard for it, I seek a burial-place for it. Better to lay the

* The impartial reader cannot but be struck with the Laodicean self-complacency with which the seceders always assumed that they monopolized the "Spirit."

mother in her coffin than have her outlive her honour and her usefulness, than have her in the idiotcy of second childhood a pity to her children, a scorn to all her neighbours.'"* The Rev. Dr. Black of the Barony parish, who was beside Mr. Story, burst into tears as this sentence was received with the plaudits of the "young men" of Glasgow. "What kind of a heart can that man have?" he said. "My mother was in her second childhood for many a day before she died, and God knows every day I loved her better." It was with a dark foreboding of the future character of his country's Christianity that Mr. Story listened to the applause which greeted the "Hindoo morality" (as he called it) of the champion of the party which was dubbed by their own "religious newspapers," the "popular and godly."†

Before going up to the Assembly he spoke in the Presbytery of Dunbarton, and in the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, against the dogged and illegal retention of the Veto, after the Legislature had decreed its illegality; and also in condemnation of the proceedings of the Edinburgh Convocationists, whose unconstitutional intrusion into all the parishes for the purpose of stirring up the people to secede, had filled the whole land fuller than ever, of murmurings and disputings, enmity and discontent. In the Presbytery his motion for an Overture to the Assembly for the repeal of the

* How different the instinct of the heart of Robert Burns! In one of his letters he says—"Let every Briton who ever looked *with reverential pity on the dotage of a parent*, cast a veil over the fatal mistakes of the kings of his forefathers," &c.

† "Popular and godly"—strange juxtaposition—What would S. James have said to it? "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God."

Veto law was carried: in the Synod his motion condemnatory of the Convocation was after a long discussion defeated.

There can be no doubt, that up to the last, many who seceded were under the delusive impression that they would not be required to leave the Church. Their idea was, that the threat of a large secession would force the Government to alter its determination even at the eleventh hour. "Nothing but the extension of our front will now save the Church as a national Establishment," wrote a well known member of the revolutionary party to Mr. Story, urging him to join the movement. He wrote in reply: "I am fully aware of the difficulties which are before me by reason of the peculiar position I occupy, standing with a few others on a narrow isthmus between two tumultuous and hostile parties, but the difficulties do not affect my judgment of duty. It would be far easier for me to go with you than to remain, but I think I have the mind of Christ in resolving to remain at my post, however difficult to maintain it, and faithfully to watch over the flock I have solemnly vowed to feed with the blessed truth of God."

It has been represented that the Government was convinced that the secession would be a very small affair, and that it was unmoved by the mutterings of the coming storm, because it believed the tempest would roll away without bursting. But the Government had fully weighed the alternatives; and her Majesty's advisers had come to the almost necessary conclusion that a secession, however formidable in numbers and influence, would be a lesser evil than the concession of the claims of the revolutionary party. A noble lord, who, though not a member of the Cabinet, enjoyed the confidence of

those in office, wrote to Mr. Story: "Rest assured, there will be no change in the Government's determination. We have now only to face the result, whatever it may be. I agree with you in thinking that many underrate the amount of secession which will take place. Great calamities and troubles will follow on all this. I deplore them, and would, if I could, have averted them. But while fully estimating the calamity and very sincerely lamenting it, I do not for one instant doubt as to the propriety of the decision expressed by Government against 'the Claim of Rights.'* Great calamity may follow the rejection of it, but evils ten thousand times greater would have been the inevitable and irremediable consequence of its admission and adoption."

It has been the custom of "Free" Church writers and orators to descant upon the glorious self-sacrifice of those who in 1843 forsook the Establishment, and on the mercenary meanness of those who adhered to it. One might have expected, that men making a great sacrifice for conscience sake would have been generous enough to believe in the honesty and conscientiousness of those who did not feel called upon to make that sacrifice. One might have expected from those who, as the popular and godly party, enjoyed at once so much of human favour and Divine grace, some little sympathy with the griefs and difficulties of those who believed God's message to them was, "Be watchful and strengthen the things that remain that are ready to die," as well as the jubilation and self-praise which

* The document embodying the demands of the dominant party in the Church, drawn up by Mr. Dunlop (now Mr. Murray Dunlop, M.P., for Greenock), and brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Fox Maule (now Earl of Dalhousie).

signalized their own obedience to the call which they declared was addressed to them, "Come out from among them and be ye separate."

But sympathy with the feelings, or respect for the motives of the remanent section of the clergy never was expressed. Gibes and scorn, misrepresentation and calumny were their portion, and to their lasting credit, be it recorded, a portion accepted meekly and without retaliation. There were many who remained, to whom it would have been easier to secede, to whom it was harder to stay behind amid reproach and thankless neglect than to go out amid a tumult of popular applause. "It would be far easier for me to go than to remain," said Mr. Story. With the leaders who went out, such as Chalmers, Welsh, and Gordon (apart from their views on Church polity) he had far more in common than with the leaders who stuck by the good old Church. To remain broke the ties of many a friendship, severed from his discipline and teaching half his flock (almost all of whom would have gone with him had he gone), bound him to defend what he believed to be, though a righteous, a ruined cause, and to fight amid obloquy and sorrow and heartsickness a losing battle, for at the time of the Secession his impression was that the days of the Church as an Established Church were numbered. Still he could not forget his ordination vow; he would not throw down beneath the people's feet one of the Church's solemn functions. When he, and all the clergymen who took a prominent part in the affairs of the Church, were ordained her ministers, there was no Veto law, no popular election, no claim of spiritual independence. He and they, so far from repudiating the interference or denying the jurisdiction of the civil magistrate, had signed the "Con-

fession of Faith," which declares * that he "hath authority and it is his duty to take order that unity and peace be preserved in the Church, that the truth of God be kept pure and entire, that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed, all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline prevented or reformed, and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed. For the better effecting whereof he hath power to call synods, to be present at them, and to provide that whatsoever is transacted in them be according to the mind of God." Having subscribed this declaration, he could not now see it to be his duty to forsake the Church because the civil magistrate had, in virtue of the powers which this very declaration assigns to him, refused to sanction the Church's high-handed defiance of the law of the land. He could not hold himself to be released from the life-long obligations of his ordination vow, because a dominant party in the Church had come into collision with the courts of law; nor could all the eloquence of Nonintrusion platforms banish from his memory and his conscience the solemnity of the oath by which he had sworn, as he should answer to God most High, and in the presence of the flock which the Church in God's name and by God's authority had entrusted to his care, that he promised to submit to the Church's government and discipline, and "to concur with the same, and never endeavour directly or indirectly the prejudice or subversion thereof," and that "according to his power he would maintain the unity and peace of the Church against error and schism, notwithstanding of *whatsoever trouble and persecution might arise*, and that he would follow no divisive

* "Confession of Faith," chap. xxiii. 3.

courses from the present established doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the Church." *

This vow he and all the fiery partisans of popular election and spiritual independence had, on their taking holy orders, sworn to keep; he, for one, believed that to quit the Church, at whose hands he had received his ordination, in her day of danger and trial, would be nothing less than to forswear himself, and to commit the sin of schism.

It would have been well for the people of Scotland, if all the ministers of their National Church had been able with as prayerful an earnestness as his to arrive at this conviction, and with as unshrinking a fidelity to hold to it.

The day, we may hope, will yet come, when, moved by the charitable impulse of a revived and strengthened unity, the nation shall join in deploring the evil counsels that wrought the desolation of its Church, and when our beloved Zion shall once more be called by all "Sought out, a city not forsaken."† And when that day comes, if indeed it ever dawn, surely we or our children shall look back with wonder to the inconsistency which led men, many of them good and some of them wise, to convulse a country and to rend a Church in defence of no vital doctrine, of no sacred principle, but of a vague theory which ere a few years had elapsed had utterly broken down in practice.‡ Perhaps the delusive mist will then be scattered which still wraps in its folds the Secession of 1843, and which softens its outlines and magnifies its bulk. And if so,

* From the Ordination Service of the Scottish Church.
† Isaiah lxii. 12.
‡ See a proof of it in "the Cardross Case."

if the visionary charm is dispelled and the bare truth clearly seen, he who may have time or will to scan heedfully the troubled page in the stormy history of Scottish Presbytery which bears the chronicles of the "Ten Years' Conflict," will probably conclude that the close of that contest left the Established Church no less a free Church than the body that forsook her, and that whatever additional privileges the seceding phalanx believed they gained by their movement, were dearly purchased at the cost of violated peace, broken unity, estranged love, and dishonoured vows.

The "Free" Kirk Secession has won to itself enough of the world's honour and applause, but let it be remembered that it erected itself on the ruins of a venerable Church's peace and order. Art lent her aid to portray the scenes and heroes of the memorable struggle and protest; Fiction threw her charmed mantle over the romance of the great self-sacrifice; and the religious world, inflamed with a contagious enthusiasm, forgot that when the seceders marched in pretended triumph from S. Andrew's Church to Tanfield Hall, they had broken the constitutional law, which as citizens they were bound to revere; they had violated the solemn vows, which as clergymen they had sworn to keep; they had rent their Lord's mystical Body, whose unity it should have been their heart's desire, as Christians, to preserve.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECESSION AND THE SECEDERS.

THE General Assembly of 1843 met on the 18th of May. This was the day chosen by the leaders of the revolutionary party as that on which they should formally sever themselves from the Church of their fathers, and consummate the schism on which they had long before resolved. In strict honour and consistency they had been bound to secede as soon as the Legislature refused to recognize their "Claim of Rights;" but they had selected the time for their Exodus, not with the view of escaping as soon as possible from the Egyptian bondage of the Establishment, but of maturing their plans, and surrounding with the highest possible dramatic effect and moral *éclat* the final act of their divisive courses.

To make their secession, however, what they fondly termed it—a Disruption, it would have been necessary that ere they quitted the Church, the General Assembly should be duly constituted, its moderator chosen, its roll of members made up. The seceders knew that if these ordinary and regular steps had been taken, they would have found themselves in a decided minority in that court, in which they had for nearly ten years been dominant. This was owing to various causes: to the conviction of many who had up to a certain point acted

with the revolutionists, that their final step would be a criminal and unjustifiable one,—to the exclusion from the Church Courts by a recent decision of the Court of Session,* of ministers who officiated in chapels, and who had no legal parochial status (and by whom the majority had been chiefly made up),—to the growing activity and organization of the parties that advocated constitutional measures. The seceders, therefore, although they waited from the 10th of March till the 18th of May for the consummation of their schism, did not on the 18th of May wait from three o'clock till four, to allow of the Assembly being constituted in the usual way; but at once tendered their protest against its being constituted at all, and being regarded as a true representative of the Church of Scotland; and having done so, withdrew to the place of meeting that had been prepared for their reception at Tanfield.

The copious historian of the "Ten Years' Conflict," in his graphic description of the Seceders' Exodus, would have his readers to believe that when Dr. Welsh, as Corypheus of the retreating throng, bowed, ere retiring, to the Queen's Commissioner (Lord Bute), he in so doing symbolized "the Church of Scotland's farewell to the State." It was not so; only the wilfullest misrepresentation could so describe it. The Church of Scotland remained united to and co-ordinate with the State; a minority, in many ways respectable and influential no doubt, but still a mere minority, of her clergy seceded, and in so

* In the "Stewarton Case," in which the power of the Presbytery to divide and erect parishes without the consent of the heritors had been denied by the Civil Court, it is noteworthy that the Assembly's "Chapel Act" of 1834, in virtue of which that power was claimed, was strongly opposed, when before the Assembly, by Drs. Chalmers, Gordon, and others. See Turner, p. 343.

doing constituted themselves dissenters and schismatics. Nor this only, but in so breaking off their connection with the National Church, they acknowledged themselves a vanquished minority; their secession was "not a victory but a flight."* So systematically, however, has the "Free" Kirk, ever since the day of its creation, continued to represent itself as *par excellence the* Church of Scotland, that it is due to historic truth and common honesty to state the exact numerical ground it had at that time for arrogating this distinction. What moral ground it had for so doing, is of course a matter of opinion; this is a matter of fact.†

On the 18th of May, 1843, the number of clergy in the Church, including the ministers of chapels (*i.e.*, non-parochial clergy), was 1203; of these—

Remained in the Church	752
Seceded	451
Majority remaining in Church	301
Total Ministers seceding	451
Of whom were Chapel Ministers	162
Parochial Clergy seceding	289
Total Ministers remaining in Church	752
Of whom were Chapel Ministers	71
Parochial Clergy remaining	681
„ „ seceding	289
Majority of Parochial Clergy remaining	392

* Duke of Argyll, "Presbytery Examined," 2nd edit. p. 319. "I merely wish," adds his Grace, "to point out the indisputable fact that as the only question at issue was the independence of the Church as an establishment, *i.e.*, its right as an establishment to do a particular thing, that independence or right was not asserted but abandoned by secession. No man ever doubted or questioned the absolute right of an unendowed body to do as it pleases. The only principle in dispute was therefore sacrificed by a secession from the Established Church."

† The data I quote are from the valuable work of Dr. Turner, who I trust will excuse my thus appropriating a portion of his most laudable

[illegible] the Presbyteries of the Church generally [illegible] they would go or stay—if the eighty-two Presbyteries in Scotland only eighteen would have [illegible] seceded, sixty would have [illegible] against it, the rest probably would have been equally divided. And yet again, had the single votes of the chapel attenders been added to the Presbyteries of the Church, there might be none in the North* would have voted against the Secession. "These are facts," says Dr. Taylor; "they require no comment, they speak for themselves. They utter a voice both of reproof and warning. Did the brethren who left us constitute the Church of Scotland? Was their act a disruption of a whole?" It was a large secession—a cruel schism—but it was nothing more.

When the crowd of ministers and laymen flocked out of S. Andrew's Church, after Dr. Welsh,† they left behind them of course a sadly diminished and disheartened Assembly. The sympathy and approval of a great number of godly people went with them, the excited curiosity of the unreasoning crowd surged round them; popular wonder, enthusiasm, and admiration gathered about the Tanfield tabernacle —(was it not enough that Chalmers sat there as *moderator?*)—and left what the Seceders called the "Residuary" Assembly somewhat deserted and forlorn,

efforts to dissipate some of the fallacies connected with 1843. The whole of his fifteenth chapter will be found very instructive and interesting.

* *In the North, Ross-shire and Sutherland especially, the secession made in many parishes almost a clean sweep. As in 1745, the Highlanders had gone after their chiefs, so in 1843 they went like sheep after their ministers, full of Celtic passion and ignorance.*

† *On Dr. Welsh, as moderator for the previous year, devolved the duty of opening the new Assembly, and occupying the chair till the appointment of his successor; the protest was thus read by him, and he was the leader of the "Free" procession.*

with the consciousness of a heavy loss, and the anxieties of a troublous future. Every good man's heart could not but bleed at the spectacle of a Church so rent and shattered—so grievously wounded by her own children. "Oh my heart is sad," wrote Mr. Story, "to think of this terrible crisis—so vast a multitude of ministers and people, all Dissenters. The breach will never be healed in our time; yet these evils must be *faced*, in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ." In another letter he says: "An event has thus occurred, which must affect future generations in a way none can calculate. May God overrule it for good—let this be the subject of our constant prayers. . . . The business after the party left was mere routine; there was no contest for the moderatorship,* no vote taken; and under the circumstances I saw no just necessity of saying anything at that time. . . . The Queen's letter to the Assembly is unhappily drawn up, and there are some expressions about obedience to the law, which will have very evil effects. It is not so favourable as the private letter of Smollett,† or the public speech of Lord Aberdeen, led one to expect. . . . A—— is unhappy, but he did not go off with the Convocationists. I fear, however, he is just hanging by a hair. D—— I met before service yesterday in great excitement. The signing of the Convocation resolutions he regarded as the greatest blunder he ever committed in his life; but how would he stand (if he abandoned them) with the country and his people? I told him he had just the question to ask, how he stood with God and his own conscience. I was to see him again, but did not. I do not know whether he

* The very Rev. Principal McFarlan was appointed.
† Alex. Smollett, Esq., M.P. for Dunbartonshire.

went with the rest—I suppose he did." It may be observed, in passing, that both these dubious individuals were soon among the most flaming advocates of the secession, and proclaimers of the noble conscientious sacrifice made by the revolutionists, in abandoning the Church.

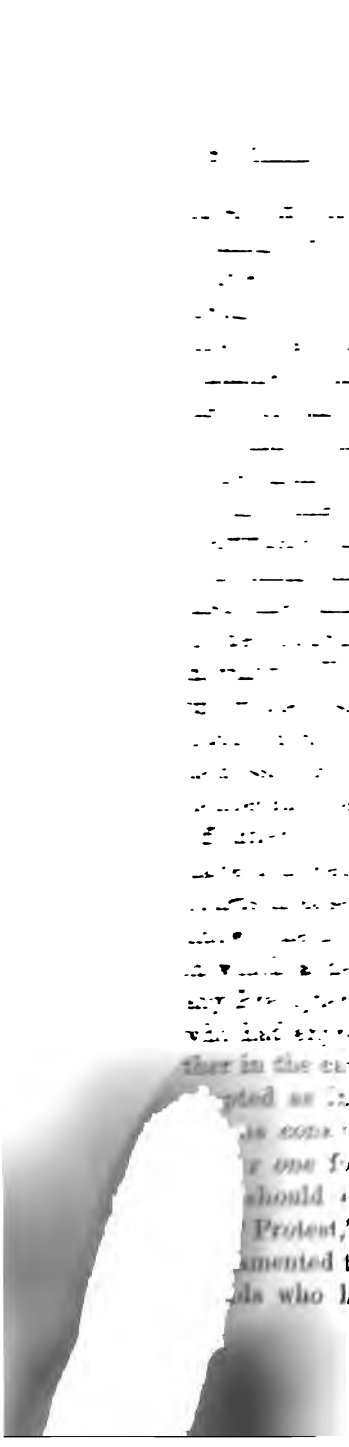
Again Mr. Story writes, on May 21st, "There will be no difficulty in showing how different I and some others are from the Moderate section of the Assembly. I feel that, with the exception of Adam Tait,* I have little sympathy with any in it. . . . . I am weary of the hotel; and so many things have occurred to take away all pleasure from this visit, that I shall never think of this Assembly but with deepest pain. . . Amid the forms of delusion that encircle one, it is a consolation to see God's own arm stretched forth, on which we can rely and realize the peace and confidence which pass all understanding. Pray, pray for us."

The reader will be at no loss to understand the meaning of the first sentence in the above extract. Between the writer of it and the bulk of the old Moderate party, there could be, as has been indicated in the preceding chapter, but little sympathy; and though compelled by his views of duty to adopt the course of action which they adopted, the reasons and principles which led him so to do, were often widely different from theirs. He was a constitutional Churchman, and therefore his policy generally agreed with that of the Moderate party; but he was in the truest sense an evangelical theologian, and a most earnest and devoted minister, and therefore his doctrine and his practice were of a somewhat loftier standard than was commonly sought by the "Moderates."

* Adam Duncan Tait, Minister of Kirkliston, then as now ast justly respected ministers of the Church.

The statement of his own principles, as respected the points in which they differed from those of the "Moderates," he found opportunities of making during the discussions regarding the repeal of the Veto law, and the "reponing" of the deposed ministers of Strathbogie. He spoke frequently, but one can gather from the reports but little of the substance and meaning of what he said. "I am absurdly and incorrectly reported," he says on one occasion. Again, when he had moved that the ecclesiastical censures with which the Strathbogie ministers had been visited should not be removed until the Church had come to a decision regarding the repeal of the Veto law, under whose influence these censures had been pronounced, he says: "The Strathbogie ministers are reponed. My motion was supported only by fifteen. My speech, they say, was a good one; but speaking rapidly, as I preach, the reporters do not catch the words."

It is in connection with what Mr. Story said on this subject that his name is introduced in the closing chapter of the "Ten Years' Conflict," apparently with no other object than to level a sneer at him as one of the "Forty." His motion was defeated—his views were overborne, and yet, "*fœdum dictu visuque*," he did not forsake the tyrannical Church of his fathers, but actually considered it his duty to adhere to the engagement which, at his ordination, he had assumed, that he should "follow no divisive courses," and that he should submit himself "humbly and in the spirit of meekness to the superior judicatories of the Church." Of course, from Dr. Buchanan's enlightened view-point, such a man can be regarded as only a spiritless slave. "Mr. Story and his friends," says the Xenophon "a *little* scratched," of the "Free" Kirk, "might make wry



ther in the case of a moderate the same rule should be
pted as in the case of one, was a matter for their
n consideration; but he felt that the rule was a
y one for the existing emergency. He thought
should enter on the deliberate consideration of
Protest,' before they accepted the Demission.
mented that the conscientious convictions of the
ls who had left them had constrained them to

separate themselves. He gave them credit for sincerity, and for the sacrifice* they made: his sympathies were with them to a great extent, but with them in their final step of secession he could feel no sympathy whatever."

His advocacy of delay was unsuccessful,—the seceders' "Deed of Demission" being at once accepted and acted upon; but the pleading was characteristic. His large charity begat the hope that a brotherly dealing with those who had gone might yet induce them to return. His heart yearned after them still as brethren beloved. Amid all the uproar of the popular demonstrations in Tanfield Hall, he hoped the still small voice of Christian love might perhaps yet be heard,

* Great as this was, it should be fairly estimated. The burden of the sacrifice has fallen on those who have said least about it—on the mass of the lay members of the Church, and on the country ministers. The chapel ministers who went out, instead of losing (in a pecuniary sense), gained by going—their yearly income as "free" ministers being considerably more than what they commonly had within the Establishment. The great principle stated by Dr. Chalmers in the Convocation (Nov. 1842) was that "the ministers of the most opulent parishes agree to share alike with the ministers of the poorest parishes in Scotland." It is notorious, however, that the town ministers have, in not a few cases, *larger* stipends than they had before they left the Church. Though they draw an equal sum from the "Sustentation Fund," it is amply supplemented, while the poor pastors in the country have their bare pittance and not a farthing more. Dr. Guthrie said, and that truly, in one of his speeches before the secession, "It would not be doing us in the metropolis any temporal injury to turn us out. Why, there's Dr. Candlish, who by being forced to be a voluntary minister, would treble his stipend." And at a meeting long after the secession, a country minister of the "Free" Kirk said, and with no less truth, "We are compelled from year's end to year's end to occupy every Presbytery with money affairs, and instead of going to the pulpit with the rich blessings of Heaven in our hands, there to proclaim them free as the air we breathe, to carry on an eternal wrangle and reproach with the people about their own niggardly supplies. . . . . I could weep tears of bitterest agony over such a loss of character, and such an obscuration, if not total blighting, of one's holy ministry; and I for one will be a partner in such a hideous bankruptcy no longer."—*From a speech by the Rev. J. Purves, at Jedburgh, 16th Feb.*, 1858.

recalling the men who had struck the causeless blow to a gentler and purer spirit, and leading them to look on the mother whom they had wounded, and to mourn. But the hope died away as soon as it arose: the schism was irreparable; the most sanguine soon saw that between the Church and the schismatics there was a great gulf fixed that widened day by day. There was no possibility of Christian communion—of brotherly dealing between the members of the two opposing hosts. When the Assembly rose, and when the gathering at Tanfield Hall dispersed itself, the greatest of all the secessions from the Scottish Church was an irrevocable fact.

The Seceders retired to their respective districts, to apply themselves with all their might to the upbuilding of the unsightly fabric of their schism, and to the downpulling of the venerable Church of the Reformation.* The Church turned in humble dependence on her Divine head to her painful, yet through His blessing, not hopeless task. She had to organize her reduced and weakened forces—to do all in her

* "Some supposed they ought to recognize the Scottish Establishment and themselves as being two sections of the same Church, and that the one ought not to interfere with the other. But the principle on which they proceeded was, that they ought to go to the whole population of Scotland, to tell them why they had separated themselves from the Established Church, and to tell them farther that they ought to see their duty in the same light. . . . . They had also brought prominently before the view of the legislature, of statesmen, and of the people of the land, that the strong principle which led them to separate from the Establishment would also lead them to oppose those who remained in the Establishment, and to desire the downfal of that Establishment. It would be folly in them as honest men to say otherwise. The very circumstance of their separation and protest, implied that they would aim at its downfal now. . . . Their position was that of hostility to the Establishment, for it could not be disguised that Scottish Establishment, and virtually the English Establishment were mountains which would need to be removed, that God's m might be advanced."—*Dr. Candlish, 6th September*, 1843.

power to strengthen the things that remained that were ready to die—to repair the shattered walls—to fill up the vacant places, and to efface as best she could the marks of contest and disorder, which those who had deserted her in her time of trouble had left behind them.

It would be unbecoming and uncalled for to occupy the reader's attention with the details of a history now happily much forgotten. It is not needful to illustrate this narrative by reviving now the aged bitternesses and contendings of the year of the secession. Yet it is due to the many good and self-sacrificing men who adhered to the Church, to remember that although their praise has not been sounded, nor their experience chronicled, no slight pain and suffering were theirs. It was not easy patiently to bear the rupture of hallowed ties, the severance of valued friendships, the secession of congregations long faithfully tended, the neglect and reproach and contumely, which often were their lot. It needed some patience—some Christian temper to put up with such words, as these of the abusive organ of their self-constituted foes, "Let the parish minister be regarded as virtually the one excommunicated man of the district, the man with whom no one is to join in prayer, whose Church is to be avoided as an impure and unholy place, whose addresses are not to be listened to, whose visits are not to be received, *who is everywhere to be put under the ban of the community:*"—or with those of one of the leading divines of the new sect: "The ministers and people of the Free Church should proceed substantially on the theory that the provision for preaching and ordinances, by the residuary Establishment, is not to be taken into account at all, or held in any sense as

provision of the means of grace for the people. We ought to proceed to provide for the wants of the whole people, as if the Established Church had no existence whatsoever—a Church which had the light, and by its own act extinguished it to its own everlasting shame:" —or yet, again, with these of another of its reverend oracles: "Whatever support the cause of religion may receive in Scotland, must be derived from the Free Church. The idea of the residuary Establishment doing anything valuable towards promoting the salvation of souls, is perfectly ridiculous."*

Such were the utterances of the chief of the prophets; it is not to be supposed that these and like hints for godly and brotherly walk and conversation, were lost upon the mixed multitude of their followers. Even a much smaller sect, animated by as bitter a spirit of antagonism, would have been a grievous hindrance and annoyance to the Church; as it was, the seceders were in numbers strong enough, and in animosity keen enough, to embroil the whole land, and sow dispeace throughout its length and breadth. It is not asserted that there was no retaliation—no evil feeling on the other side; but no one will be so misled by partisanship as to deny that the silence and forbearance were, with very rare exceptions, exhibited by the Church; and that the invective and malevolence were, with very rare exceptions, exhibited by her assailants.

When Mr. Story returned home from the Assembly, he found the schism had been accomplished in his once quiet and united parish,—half his people had ceased to acknowledge him as their Minister—half his

* Culled from orations by Drs. Candlish and Cunningham.

congregation had left the Church where they and their fathers had worshipped God. Few things in his life smote his heart with a keener pang than the spectacle that met his eye, as he looked on the Sunday morning after his return, from his study window to the hill behind the Manse. Formerly the brae would have been dotted with groups wending their way towards the Parish Church; now other groups were there travelling in the opposite direction, making their way to the School House, on Loch-Longside, where the emissary of the "Free" Kirk was to discourse.

The people of the parish were in a state of great excitement; party spirit ran high. The secession was proclaimed there, as elsewhere, the "great religious movement;" yet to the impartial on-looker, it seemed rather to be, in its character and results, a great irreligious commotion. "If the agitation shall lead to the conversion of any from the error of their ways," wrote Mr. Story, "I shall be thankful for it all;" but the spiritual blessing of so much ecclesiastical contention, he found it hard to trace.

It may be worth while to look at the working of the "great religious movement" in a country parish,—to take one ordinary example of what went on throughout Scotland.

We get some insight into it from the following letter to the late Duke of Argyll:—"Only a few months ago our once peaceful parish was, in the confession of all, one of the most orderly parishes in Scotland, with a higher standard of discipline than was to be found elsewhere. Now all bonds of good order are dissolved, and the drunkard reproved for his excess finds a satisfactory justification of his conduct in telling me that he has become a seceder. The widowed mother bewails that the

only restraint which controlled her self-willed boy is removed; the husband and wife, the parent and child are set in determined opposition to each other. Fearing that my speaking to them on the subject might lead them into the fatal error of supposing that the view they took of such a matter could at all affect their standing before God, I have ever abstained from mentioning it to them, and thus I fear have unwisely given an undue advantage to those who, with secret but untiring diligence, were actively working on them. The most unscrupulous statements I find have been made, and one which has wrought more successfully on the best disposed than any other, is the declaration that, in the event of my death or removal, a Frenchman,—'a wild Irisher,'—'a Roman,'—or a drunkard, might be put in my place, and that no power was left them to object; and that unless they join the Free Church, and get a Church built now, they never can get one again; nor even if one were in the parish, could they be admitted members of it afterwards, unless going now. All this seems so utterly absurd, that one would be inclined to laugh at it; but I cannot number the instances in which I have found it the mainspring of action. . . . . The bedside of the sick and dying is not spared from the intrusion of those who distract the weakened mind with their vehement discussions: Episcopalians, and even poor ignorant girls from the Highlands, are beset, time after time, to allow their names to be put down, that the list of adherents may be swelled. One young man told me that his overseer had 'never kept off him, night or day, till he put his name down,' adding, 'they are, may be, no all so stupid as me, but I canna' understand a word about it; but every man in the work is down as well as me.' "

The main point with the promoters of the secession seemed to be here, as elsewhere, not, in the first instance, to make the poor people understand the question, but to make them quit the Church. After they had seceded came the explanation of the reason why.* The parish was beset by reverend lecturers from Glasgow and elsewhere, who harangued their edified auditors upon the "principles of the secession." Sometimes their orations were rendered more level to the rustic intellect by the interpolation of anecdote and gossip, as the clown of the circus comes tumbling into the ring, between the grander feats of horsemanship, for the delectation of the gallery. And, on one occasion, a reverend individual, who had charmed his audience by the number and piquancy of his nasty stories about the "Moderates," wound up by saying that after all this he couldn't very well offer a prayer, so he would just pronounce the benediction, and let them go. Truly a *very* great "religious movement" this secession!

The reasons which the "Evangelical" parishioners of Rosneath, thus enlightened, gave for joining the "popular and godly" party were sometimes odd enough. "I'm no gaun to bide in a Kirk where I canna' get preevileges," † said one extremely profane swearer. "Div' ye think I'll stay in a Kirk where I'm tell't that if I dinna believe the Almichty's my father I'm nae Christian?" was the protest of another. "And what will you do, John?" was asked of the coachman

* "I dinna blame the folk that gang, and that ken naething aboot it, puir bodies," said an intelligent parishioner; "but I blame them that are gaun' roun' pittin' their names intil a book, as if they were listin' a regiment for the Queen."

† *I. e.*, Where he was debarred from the Communion for misconduct.

of a gentleman, to whom the local secession owed not a little of its success. Replied John, with most judicial gravity, "I'll gang whar' THE HORSE gangs."

Sometimes in the cottage debates on the all-engrossing subject, the dry Scotch humour of the disputants lighted up the vexed question with a gleam of wit and common sense, that would have rather discomfited some of the orators on Non-intrusion platforms. A favourite figure of speech with the schismatics was the representation that they were the "corn," and their degraded opponents in the Establishment, the "chaff." "Aweel," said one old woman on hearing the oft-repeated assertion, "may be sae, but I'm feared ye maun be some o' the licht corn o' Egypt, for I ne'er heerd tell in my time o' corn that flee't awa, and cauf that bided ahint." "Bonny on their conscience," exclaimed another, on Mr. Story saying to her that he hoped those who went were obeying that inward monitor, "If ye kent them as weel as I dae, ye wadna say muckle aboot their conscience. Ony way, conscience is an ill guide wi'oot the Scriptur'; nae doot it was conscience that sent Saul gallopin' awa' to Damascus."

Sometime after the secession, one of the parishioners who had not been at Church for some time, accosted a lady whom he met: "I'm coming to the Kirk noo, Mrs. ——; I'm that mad at —— and his calves, that I'm coming to the Kirk noo."* "What have the calves

* The coming to the Kirk was not always a very Sabbatic procession. The "Free" and "Bond" generally met on the way to their respective places of worship, and taunts and sneers were not seldom interchanged. One man relating to Mr. —— some insult that a seceder had offered him as he passed him on the road, added, "was it no a mercy that it was the Sabbath Day, and a borrow't umbrella that I had in my haun', or as sure's death I would ha' felled him."

to do with it?" asked she, much bewildered. "Weel, ye see," replied the ancient, "he's pit oot a bit book, and he says in it, that we're worshipping golden calves in the Kirk, and for me I see nane o' them; and I'm that mad at him for sayin't, that I'm coming back. I hae never cam' sin' the time o' the rippet—no that I gaed wi' them—but I jist said I wad na' gang onywhere till folk keepit peace aboot it. For there was the wife greetin' at ae end o' the hoose, and M. greetin' at the ither; and the wife cam' to me, and says she, 'Will ye gar M. gang to the Kirk?' 'No,' says I, 'I'll no gar her. Wad ye like me to gar *ye* gang wi' *her* to the new Kirk?' 'I wad na gang for yer garrin,' says the wife. 'Weel then,' says I, 'I'll no gar *her* gang wi' *you* to the auld Kirk; she'll gang to *her* Kirk, and you'll gang to *your* Kirk; and I'll gang to NO Kirk till sich time as ye keep peace in the hoose.' But I'm that mad at —— and his calves that I'm coming noo."

Such are a few homely illustrations of the aspect of the schism, and the nature of its working, taken from the incidents that marked it in a country parish which, more than most others, had been the home of order, peace, and unity, before the disastrous days when the dogmas of "Non-intrusion" and "Spiritual Independence" shed their malign influence, "as killing as the canker to the rose" over the uninformed minds of the people.

One of the features of the movement most grievous to Mr. Story's spirit, was the utter relaxation of all discipline and ecclesiastical authority among the separatists. All the persons excommunicated in the Church joined the secession—all were admitted to the Communion of the "Free." No wonder he should have said, referring to one specially flagrant

example of this demoralizing laxity: "It is impossible to hear appeals to the people from all quarters to come out of a corrupted, and to join a pure Church, and not to feel strongly the *utter impertinence* of such pretensions and arguments." Equally odious and still more saddening to his loving nature was the rabid sectarianism which poisoned the very springs of Christian life. It is with a tone of rest and relief that he writes from Stevenston, whither he had escaped from his parish, for a day or two, to pay a quiet visit to his old friend Landsborough: "I found dear Landsborough true and kind as ever, and my heart seems to yearn towards him with increased affection because of these troubles. Thoroughly persuaded in his own mind—thoroughly honest, he can put confidence in the honesty of his friend, although he sees not eye to eye with him; and so our intercourse is unfettered as ever. He had a prayer meeting after I arrived, and I had great delight in uniting my supplication for God's blessing with his. Coming out he was arrested by a group of ladies; I walked slowly on, and he joined me laughing heartily. One of them had said, 'If this were not a Free Church, I would say that was Mr. Story of Rosneath.' Poor woman, she could not credit her own senses. Alas, alas! God says if two or three shall agree about any one thing and ask it of Him, He will hear and answer them: the Devil says, 'Though you agree about fifty things, if you differ about this one you must not pray together,' and men believe him. What a monstrous delusion."

Mr. Story had always felt that he was capable of undertaking the charge of a more populous parish than Rosneath; and now that a considerable portion of his flock had withdrawn from his ministry, it became with

him a serious question whether or not he ought to remain where he was, when so many large parishes were left without a pastor. Moreover the old cordiality of his relations with the people of Rosneath was necessarily so much impaired, that he felt little disinclination for a change. The first parish offered to him was Stony-kirk in Wigtonshire. Sir James Graham wrote to him that "in consequence of the high character which he had received of his piety and usefulness in his sacred calling, he was disposed to place him in charge of the parish of Stony-kirk." This was followed up by a memorial from 102 heads of families and members of the Church in the parish, begging him to become their minister. On visiting the place, however, he found that the charge would be too heavy, and the parish too large for him: he therefore declined the presentation.* The parish of Monifieth in Forfarshire was also proposed to him. It was near Mr. Erskine's home, Linlathen, and had many attractions. He went to inspect it; and among other matters he mentions, in a letter giving his impressions of the place: "I should be neighbour to an old class-fellow, who sat on the same form as I in the Greek class, but who is the very extract of miserable old moderatism, —I should not be surprised if he got up the old howl of *Rowism*." After these and some other projects of change of sphere, he seems to have made up his mind to stay in Rosneath.

We have but little of his correspondence at this time,† and so cannot trace his feelings as he gradually

* "The Lord be thankit for the size o't," exclaimed a Rosneath parishioner, on hearing the cause of his declining.

† At this time, as at all times, he kept up a correspondence with his old pupil Lord Dalhousie, the reproduction of which would have been

reconciled himself to endure the inevitable pain of his altered circumstances, and to close his ministry where he had begun to exercise it. But from this sentence in a letter written to him by a brother minister towards the close of the year, we can gather that by that time he began to see a light breaking through the gloom: "O my dear sir, how deeply I enter into the meaning of your remark as to the bitterness of death being past. I anticipate a time of trial for a certain period, but He who has been with me in the past, will I trust stand by me still; and if God see it meet to order your circumstances, so that you remain at Rosneath, I trust you will find much comfort yet among your people, and that he may be pleased to bless you according to the days wherein you have seen evil. Let us encourage ourselves in Him who is our strength and shield, and with whom is all fulness of grace suited to our need. I am really glad to hear so many received the Communion at your hands on the recent occasion. I hope you will take it as a token for good."

This was the first Communion after the secession—in many ways a trying and yet an encouraging season to the minister. On the Sunday after it he thus alluded to its peculiar circumstances: "At our Communion in May we all met, the whole body of sacramental worshippers in the parish at the table of the Lord; now we are divided. Regarding those who have gone, I have nothing to say; to their own Master they must stand or fall, and I desire not to judge them. My heart's

very interesting and useful. But Mr. Story's share of the correspondence, if still existing, has not yet been found amid the mass of his Lordship's papers, and Lord Dalhousie's share I am precluded from using by the directions left by his Lordship, and which have been communicated to me, regarding the use to be made of any of his

desire and prayer for every one of them is, that they may be saved; and God is my record, how earnestly I longed after them in the Gospel, how willingly I would spend and be spent in their service, but they desired that it should be otherwise—the act of separation was theirs, not mine, and now our accounts as minister and people are closed until we stand together before the judgment-seat of God,—I to give account of what I have said and done—they to answer for all they have seen and heard. Since they have chosen another to be set over them, I feel it is not consistent with the purposes of good order, that I should interfere with his ministry, though I shall willingly co-operate with him in any good work. As a friend, I shall ever be glad to assist them either in their spiritual or temporal concerns, should they ever need my aid; but as a minister my work is now only with you. Of course, I conclude that those who seated themselves last Lord's-day at the Communion-table, have after serious consideration made up their minds to continue in the Church of their fathers. I know that every argument that can be used to separate you from it has been used within the last six months, and that in your peculiar circumstances, temporal considerations* were fitted to give these arguments additional weight; and I therefore conclude, that those who have had strength so long to resist, are not likely to yield now.

"I am confident, that had you seen reason to judge as others do, that the Church is apostate and forsaken of God, you could never again have partaken of sealing

* The fixed belief among the people was, that the Duke of Argyll and the Marquess of Lorne would approve of and join in the secession. The Duke was lord of the manor and patron of the parish; the Marquess the heir-apparent.

ordinances within her pale; and I doubt not that you will feel with me, that since you see no warrant in the Word of God for believing this to be her condition, it is a solemn thing to forsake what God has not forsaken —a fearful thing to curse what the Lord hath not cursed,—and that you will fear to put your hand to the work of destroying what has for many ages proved so great a blessing to this nation.

"But, my friends, we must remember that this blessing is not to be preserved or upheld by angry contentions and strivings with those who value it not. It is by prayerful and zealous discharge of our various duties alone, that we can hope to draw down God's blessings on the Church to which we belong, and secure for ourselves and our children the privileges which we now enjoy. Let it be our concern thus to lay aside all anger and wrath, and malice, and envyings, and evil speakings, that, 'as new born babes we may desire the sincere milk of the Word and grow thereby.' I thank God the lessening of your numbers has in no wise diminished my willingness to labour for your good, and if but one soul among you could be saved, I would not consider the labour of a lifetime too great to be expended for that end. Now that you are fewer in number, I shall be able to see you in private more frequently, and though much of my strength has been spent among those who have gone away, I am thankful to God that at present he vouchsafes me such a measure of bodily health, as justifies me in assuring you that at any hour of the day or watch of the night, as in former years, I shall be ready to minister to you in my Master's name, amid your anxieties and bereavements, your calamities and sorrows."

It was the man that could speak thus of those who went and to those who stayed, yearning over both with an apostolic love and desire for their souls' salvation, who was sneered at as a "Residuary," an "Erastian," a "dumb dog who dared not bark;" who, according to the oracular "Witness," having been once a "gibbering disciple" of the Row doctrines, and now sunk even to a deeper depth, was to be "the one excommunicated man of the district," and to be "put under the ban of the community." These were the tones of the voice that was not to be listened to any more—with whose words in prayer no one was to join*—though never a Sunday passed that it did not with a half-faltering utterance implore God's blessing for those "who once were with us, but who now have gone forth from us." This faithful and unwearying ministry of which he speaks, and whose minutest services, even down to the weekly visitations and meetings for prayer, not all the distractions of the secession were suffered to interrupt, was the ministry which, according to Dr. Cunningham, "it was perfectly ridiculous to suppose could do anything valuable towards promoting the salvation of souls." A stranger full of "Free" Kirk intolerance and zeal, was to be regarded now as the only true Minister of Christ in the parish, and Mr. Story and his services of five and twenty years were to be ignored, and treated as a farce or a nullity; though it was his ministry that had made the parish and the people what they were, and though still from many a death-bed, when the excite-

* This injunction was faithfully carried out in Rosneath. The "Free" Kirk minister used to refuse to pray at any funeral at which Mr. Story was also asked to take part in the service.

ment of Church politics was forgotten in the presence of the eternal realities, eager voices with their failing breath called on the old minister to return and speak again to those who had forsaken him in their days of health and strength.

But it is irksome and painful to dwell on these reminiscences of a time full of all uncharitableness; it is pleasanter to remember that gradually the scandalous spirit died down, and, though the old unity, peace, and concord never were restored, the violence of opposition and the acerbity of estrangement passed away.

And he who had suffered most from the intrusion of schism and sectarianism into the fold he so long had watched with a shepherd's care, was able to bow without repining to his Master's will, and to go on in his diminished round of labour as heartily, as faithfully, with as unrelaxing an authority and diligence as in days gone by—cheered by seeing almost everywhere throughout Scotland the Church gradually recovering from the effects of the blight that fell on her in 1843, and the seceders left without even a plausible pretext for representing themselves as other than they really were, a sect, strong and aggressive, but a sect only.

But the strongest and amplest days of his life were near their close. The still and silent shadows were beginning to lengthen from the West. He was not again to move prominently before the public eye on the arena of the Church. His parish had ever been his dearest concern; he was in future to be but little occupied, save with it and its interests, and with the interests of that wide circle of friends, whose hearts from every quarter of the globe turned to him with an unforgetting reverence and affection. It has happened to other men, less richly gifted, to

take a much more notable place in the eyes of the Church and of the world, but to none to stand higher in the hearts of a larger number of good Christians, and to win a deeper love and veneration from all sorts and conditions of men. Life's autumnal years as they passed over his reverend head, seemed only to shed upon it a more Apostolic glory, as if that crown laid up for him amid the fadeless splendours were already descending on his brow. Age left no mark of care or sorrow, dimmed not the lustre of the dark eye, quenched not the quenchless energy of heart and mind, the vivid sympathy with all that was noble, beautiful and true in human life,—but only cast the charm of an ever-growing kindliness and geniality and fatherly benignity around voice, and look, and manner. So he fared along "with God's benediction upon him," still as of old, ever to all his people the pastor and the friend, still the faithful teacher and monitor, the vigilant "Episkopos" set over them to uphold God's law, and rule His Church.

As time rolled on, his beautiful peninsula gradually lost the likeness of what it once had been; it was brought nearer to the great noisy town-worlds of the West; yet still, as changes passed upon it, as the summers came and went bringing always some new human influx to these placid shores, he moved through all, the "man of God"—the patriarchal father and bishop of the place; and not a few of those whose fancy led them to pitch their summer tents by the Gairloch, found ere they left it, that some deeper influence than that of those lovely outlines of lake and hill had reached their hearts and swayed them, and knew that the well-spring of what was truest and purest in their nature, owed the unsealing of its

source to him,—to that good life, to that earnest ministry.

We here close that section of his history in which the most marked object is the calamity of 1843; but before finally quitting this period, it may be interesting to the reader to peruse the subjoined correspondence between Mr. Story and Dr. Chalmers, which took place in 1846. It explains itself and requires no comment.

MR. STORY TO DR. CHALMERS.

"My dear Dr. Chalmers,—I did not hear of your being in this parish until you had left it. Your intended visit, indeed, had been spoken of for some time before, to which not only the associations of former times, but recent events, seemed to give no small importance in the eyes of not a few of the people. As last year you had expressed your regret at not having time to call, I doubted not if you came I should see you once more where you had often conferred on me happiness, which I delighted to think of.

"It was, therefore, with peculiar pain, I frankly confess to you, I heard from the son of our dear old friend Irving that he had met you at the quay when waiting for the steamer. I would have rejoiced to receive you under my roof for howsoever brief a time, nor do I think you would have denied me that pleasure had you not had some urgent reason for withholding it, since so (apparently at least) inconsistent with your avowed principles.

"I had just been reading your letter on Christian Union, and had heard that at Old Kilpatrick you had expressly declared that you had never cut an old

friend on account of Free Churchism, but that you had yourself been subjected to that incivility. I could therefore attribute your passing and repassing the Manse only to some reason personal to myself; nor could I avoid concluding that I must, in some way unknown to me, have given you offence sufficient to justify a departure from your rules of intercourse with those who differ from you in matters of ecclesiastical policy. It is true I am little worthy of your friendship; but you once permitted me to enjoy it; and if the admiration and love I have never ceased to bear you could have warranted or secured its continuance, I should not have had occasion thus to address you, or to regret that its ordinary expressions should have been withheld. I do indeed regret this for reasons other than personal; and allow me to add a few words explanatory of my meaning.

"You must often, with all good men, have deplored how the schism of the time has harassed and torn asunder the most quiet localities, accompanied with such asperity and bitterness of feeling as could alone be traceable to him whose works our blessed Master came to destroy. Now, the evils which some of the younger brethren have thus occasioned can only be remedied, under God, by those whose names have moral weight with the community. Your letter seemed to me pregnant with the very anodynical virtue required by the times, and I read it with the profoundest satisfaction. But, alas! I cannot but express to you how thoroughly it has been neutralized by the example you have set to the people around me. How entirely different from those in your letter are the ideas and obligations of union which it suggests. I myself certainly cannot reconcile them; and, as example is more

effectual than precept, I anticipate sorrowfully the power which, despite your precious views, the nature of your visit here will exercise over corrupt minds. Stumbling-blocks it will not fail to erect in the way of even the well-disposed, who are weary of carnal contentions, and yearning after the blessedness there is in the interchange of the offices of civility and love. It will, besides, have a ruinous influence upon those who already attach undue importance to a mere outward position, to their being seen of men as antagonists to evil which they abhor and repudiate.

"I cannot help, with all respect and deference, saying, that, in this locality especially, you ought to have weighed well how you should be seen of the people. The character of the schism here also you would have done well to have investigated, for we stand in a peculiar relation to each other, involving solemn responsibilities. *You* introduced me to the pastoral charge of those who have abandoned my ministry, and before supplementing all other reasons for their doing so by such a sanction as your example affords, you ought to have had some knowledge of those reasons. I have no hesitation myself in stating, that whatever may be their condition now, of which I say nothing, the religious element was scarcely discernible in the great majority of the dissentients. The very fidelity with which my Great Master enabled me to discharge the duties of the ministry to which you introduced and recommended me, stimulated their secession. Many of a name to live, and of a specious Christianity, could not endure my true sayings. The excommunicated, without an exception, fled from discipline; the young catechumens, from whom the Communion was withheld, because of their inade-

quate knowledge, accompanied them, and increased the number of those who were in search of *freedom.* Often I have said, that though all should go away, I would not speak 'smooth things,' nor 'prophesy deceits,' nor cease to tell them that nothing was Christianity but the mind of Christ, and that such a mind could be in none but those who continually carried about His dying.

"Now, my most dear and venerable father, can you wonder, having had so long the charge of the souls of the people around me, and not ceasing still to feel deeply interested in the spiritual condition of those who have fled from me, that, apart from all personal reasons, I should have been constrained to regret that we had not seen each other, to interchange the ordinary courtesies of life, instead of recoiling from, or repudiating all future intercourse?

"From the publicity given to your movements by the press and other means, your having passed the Manse was widely known; and such individuals as I have alluded to would be only too ready to conclude that all was well with them, and that by separating from the Church of their fathers, they had done what would cover a multitude of sins, that at all events they had followed that which in the esteem of one so great and worthy seemed the most important of all movements. In the mere outward movement they would be led only the more confidently to rest satisfied, while by any deportment of yours, which should seem to justify such satisfaction, I felt you had done much to weaken my hands in the exercise of an uncompromising ministry, for the success of which, I still remember that nearly thirty years ago you so vehemently and lovingly prayed. May I also add, that it has considerably

damped the joy I had in hoping that the interest excited by the plans of Christian Union* would put to shame those uncharitable and wrathful feelings and expressions with which our Great Head could have no sympathy; for there are many of both parties, who I fear will more readily vindicate their exclusiveness by your example, than fan into life their charities by your catholic counsels . . . I would not have written, had I not the prospect of being in town in a week hence, and I should not like to be there without seeing you; while, having these feelings, I could not, unless I had expressed them, have thought of even the possibility of our meeting without pain. I have only to add, that with undiminished regard and affection, and with most earnest prayers for God's blessing on yourself and those dear to you,

"I remain, my dear Doctor,

"Your old and obliged friend,

"ROBERT STORY."

DR. CHALMERS TO MR. STORY.

Edinburgh, 14th October, 1846.

"My dear Sir,—Both the proximate and real cause of my not calling upon you was, that I had not time. It was altogether an unforeseen visit that I made to your peninsula, and of which I knew nothing till the few minutes before I set sail for it.

"But even though I had known of it for weeks before, I would not have felt that any calculation was necessary, and certainly would not have made any calculation on the principles set forth in your letter. I should not have been restrained from visiting

* At this time the "Evangelical Alliance" was in vogue.

Rosneath, nor from taking my own view of it from the consideration that it would make the people who left your ministry feel themselves all the more right in having done so. What I felt to be right for myself, I surely cannot feel to have been wrong for them. You cannot surely suppose that I should look on the principle for which I and the other ministers of the Free Church relinquished our endowments, to be any other than a principle of the gravest importance, or that what we felt to be a good and urgent principle for ministers should not be a good and right principle for laymen also. There would be infinitely more of civility on the part of the Free Church ministers to those of the Establishment, were it not for the construction that so many of them are anxious should be put upon it, which is plainly that the difference between us is of no consequence,—a conclusion which, if good, would stultify ourselves, and place us in the false and foolish position of having left the Establishment for a mere bagatelle.

"My view is clearly as follows,—that we should not drop the courtesies of life to the ministers of the Establishment any more than we should to Roman Catholic ministers, if we happen to fall in with them. But on the other hand, as it is our duty to protest against the errors of Popery, and refrain from giving any countenance to the delusion that this is a trifling matter, so it is our duty to testify against the errors of Erastianism, and withhold all countenance from the delusion that this too is a corruption of no consequence. I confess that with myself, they are in like estimation as grievous departures from the purity and authority of the truth as it is in Jesus. By the one a power has arisen on ecclesiastical ground claim-

ing a co-ordinate, or rather a paramount authority to that of the Bible. By the other a power alike anti-scriptural has arisen upon the civil ground. And I confess to the same zeal and determination against both. Had the Evangelical Alliance framed such committees as I recommended, these are the sentiments I should have given forth in them, but not without pointing to the only way, though at present a very hopeless one, by which an adjustment of our differences is at all possible.

"If after these explanations, you will have the goodness to call upon me, be assured not only of a courteous, but also of a cordial welcome, and a welcome, too, pronounced as of old in the words of Quarle, 'Sweet Phosphor, rule the day.'*

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours with great regard,

"THOMAS CHALMERS."

MR. STORY TO DR. CHALMERS.

"My dear Dr. Chalmers,—It has been a great relief to me to learn that want of time was the real reason of your not having called at the Manse. Had my people seceded for the reasons you did, I should never have expected you to do anything to lead them to suppose they were wrong in having done so, but I

* A favourite quotation with which the Doctor, in his Glasgow days, used to hail a visit from the minister of Rosneath. It is from the "Emblems" of Francis Quarles, No. xiv.

"Will't ne'er be morning? Will that promised light
Ne'er break, and clear those clouds of night?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,
Whose conquering ray
May chase these fogs; sweet Phosphor, bring the day," &c.

think this could scarcely have been effected by the interchange of any civilities between us. Ever since the adoption of the Veto principle, our difference upon the mere point of ecclesiastical order had been so manifest, that no one who cared at all to attend to the matter could be in doubt as to the true character of such civilities, which during the progress of the struggle had not been interrupted, and which the mere issue of that struggle could afford no good reason for abandoning. Had I found it possible to see 'eye to eye' with you in the point of Church policy, of course I should not now have been in the Manse of Rosneath; because it was otherwise, my position is in no respect different from what it was when I had such enjoyment in seeing you here, and I do not feel that I have been guilty of anything that should separate any man from me, because I have reverenced my own judgment and conscience more than his.

But the secession of my people was not such as yours—of the question which divided the Church they were as a body greatly ignorant. I knew to my grief that too many of them were ignorant of a far more important question; and I felt I could not dare to say a word that would have led any of them to believe they could glorify God by any decision in such matters, until they had solved the momentous point of their relationship to Him—what God was to them and they to God. I therefore never thought of instructing them in the Church question, lest I should lull their consciences asleep; and I am very certain that at the period of the secession not half a dozen among them were in circumstances to give an intelligent answer on the subject. One of the best informed gave me as a reason, that 'We were told in Scripture how that kings and

queens were to be nursing fathers and mothers to the Kirk, and he thought the Queen had not been very kind to them.' And certainly the cleverest and best-informed woman among them all said, in reference to the transaction which pledged many to secede and hurried away the rest, 'It was the blackest day that ever happened in Rosneath, for the men left home not knowing what it was they were sent for, and when they came back they had all their names down, and as for us we just sat at home for days and *grat*.' The movement was in truth notoriously occasioned by other considerations than arose from knowledge of the merits of the question. To myself none, so far as I remember, but the individuals referred to, ever gave any reason for seceding but my own strictness of doctrine and discipline; and from strangers then resident in the parish, I learned that the general answer to the question 'Why have you seceded?' was, 'the minister was ower strict and the factor was unco keen o't.'

"So flagrant was their ignorance, that long after the secession had been consummated, lectures were delivered to show them why they had gone out. I still feel therefore, from my knowledge of these and other circumstances connected with the history of the secession in my parish, that it would have been well in you to have avoided what might tend to soothe faithless or unenlightened consciences among the people, or lead any to suppose that all was well with them merely because their outward position was changed, and they had ceased to attend the ministry of the pastor you had introduced and recommended to them. . . . . I do assure you as you so kindly permit me, it will give me the greatest pleasure to wait upon you, not

doubting that the house and heart are still open to me. Meanwhile, with unfeigned admiration and love which I have for more than thirty years ever delighted to bear you, and with prayers to Almighty God for the happiness of yourself and all dear to you,

"I remain, my dear Doctor,

"Ever yours obliged and faithfully,

"ROBERT STORY.

"What remembrances of the past your closing words do brighten into being! Surely the time will come when the present shall not be so envious of past felicities,—when sweet Phosphorus shall have brought a day without any of the dark clouds that so often shroud the promises of radiant morning."

DR. CHALMERS TO MR. STORY.

"Morningside, Edinburgh, 19th October, 1846.

"My dear Sir,—I shall be happy to see you at your convenience. But to anticipate and save the necessity of any argument when we meet, let me just state, in reply to your letter received this morning, that whereas you seem still to lay stress on my having introduced and recommended you to the parish of Rosneath, I was not then aware of what you must permit me to call your Erastianism, else I should not have done it. So much for the vindication of my own consistency.

"2ndly. In regard to your people, I cannot but still think it better that they should attend a non-Erastian rather than Erastian ministry; and what I thus say frankly to you, I will say frankly to all, I will not be restrained from saying to you next summer when I expect to spend a month in your parish.

"3rdly. In most cordial agreement with your own

views, I will as frankly and fearlessly state that it is not their Free Churchism which will save them, and will do my uttermost to dissipate the illusion of which you seem to stand in dread, and of which, I think with yourself, that there is great danger. And now, my dear sir, if with these principles laid down as clearly and plainly as I can, you can still keep up the cordiality of our past acquaintance, which I can assure you I can do, after that we have come to an explicit understanding *of* each other, though not *with* each other, it will afford me great pleasure to meet you both here, and at Rosneath, where, if God be pleased to spare me, I expect to be in the course of next summer.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"THOMAS CHALMERS."

MR. STORY TO DR. CHALMERS.

"My dear Dr. Chalmers,—I cordially concur with you that it is far better we should so understand each other as to render controversy when we meet (which I hope will be soon) quite unnecessary. To avoid this in the same candid spirit which yours evinces, I may just say in regard to the points it refers to, that whatever obligations may be held to be involved in having recommended another to the ministry, they certainly must be fully cancelled by his teaching any error; but in regard to my alleged Erastianism, I cannot feel that I have done anything that would, if known at the time, have prevented you from so honouring me. For in the sense of my being Erastian now, we were surely both Erastian then; we had both entered the Church of Scotland when under the bondage of patronage,

nor did either of us dream that the Church could do whatever she chose irrespective of the law of her Establishment.

"It cannot be doubted that patronage includes whatever elements of Erastianism were or are developed in her policy, and never did the Church practically enjoy such freedom as now, or have under sanction of law such power of judging of the rights and privileges of the people. I rejoice to hear that you are, God willing, to be for so long a time my parishioner, and that you do cordially agree with me that the Christianity of the people is to be tested by something deeper and more important than what is called 'Free Churchism,' and that you will have no hesitation in showing them that by a mere change of outward position they have not gained all they need. In regard to the preference of one ministry to another, I believe that whatever may be incumbent upon the head of a party as a teacher knowing truth and standing in the Divine counsel, you are bound to look deeper than outward distinctions; and I believe, had the voice of Eternal Wisdom been heard amid the partial preferences of Corinth, it would not have uttered 'go to Paul,' or 'go to Cephas,' but 'receive the Gospel from whatever lips, and woe be to him who does not feel it to be the wisdom and power of God unto his salvation.' With the profoundest respect, and in hope of having soon the pleasure of waiting on you,

"I remain, my dear Dr. Chalmers,

"Your most affectionate and obliged,

"ROBERT STORY."*

* Shortly after this they met at Morningside, Dr. Chalmers bursting into the room with his old welcome, "Sweet Phosphor, rule the day."

PART IV.

1849—1859.

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CHAPTER I.

AUTUMNAL—LAST YEARS.

THE last decade of the life whose interests and experiences we have traced so far, was one over which rested a calm autumnal light,—light not as of summer in its golden strength and fulness, but of the mellow tranquil harvest-time, with its pensive stillness and gentle wane.

In the beginning of the winter of 1849-50, no one would have deemed that he of whom I have been speaking, carried about with him at the very centre and citadel of life the seeds of a fatal malady. His eye was as bright as ever, his voice as strong and cheery, his step as elastic, his activity as manifold. But the inevitable hour was close at hand, which was to bid him pause in his varied labours, and to tread more slowly, and speak with bated breath thenceforward.

The attack was sudden. "I was hurrying to the boat, rather late as usual," he writes to Mr. Stewart Ker, "and began to breathe with difficulty. This increased even when I slackened my pace; I became insensible and fell to the ground. I saw my hat in one direction and my cane in another, that was my first perception, the last had been a hurried glance of

the Arrochar Hills. I rose and thought I was pretty well, and proceeded to Greenock according to my first intention, lest I should alarm Helen by returning from such a cause. I went to Aunt Mary's to fulfil my purpose of calling for Canadian Fairrie, her brother-in-law, and there became sick again, and sent for the doctor. He considered the catastrophe had arisen from over action of the heart. I arrived home pretty well, but my face a little nearer the colour of my hair than usual. I have preached since and done all my ordinary duty, but Dr. Scott* considers, with his brother leech of Greenock, that I must not walk fast, and by no means climb a hill, so that those splendid views behind the Manse, which when crossing to see the sick and dying on the other side of the hill, often from amid the schismatic miasma of these unhappy times, used to seem a refreshment and solace from the Eternal Fountain of all love and beauty and harmony, must be for a season foregone by your old friend, once ever ready to start with you for Kamtschatka or the Pyramids even at a moment's notice."

He shortly after went into Edinburgh to consult Drs. Simpson and Halliday Douglas, whose opinion left him in no doubt as to the fact of his malady being a species of heart disease, rendering all loud speaking or violent exercise highly dangerous. Otherwise his health was unimpaired; but the contraction and repression of his powers of speech and action, necessitated by the nature of his disorder, was a sad blow to one so enthusiastic in his work.

"The doctors," he says, with a certain pathos in his tone, "do not prohibit preaching in my own pulpit, but they are peremptory regarding my going from

* Dr. Geddes Scott, then of Glasgow.

home to do so, especially in a large Church. If they are correct, and should no change of symptoms induce them to give a larger latitude of professional exertion, I must never preach to Paisley's * or to Wylie's people more. . . . . H. is wonderfully well; yet I am very often reminded of a simile which, more than forty years ago, I admired as peculiarly beautiful, in a then favourite author, when describing the song of a starling in a cage. 'It is the smile of grief, which is more dreadful than tears, or like the playfulness of a child mid scenes of sorrow.' She is so cheerful, and watches me with the same happy countenance with which she ever looked to ——, although she knew he was on his way to another home. You know he died of enlargement of the heart; and I have no doubt often a thought is with her, notwithstanding all she seems—one of those thoughts which lie too deep for tears."

Though thus arrested and stricken in the yet full vigour of his age, and unclouded brightness of his faculties, his spirit, unchecked, unchilled, looked out on life with as serene a faith and as warm a love as ever. The strong vitality, debarred from its wonted exercise, only animated into a higher fervour his wide love towards God and man,—his keen interest in all that concerned the welfare of the world; and as he sat apart in an involuntary stillness and seclusion, his thoughts and affections went forth only the more unreservedly to all within the ample circle they embraced. The extensive correspondence which he maintained with many friends, and touching on many subjects, cannot now be recovered, so as to yield us the extracts from its records of his thoughts and feelings which we

* The Rev. Robert Paisley, minister of S. Ninian's.

should wish to have. Only a small and fragmentary portion of it is at my disposal, chiefly consisting of letters to myself and to his brother-in-law Mr. Stewart Ker.

To me his letters were perhaps too exclusively occupied with counsel about the subjects and progress of my studies at College, whither I had gone in November, 1849. This was owing, no doubt, to the keen interest he took in the development of the only son who had grown up to College years under his eye, and all whose studies had been under his own immediate supervision. It was, however, an evil—one of the evils which almost necessarily result from a purely home-training—in which it must needs happen that in the mind of one so trained, the image of the parent loses somewhat of its beauty through being confused and blended with that of the preceptor. I remember well, when on the eve of my departure for Edinburgh, he was piling beside my boxes volume after volume, which he believed would be of use in my classical studies, it was mildly suggested, that if I put all these books in the trunks, there would be no room left for clothes. "Clothes," repeated he, in high disdain, "let him take his clothes in a clothes-basket." And the slight indifference to interest and considerations, to the youthful mind not altogether despicable, which was betrayed in this reply, breathed more or less through a correspondence which, when I review it now, seems, though marked by this trivial defect, a model of all wise and pious counsel, and a magazine of sound criticism and useful direction in study.

In his letters to Mr. Ker, he speaks with the freedom and unreserve of long and intimate friendship on whatever matters, public or private, are interesting him at the

time. He thus writes at the time of the "Papal aggression," which startled the Protestantism of England into spasmodic self-assertion in 1850. "What a scene of turmoil you seem to have had near you lately at Birkenhead—all roused by a feeble old man in the Vatican. Certainly if the 'Church,' according to his notions, be a remedy for all evils, your fine old Spaniard* will have been deeply interested in the restoration of England to her place in the heavens. What a deeply affecting speech that seemed to me. What a fine development of still more important views there would have been, had not his mind been oppressed by the heavy atmosphere of Iberian superstition. Can you tell me anything more of his history? I wish I could get more into the fountain of his thoughts. . . . The High Church clergy, I observe, did not take any part in your neighbourhood in the movement against the 'aggression.' The ground occupied elsewhere by that section of the Anglicans seemed to me a very quicksand. The demurring to Papal claims, merely because they themselves are of Apostolical descent, will be of little avail in the struggle: to the right of primogeniture they have no claim; and, in all minds, when that dogma (the Apostolical Succession) has taken root, is the power, if not the inclination, taken away to resist the claims of the lineal descendant of the most ancient Bishop of Christendom. It is a very singular predicament we are in, but such as we have richly merited. The Protestantism of many heads knocking against each other ought at least to learn the power there is in unity. What in the firma-

* M. Donoso Cortes Marquis de Valdegamas. The speech alluded to in the next sentence, is one delivered by him in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, on 30th January, 1850.

ment of Prophecy do you consider this movement to be, or do you think that it is not of such magnitude as to be visible there?

"The effect upon the mind of the community is certainly a singular sign of the times—more so than the Papal act itself. So long, however, as the idea of the priesthood so occupies the minds of the Anglican Churchmen, and the ministrations both of the Establishment and of the Dissenters of all colours are so indistinct regarding the foundation of our confidence towards God, the Papal power will not lose its hold, but rather grasp more firmly what it has of all classes of the people. But we shall see. It is possible there may be an apparent modification of the claims of Pio Nono, but there will be no real retractation, and our rulers being themselves without any fixed principle will be outwitted. They are without the light which is inseparable from uprightness of heart. Lord J.'s letter* was a mere *ad captandum* for the nonce. He will not embody it in any legislative measure if he can avoid it."

Here is a leaf from his pastoral experience. "Nothing has occurred more affecting in the history of our little parish, I think, since the schism, than this, that of the small company of Christians, in it, three have departed to their blessed rest since I wrote to you. A boy, about twelve years of age, the most promising in the whole parish, who, night after night, gladdened his mother's ears with the singing of hymns and spiritual songs, in about two days' illness of a mysterious kind was translated to his blessed rest.

"A youth of about twenty-one, the most handsome of

* Lord John Russell's letter to the Bishop of Durham.

all his cotemporaries, was carried away by pulmonary disease. A remarkable progress of the Divine life was developed in him, and you may easily conceive what joy filled me, when, in answer to my question what he wished me to thank God for, he began, after some moments of deep thought, 'O thou my soul, bless God the Lord,' and repeated the first sixteen lines of that psalm (103rd) as containing the knowledge I desired, and the reasons of his sacrifice of thanksgiving. The last was the mother of 'Mary Mackay,' after a lingering malady. Her last words were, 'My ain country, I am going to my home.' She had long been waiting for the Salvation of God. But Stewart, you cannot understand what a sore bereavement, in so short a time, it is to lose from so small a flock three of the goodliest, that so lived in the pastor's eye; but adieu, my heart is full." And again, "I have just completed my parochial visitation, and rest for some time is needed and enjoined.* We have had some pleasant visits within the last fortnight. In popped one day estimable David, our loving Evangelist.† Scarcely had we begun to enjoy him when lo! a form moving up from between the two lime trees, with slow and reverend paces, a meek and venerable man, yet more oppressed with infirmity and sorrow than exhausted with the burden of old age—the once renowned from afar, the Mackay of Rio Janeiro, the Achates of the man of many histories. It was pleasant to see two such Gaii, their countenances beaming benignity: there is a music in the play of expression, and a 'grave

* This visitation yearly, from house to house, he continued until his increasing ill-health rendered it absolutely necessary that he should give it up.

† The Rev. David Ker, an "angel" of the "H. C. A." Church.

sweet melody' was the tune these brethren sung, even while their lips were silent. Odours, as if 'from Araby the blest,' perfumed the Manse, as a beautiful summer morning, with its happy voices from every bough, awoke these angel visitors from their meek repose; and during the day of loveliness and glory who should with a joyful countenance arrive to gladden our seclusion? 'As one did wing his way, another angel came.' Lo! the voice of John of Row* thrilled through the chambers of your venerable brother's heart, already echoing with many heavenly sounds. You know how my heart always did so cling to that most loving 'companion in arms' of yore. And what other visitant within the circle of one day's sun entered our habitation? A devoted youth, originally a gardener like Paxton, but seized by a divine enthusiasm, he longs and pants for spiritual achievement amid the infamous dens of human vice and misery, and came to entreat that I would write to Lord Ashley to procure employment for him in London. How rich, you will say, have been the effluences of the divinely social spirit within the last fortnight, when I add that the voice of Mochrum† has been heard for a couple of hours within the walls of the old Church, and early and late for a couple of days beside my hearth. R. Paisley, too, a few days ago, was here, and gave full proof of his continuing to sound the depths of the ocean of Truth, and with greater intenseness of wonder, still constrained to cry, 'O, the depths!'"

During the months of June and July, Mr. Story

* Rev. J. McLeod Campbell, formerly of Row.
† Rev. Alexander Young, A.M., minister of Mochrum.

usually left home; but in the autumn he was always at Rosneath in these later years; and day by day and week after week the many friends who could make the Manse a point in their holiday tours went and came. Often within the circle of one day the roll of visitors would count a dozen or more, of all ranks, from the peer to the peasant—of all sorts and conditions, the old companion, the needy suppliant, the hungry tourist, the perplexed foreigner, and all—though prudence would have often suggested less talking and fatigue—must needs be received and entertained with the most expansive hospitality and good-will. One day a broken-down adventurer whom he had known in better days, is there, getting the last words of advice and the last instalment of the money that had been collected for him, and the letters of recommendation which are to secure him a free passage in a steamer for the East, where he is to try his fortune yet once more: another, there is a party of friends from England whom he must conduct at least part of the way up the steep glebe, in spite of quickened pulses, to show them his favourite view-point; or again with one or two of those who were most at one with him in every thought and feeling, he saunters by the Loch and under the plane trees, in friendly genial talk about men and books, and Church and State, and the now long and varied experiences of his pastoral life.

The picture of him as he moved among us in these calm autumns and winters, with step still light, form erect, and eye beaming, must be carried vividly even yet in many a memory. It spoke too plainly of the pure spirit and the loving heart to be soon forgotten. I have found it tenderly and gratefully recalled when I little thought it was remembered, and cherished as "a

joy for ever," by those whose hearts his love and sympathy had bound to his own. One instance comes before me now. When in Rome, four winters ago, I discovered that the chaplain of the Prussian Embassy was the Rev. Charles Heintz, a German clergyman, who, when in Scotland some time before, had been a visitor at Rosneath. I found him out in the Palazzo Caffarelli, hard by the Capitol, and when I told him my name, was received with even more than German heartiness of welcome. After a little while he said to me with a tear in his kind eye, "Ah, when you told me your name I thought I should have wept, for I remembered my dear Mr. Story, who was to me most like a father of all I saw in Scotland, and when he bade me farewell did give me a German kiss."

The same bright and genial humanity which so touched the German's heart made him enter with a warm and ready sympathy and delight into all the interests and amusements of the younger circle of friends who often gathered at the Manse. He smiled with most benignant approval on every expedition or picnic on which the party started in the sunny forenoons; and when the day was done, no one listened with such relish as he to the anecdotes of its adventures. Rigidity and austerity which would interfere with the natural gaiety of youth he could not understand, so that his presence always seemed a sanction instead of a restraint; and the evening games, the music, the dance, or the charade, went on none the less merrily because he was by. The "sour and fanatical spirit, the aversion to innocent gaiety, the disposition to limit the enjoyments of others," which a recent very positive historian maintains are, among other unlovely traits, distinctive of the Scottish clergy, will hardly be

accepted as their universal characteristics by those who can look back to one whose whole nature and bearing offered the stupid charge an unqualified contradiction. And yet he exhibited to the last, much that to such a bold generalizer as the author of the "History of Civilization in England," would no doubt seem to indicate the extremity of superstition and fanaticism. For there was in him, blended curiously enough with the frankest liberality of sentiment and the readiest toleration of all new theologic speculation, the strictest adherence to distinctively Scottish modes of thought and feeling on points of religious discipline and order.

While no one could hail with more intelligent delight the growth in the Church of a more liberal and enlightened spirit, or mark with more cordial interest the advance which religious thought was making both in England and Scotland, under the influence and impulse imparted by such writings as those of the Hares, of Maurice, and of F. W. Robertson, no one clung more steadfastly to the traditions of his Calvinistic fathers, as to Church discipline and "Sabbath observance," and all the other forms in which the religious strictness of Scotland has expressed itself. But with him this was not a mere dogged attachment to a dull and lifeless set of modes of thought and forms of observance. The old serious religious life and feeling of Scotland were very dear to him, though to the popular theology under whose shadow they had existed he was remarkably indifferent. And this was so, no doubt, because all his early religious principles and sentiments had come to him through the channel of that stern Calvinistic training, which, harsh and forbidding as it appears to those who know only its

outer aspect, yet has its own moral beauty for those who have learned its somewhat austere lessons within the sacred threshold of their early home.

What Newman says of the influence on the Protestant of his Saxon Bible, may be said, though in a less degree, of the influence of his strict Scottish training on one who has been brought up within a Scottish Presbyterian household. However far, in after times, he may travel beyond the utmost goal to which those who guarded his youthful years could reach, the memory, not scornful or ungrateful, of the early influence can never utterly fade away. The thought of the calm old home, of the peaceful order, of the morning and evening worship, of the quiet "Sabbath" and its simple service, of the Bible he was taught to reverence,—even of the catechism he was enjoined to believe, comes back to him like the "sound of a voice that is still," or the flush of the last sunset light on hills he never more may see. And apart from the abiding force of this cherished association, a man who had been obliged to meet and subdue so much ill-conduct and disorder as had encountered Mr. Story on the outset of his career at Rosneath, had an additional reason for reverencing the rules and traditions of his fathers. He had found that the sternness of Calvinistic discipline was needed for the work he had to do, and that none gentler could adequately influence and restrain those, over whom he was empowered to exercise it. Thus both the associations of his youth and the experience of his manhood combined to strengthen his loyalty to that system, which now is so frequently and unreasonably denounced as, in the main, an ugly symbol of priestly tyranny and popular superstition.

In him, as in most, if not all pious Scotsmen of former days, the reverence for the Church's discipline in all its stringency was so deeply rooted, that if it were lost, a real part of their religion was lost with it.

> "The Scottish Church, both on himself and those
> With whom from childhood he grew up, had held
> The strong hand of her purity;"

and so to him her moral strictness seemed the necessary expression of her spiritual life, and all excursions of speculation only safe and right when accompanied by a devout respect for her times and seasons, rules and observances; and thus one saw in him at once the utmost liberalism and impatience of defined limit in the region of thought, and the straitest scrutiny of any deflection from the established discipline in the region of action and observance.

I have spoken, a page or two before, of the pleasure with which he hailed the writings of such men as the Hares, Maurice and Robertson. The sermons of the latter were special favourites, and he would generally have one or two of them read to him of a Sunday evening, often expressing his regret that so many good people should deny themselves the profit he found in them, merely because they could not say 'Amen' to everything they contained. He frequently quoted apropos of this, and of the *suspiciousness* of unenlightened dogmatism generally, the saying of Richard Baxter, "When will men be as anxious to ascertain wherein they agree, as they have for so long been to discover wherein they differ!"

With many of the views expressed in the later works of Mr. Maurice he could not sympathize. He discovered therein an indistinctness, and a tendency to deal arbitrarily with Scripture so as to make it square

with certain theories or convictions, which he could only account for by concluding, that Mr. Maurice's opinions were not altogether definite and perfected in his own mind. What he thoroughly admired and assented to was Mr. Maurice's unequivocal teaching of the universal fatherhood and love of God;—His love to all, revealed to all, in Christ the Saviour and Head of all. This truth for which he had been himself a witness, he rejoiced to see proclaimed clearly and boldly by one who must be admitted, even by those who differ from him most, to be a bright star among the many brilliant lights of the English Church.

At the very time that his strength was beginning to fail him, the circumstances of his parish were demanding increased exertions.

The Duke of Argyll opened up for "feus" the beautiful banks of Loch Long, and a rapid increase of population was the immediate consequence. Acre after acre was "feued," and villa after villa rose along the winding shore. Where but a year or two before, the narrow parish road had rambled along under lonely banks of birch and hazel and rowan, with quiet fields of grain or pasture on the upward slopes that stretched back to the dun moor, and with bright glimpses up the broad river to Dunbarton Rock, and down beyond the Cloch and past the low hills of Bute to the blue crests of Arran, now all the old-world silence and Arcadian simplicity of the place were gone. The sound of life's voice and bustle no longer came only in sleepy murmurs across the water from under the smoke of Greenock, but drummed and echoed all around. The quiet road changed to a vulgar highway, the copses fell to give place to stone wall and iron rail, the soft

green fields were split and parcelled out into a hundred orderly lawns and gardens encircling "marine residences" of every species of architecture from the earliest Egyptian to the latest Glaswegian.

It was, to those who knew the still Lochside before, a desecration, but one quite necessary and inevitable when the want of the many competes with the sentiment of the few. So the Kilcreggan and Cove shores were feued—a population gathered there, for whose pastoral superintendence Mr. Story felt himself totally unable: his Church was too far off to admit of regular attendance there, on the part of these new comers; there seemed only one remedy for the dreaded evil of a Churchless, priestless community—he would build a Church and provide a minister. He accordingly obtained a site from the Duke of Argyll, and proceeded to collect subscriptions for the building. At first he rather solicited subscriptions from a sense of duty than from any other motive, but as he went on he warmed to his work and entered into it heart and soul. He came even, I believe, to have a certain pleasure in being refused, since it afforded him the opportunity of bringing all his artillery of argument and solicitation to bear on the refuser, and opposing to each of his reasons why he should not give, a stronger reason why he should. "Have you met Mr. Story?" asked one gentleman of another on the Glasgow streets. "No." "Then if you meet him, beware of him; for he's begging, and you'll need to give."* "How shall I resist the appeal?" wrote another, to whom he had applied by letter. "Have I the desire to resist the advocate—and that advocate

* In the steamer one day, the Duke of Argyll heard one passenger saying to another in an injured tone, "And Mr. Story's begun to collect for a Kirk too; we'll just be worried wi' Kirks."

Story, the beloved?" And thus with most he prevailed, and boasted that his little sanctuary on Loch-Longside had drawn to itself the goodwill and charity of members of almost all the multifarious sects of Protestantism, from "Holy Catholic Apostolic" angels down to Baptists and Independents. His advocacy of his cause by letter, was as usual greatly impeded by the illegibility of his writing, and thus the point of his adroit periods was lost to not a few. "I received your letter some time ago," writes Lord Shaftesbury, to take one instance, "but I could not read either the date or the signature, or in fact make out anything. I now gather from a study of the context whence and what it is; and am delighted to find a reminiscence of my old friend at Rosneath." Notwithstanding this drawback, however, his appeals were eminently successful; without assistance from the Church's Home Mission, and chiefly by his own efforts, the required sum was raised, and the foundation-stone of the place of worship laid on the 31st July, 1852. It was completed at a cost of more than 1100*l.*, and now stands on the hill side, overlooking the Loch—an enduring memorial of its founder's thoughtful care and self-sacrificing energy—self-sacrificing in no small measure—for beyond doubt the subsequent increase of his malady was traceable to the undue exertions he made on behalf of this chapel.*

From the correspondence of that period of subscrip-

* Despite the withdrawal of so many from her communion in 1843, the Home Mission schemes of the Church have not stood still since that date. Since then more than forty new Churches have been built in destitute districts; between sixty and seventy new districts have been disjoined and endowed as parishes at an expense of more than 250,000*l.*; in addition to which about 200,000*l.* have been devoted to the completion of the revered Dr. Robertson's "Provincial Scheme" the endowment of a hundred chapels.

tion hunting, one passage is sufficiently absurd and characteristic to deserve a page to itself. A philanthropical gentleman, to whom he had applied for a subscription, put in return the following queries, on the answers to which depended apparently his giving or withholding:—"Is it secured that there will be no Public House in the Parish? Are you yourself a total abstainer from alcoholics, and smoking and snuffing? Will the new minister be secured to be such?"

To this Mr. Story replied, "I use neither snuff nor tobacco, and my physicians have prohibited for nearly two years the use of stimulants; but I am not an abstainer on principle, nor do I think, even if I were, that I could secure the minister of my chapel of ease being a total abstainer. I have secured along a line of about six or seven miles, I believe, of a feued shore, the exclusion of all sale of spirits, which you must allow implies an immense change upon a district which, at the commencement of my incumbency, swarmed with illicit distillers. I cannot say that there is *no* whisky sold in the parish. Not many years ago there were five licensed whisky-houses: there is now only one, at the Ferry, which is kept in the best order, and on the whole of the Sabbath is shut. Ours is, as you may know, one of the Royal Ferries on the old road through the Highlands, which the proprietors are bound to keep up. So long, I would beg to state, as physicians do not unanimously exclude stimulants from the medicine chest, and religious teachers have not proved their use to be in itself sinful, and so long as weary and way-worn travellers may need restoration in such places of rest, it would be difficult to found the absolute prohibition of their sale on Divine authority, in the face of the wise man's counsel, 'Give strong drink

unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart.'

"Having put to me certain questions, I felt it needful thus fully to answer them, not without hope that you might thereby see more clearly how to judge of my case. Perhaps it may be interesting to you to know that, notwithstanding the religious divisions that exist among us, I have found a singular unanimity of sympathy with me in accomplishing my object. I returned yesterday from Glasgow, after a most successful appeal to the benevolent, and have on my list of contributors members of ten different denominations of Christians—a beautiful specimen of the practical result of Evangelical union. The first on my list is an office-bearer of the 'Holy Catholic Apostolic' Church; the last a Baptist; the intermediate space between these points being occupied with those varieties wherewith the dappled garment Scotch Christianity wears is woven. It surely would not have been well had they declined to assist in supplying the religious wants of Loch-Longside, until a pledge had been given to adopt into my religious code their respective peculiarities. Would it not have implied that, much as they loved truth, they loved Plato more? Or had they met *in partibus infidelium*, from their lips no ear would have heard the voice of the Gospel, until the distinctive peculiarity of one or other of them had been stereotyped as the Christianity of them all. I cannot help yielding to the temptation of thinking that the questions you put to me, do indicate a tendency which I have observed in devoted philanthropists, to claim a too unreserved subserviency to their own views of the public good, as if by no other means it could be in any degree promoted. They often thus cause their good to be

evil-spoken of, for then charity even the most vehement and large-hearted, embracing all men, seems to dwell in one of those narrow circles in which selfish sectarianism tries to confine the interchange of their sympathies."

While his Church extension scheme was thus prospering on Loch-Longside, a new Church for his own use was also rising by the Gairloch. The barn-like edifice which the Vandalism of a former factor and minister had erected out of the ruins of an old cruciform Church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, had been pronounced unfit for further use, and the heritors had adopted a plan for a new parish Church, in the early English style, prepared by Mr. Cousin, of Edinburgh.

The building was finished in autumn, 1853; and on Mr. Story's return from Ireland, where he had spent the summer, he looked forward to beginning to officiate within the new walls. One of the first things he did was to take his Psalm-book and go down to try his voice in it, asking his friend Mrs. Hill to form the audience. He spoke easily, and was distinctly heard; but it was destined that the voice which had so long proclaimed the glad tidings in the old Church should not again lead the devotions of the congregation in the new one. Some additional symptoms of ill health induced him to go to Edinburgh to have again a consultation with the doctors. Their verdict was decisive: his only hope of prolonged life lay in cessation from all fatiguing duty—he must give over preaching altogether.

> "How dull it is to pause—to make an end—
> To rust unburnished—not to shine in use."

He felt it keenly, and still hoped that, by careful modulation of voice, and avoidance of excitement, he might be able to preach, at least occasionally, in his own small Church; but the doctors were peremptory—

it was not to be. When he returned from Edinburgh, there was a sadness in his eye, although he tried to talk lightly and hopefully about his health, which told what a struggle it cost him to be resigned and cheerful under this new calamity.

It was in many ways a trying time to him. He was harassed by the necessity of having his pulpit supplied, while, as yet, he had no regular assistant; he saw around him much that he fain would do, and yet he durst not do it; the mere act, too, of transferring the services from the old Church to the new, was not to be done without many sad and thrilling memories being quickened into vivid life, and many old associations broken.

Most of those to whom he had ministered when he first occupied that old ungainly pulpit were sleeping now under the shadow of the churchyard trees. The friends who had welcomed him at first were gone. "Mr. Robert" had long been dead; many of his family were away across the Atlantic; "Miss Betsy," the last of his sisters, the high-souled old Highland gentlewoman, had died two winters before; in weird coincidence, one of the old trees of the Clachan avenue falling on the same night. Campbell, who had preached there in the time of their early earnestness, could now no longer speak within the walls of any Scottish Church. Chalmers, who had introduced him there; Irving, who had often thundered forth his message, both were gone; and the old Kirk was the one visible link between his present and their past.

He had looked forward to having the new Church opened by Mr. Caird on the 11th of September. On the previous Sunday, however, his old friend, Dr. Muir, of S. James's, Glasgow, had agreed to do duty for him;

and on coming down on the Saturday night, the Doctor was highly indignant to learn that he was to preach in the soon-to-be-abandoned edifice. Right or wrong, he must get into the new Church. He was told it was littered with lime and shavings, and quite unprepared for public worship—no matter, he would get in. Sunday morning found him as determined as he had been on Saturday night to preach in the new Church, or not at all. In much perplexity, Mr. Story sallied out, closely followed by the Doctor, to see what could be done. Mr. Dodds, the session clerk, was consulted. "Quite impossible," was his decision. "The Church isn't clean, and we can't clean it on Sabbath morning." "There's no more harm in cleaning the Church on Sabbath morning than there is in blowing your nose," retorted the worthy Doctor, suiting the action to the word. At this juncture, John, the beadle, made his appearance. "Ask the beadle, and see what he says." The beadle, who was much inclined to regard the new Kirk with contempt and aversion, as a new-fangled invention, was peremptory and positive in his negative. "The thing was clean oot o' the question." "Can you speak Gaelic?" said the Doctor, suddenly turning to John, and addressing him in the language of the hills. The effect was magical—the spirit of opposition was subdued—the Doctor's point gained, and the Church all ready by twelve o'clock. "That auld man—I never heerd the like o' him," soliloquized John, afterwards half-repenting of his compliance, "he wad rule even the minister himsel'." Dr. Muir preached in his own quaint, earnest, impressive way; and, in his prayers, implored that the Divine blessing might descend and rest on this "neat and commodious edifice;" and when the service was done,

it was a relief to feel that the formal transfer was fairly effected, and that the little absurdity and agitation with which the preparation for it was accompanied, had perhaps served to divert the mind from the sadder thoughts connected with this change.

Now that Mr. Story was unable to conduct public worship, it became, of course, necessary he should have an assistant, and his congregation kindly undertook to aid him in providing the requisite salary. He would gladly have secured the services of the young friend, Mr. Campbell (now the minister of Eastwood), who had supplied his place during his midsummer tour in 1852; but Mr. Campbell was by this time engaged in organizing the congregation that met in the new Church at Craigrownie. After a good deal of inquiry, he was fortunate in finding an able and efficient "curate" in the Rev. David Rose, now minister of Ferry Port-on-Craig.

With Mr. Rose and those who succeeded him, especially with our friend the Rev. W. L. Macfarlan, now minister of Tongland, his relations were most cordial and friendly. He expected from his assistants no small amount of parish work and no paltry standard of pulpit services, and he generally got what he expected, so that to have served satisfactorily under him was at once a good discipline and a high recommendation. "His example," wrote one who had done this, after Mr. Story's death, "and the counsels which he kindly gave me, have not, I trust, been without a salutary influence on my life, and it is only now, when God has been pleased to take him home, that I fully realize the privilege I enjoyed in being so long associated with him." "I can never," wrote another at the same time, "forget his unwearied interest and heart's desire for the success of his Master's work. I only trust I may

possess his spirit and thorough devotedness wherever my lot may be cast. One other point, the more I knew him, became the more impressed upon me,—his generous sympathy with his assistant; in him it was as pure, as (I grieve to say from the testimony of all I have known in similar positions) it was rare."

His own warm interest in the welfare of these younger fellow-labourers is illustrated in the following letter written to one upon his ordination to a parochial charge:—

"My dear ——, The events of yesterday were not likely to induce repose during the night watches, and after many a searching of heart, I have been constrained to leave my pillow, and for a little to hold converse with you, now the minister of so vast a population, from among whom I do pray the Eternal Spirit will prepare many souls to meet with you in the great day of Christ's manifestation, in whom your Master and Brother shall see with complacency the result of the travail of his soul. You know I love you, and you may well judge with what deep interest I witnessed the proceedings of yesterday; prayerfully did I listen to the counsels addressed to you, trusting that in so far as they expressed the mind of God, you would not fail to follow them. There seemed to me one thing lacking, a distinct description of the great message, which first and midst and last is the essential element and principle fitted to give power and life to your ministrations among the people, viz., the message addressed to them all without distinction or exception, that God was in Christ reconciling them to Himself, not imputing to them their trespasses.

"We had perfect sympathy t'other night in the

mournful conviction, that the preaching of justification by faith had lost its power, and that the mighty influence which in Luther's days had moved and impregnated the heart of Christendom seemed now quite unknown,—was indeed a phenomenon of a remote tradition. For many years I have seen and felt that this may be greatly attributed to the fact, that although the form of his words has been retained, the substance of Luther's teaching has been withdrawn from what is called 'Evangelical Preaching.' There is an expression of Luther's somewhere which will explain what I mean and justify my conviction. He speaks of men now, of all men living under *the great and ample canopy of God's forgiving love.* That very thought, taking possession of any soul, is fitted to convert it into a heaven of peace and serenity, of confidence and joy. O! my dear young friend, what are the cold prelections on the nature of faith and justification by faith compared with what such words teach of man's condition now, and what he is called to believe concerning God, if it be as the old German supposes! Am I living under such a canopy? Do I believe this? What remains then for me, but in believing it to have joy unspeakable and full of glory in the very thought of such a mighty wonder of the faithful Creator's redeeming love?

"The light that irradiates that ample canopy is the glory beaming from the face of Jesus, the Son in whom God dwells. In that light I see all things new. Does my seeing them *make* them new? As well might any of your people on the coast say that they created the mountains and the waters which spread their magnificent beauty and grandeur under their eyes, of a summer morning. O! my dear young minister, allow

your Paul the aged to express his thankfulness at the very thought that you have been led to fix for your first Sunday's sermon upon a passage from the Word of eternal life, which affords so happy an opportunity of applying the axe to the root of so fatal a delusion, which has so neutralized the truth which Luther was raised up to emblazon before the eyes of Christendom. You have from these words a distinct message—as he in his day—to declare to the people of ——, *that they live under the canopy of God's forgiving love, that on the Cross and now on the throne God was and is in Christ reconciled to them, not imputing to them their sins*—that therefore there can be no excuse for their not now returning to that chief good—that source of all blessedness, that fountain of living waters. Change the mode of the Spirit's setting forth this great truth: represent God as not imputing their sins to those only who believe—O! what clouds and darkness would overcast that glorious canopy! Away from the canopy, shrinking from its contemplation, would the eye of the awakened sinner be turned towards himself *to see whether he believed,* for not until he discovered that he did so, would he dare to look upon that surpassing glory of divine compassion and love. How can the doctrine of justification by faith transform a dead soul, or delight a miserable, or purify a corrupt soul, if it is supposed to be a believing in one's own faith? The ordinary teaching *makes a man's own state the object of his faith,* and if confidence towards God be inspired by what he feels or knows about himself, he is his own justifier, and not God—he worships himself, not God—he thinks he has reconciled God, and not that God has reconciled him. Like Paul the aged therefore in the days of old, as he himself

says, that *first—first* of all he had declared to the Corinthians that Christ had died for their sins according to the Scriptures, even so do you address the people of ——, that *God is in* Christ, *not imputing to them their trespasses, not because they are His people, and because they believe, but because they are sinners* (for otherwise they would never dare to approach Him); that the fact of Christ dying for them contains all possible evidence of God being reconciled to them, that He is so revealed for the very purpose of *reconciling them to Him.*

"*This believed,* will indeed justify them, will change their nature by the Eternal Spirit taking of the things of Jesus and showing them to their souls, and they shall become one with Him, as He is one with the Father.

"Although at every hour of the day and every watch of the night you might be occupied declaring it to your people, it is quite possible they may not believe that God is reconciled, or has any love to them, and continue to live, as many do, in their sins. But this may truly be said that they never, never can be changed without believing it; that nothing else will ever rouse them, or originate in them the life of true holiness. Let no uncertain sound therefore escape your lips on Sabbath.* Let not the Ambassador

* In another letter he says: "Remember in the construction of any sermon that it should contain a distinct and authoritative message from God. The aim of the preacher ought to be to bring his hearers at once into contact with his Master, in whose name he is addressing them. Let this be ever present to your mind, and express no sentiment of the truth of which you feel not absolutely certain, so that you could conscientiously preface it with the words, 'Thus saith the Lord.' I believe the feeble effect produced by preaching may be traced in a great measure, not merely to the mental attitude of the audience, merely listening to the opinions of a man like themselves, but to the position occupied by the preacher, so different from that of a Divine messenger, like Paul, 'as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.'"

for Christ subject himself to the possibility of being silenced by any enquirer or gainsayer, thus, 'Pray how do you know that God is reconciled to me, and that His Son in proof of it died for my sins?' If you could only reply, 'I know, or trust, or hope that He is reconciled, and that His Son died for some of you; if you believe he did, He will be reconciled:' Alas! might not the gainsayer or enquirer ask, 'What am I to believe, that He is not reconciled, or that His Son has not died, or that the one or other is equally uncertain? Ah, my minister, I must have *truth* to believe; I must have knowledge of God; such knowledge as will be a sufficient foundation on which I can rely, and to which trust the destiny of my immortal soul; I shall go elsewhere to ask what I am to believe. Upon my faith I can found nothing; I am in search of that on which I can found my faith. *What is God to me?*' Now Luther solved the question easily. Look up to that canopy, said he; look to the Cross; look to the Babe at Bethlehem; there is revealed Jehovah, reconciled to your humanity: you are bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh: you are the kinsman of that Babe: even before the words were uttered, 'It is finished,' the reconciliation was declared. In the Incarnation itself, between you and Jehovah, all barrier is removed. Believe it and have rest. But I must close in haste. To God our Father committing you. Ever, R. S."

The medical prohibition which forbade his attempting to officiate in Church, did not extend to the discharge of such duties as visiting the sick, or any lighter offices requiring but little exertion of voice or strength. He even stretched a point on special occa-

sions, such as the time of administering the Sacrament, and ventured to say a few words in the Church. On the Sunday or the Fast Day previous to the Communion, he always went up to the pulpit before the close of the service and read a short address to the people. The last time he did this was in April, 1859, and with a presentiment, perhaps, that he should never address his flock again, he said at the close what he had never said before—"Farewell." He never failed, too, to examine the candidates for admission to the Lord's Table personally, and, except on very rare occasions, to teach in the Sunday School, which met for an hour before service began. To the last he took a special interest in the well-being of the "lambs of the flock;" knew them all by name, and had a kind and fatherly way with them that made him always the children's friend. He used to tell of his one day, when approaching a cottage, hearing the woman of the house holding his advent *in terrorem* over a refractory urchin—"There's the minister, my man; will ye no catch it noo?" and of his indignant reproof, "How dare you venture to make *me* a bugbear to your child?" It was certainly a venture which his voice and look would always be sufficient to defeat.

As he was forbidden to walk far or to ascend hills, and as he often wished to do both, the ladies of his congregation thoughtfully provided him with the means of gratifying his wishes without transgressing doctors' orders. They presented him with a purse of sovereigns, requesting him to expend it in the purchase of a pony and phaeton. "Mrs. W. Robertson," he says, in writing of it to Mr. S. Ker, "was the organ of the good sisterhood, and you would have been glad to peruse her kind letter." Accordingly when he went

to Ireland to spend the summer of 1850, he ransacked Dublin for an appropriate "Shandrydan," as he called it. One was at last found and bought, and then, under the auspices of Mr. Bellingham, began a search for a pony to correspond. This quest was also crowned with success at the fair of Dunboyne, held within a few miles of Ravensdale (Mr. Bellingham's place in the county Kildare). A good part of a day was spent in inspecting and criticizing the various steeds that were pressed on our acceptance by their eloquent and ragged proprietors, who, with their long frieze coats streaming in the wind, flew up and down with the ponies to let us see their paces. At last a beautiful little chestnut was chosen, and, after some haggling and a great many jokes, bought for 7*l.* 10*s.*

It turned out rather an unfortunate purchase; the pony was too light for the phaeton, or rather the phaeton too heavy for the pony, so after a time it was sold. Another and robuster animal came in its place; but it had not been with us very long before it exhibited eccentricities which rendered Mrs. Story extremely anxious for its dismissal. It would permit no noise in the phaeton; and, on one occasion, when Mr. Story and his daughter were driving, and he had taken the liberty of putting up his umbrella, the brute first ran off, and then lashed out behind so viciously, that the occupants of the vehicle had to jump out to escape the battery. On a subsequent drive, some slight noise being made in the front seat, the splashboard was instantly kicked to pieces, and it was at once decided that a beast of so touchy a disposition was unfitted to remain longer in the minister's service. Such was the end of his last speculations in horse flesh. The advance of civilization by and bye introduced

hackney carriages to Rosneath; and, latterly, when he wanted to drive, he used to get one of them.

Almost the only places which he visited in these later years were, Edinburgh, occasionally; Carluke, generally at Christmas, when he always liked to be with his invaluable friends there; Polloc, once or twice, to spend a day or two with Sir John and Lady Matilda Maxwell; Partick, the residence of Mr. J. M'L. Campbell; the house, in Glasgow or on the coast, of his kind friend Mr. Allan Gilmour; Bridge of Earn, where he passed some weeks in 1854 and 1856, and whence he visited also Mr. Caird at Erroll, and Mr. Erskine at Linlathen; and chiefly Dublin and Ravensdale, where he spent the summers of 1850, 1852, 1853, 1855.

To Ireland he was drawn in the summers when he sought change and rest, more strongly than to any other place. He found there always entire change of scene and of society, complete rest and relaxation, and abundance of ever-genial Irish welcome, Irish kindness, and Irish wit. His head-quarters were almost always Ravensdale, near Maynooth, the residence of his friend Mr. Bellingham; whose sister, "Fanny Bellingham," afterwards Mrs. D'Arcy of Clifden had, on his first visit to Ireland years before, inspired him with her own generous enthusiasm of love for her countrymen, and of longing for their deliverance from the thrall of priestcraft and Popery. Dublin, too, had its strong attractions when it contained the Goolds, the Archdeacon and his family, who were bound to his heart by many a memory, and by an undecaying affection since early romantic days in Rosneath, long, long ago; and Booterstown, with old Mr. Nixon, the incumbent, and Mr. Hopes, at his beautiful villa in Merrion

Avenue; but Ravensdale was his Irish *home*, to which he always looked forward with pleasant anticipations, and which he never left but with regret. There, as everywhere, it was his delight to go about, doing good as he had opportunity; giving the boys some useful lessons; consulting with Mr. Bellingham about the management or improvement of his land; studying the workings of the Romish faith, or no faith, in the peasantry around; saying a good word, giving a good advice, when occasion offered. On the Sunday forenoons, we used to drive through the Carton grounds to the little Church of Maynooth, with its barrel organ and scanty worshippers; and, in the evenings, Mr. Bellingham gathered a congregation of his Protestant neighbours in the large drawing-room, when Mr. Story would conduct the service and expound the Scriptures. These Sabbatic evenings did not pass without leaving behind them an enduring witness. "We both feel," wrote one who often came to listen, "our God has sent us a message by you, for you have answered many fears and doubts which had been gaining possession of my mind, and I shall, I trust, be enabled to hold fast what I have heard during the last three weeks, which truly have been to us a time of refreshing from the Lord."*

With his sympathetic nature, and ready power of interesting himself in everything or anything within his reach, he discovered various schools, national and other, in the neighbourhood, the inspecting of which

* In turning over the letters, few and scanty, of this period, I came to one—a bulletin from home, sent to the minister in his absence, by his constant correspondent, Mrs. Hill. It tells of a poor old man on his death-bed, asked by his visitor "What message shall I send from you to the minister?" "Send," he answered, "my greatest and intensest love; but pit it in yer ain words."

he greatly enjoyed. Though a stanch upholder of the Scottish parochial schools, he cordially approved of the Irish national system, and especially on the ground that it offered an educational meeting-point for Catholic and Protestant alike.

A story which he picked up on one occasion when, through the kindness of the Rector of Maynooth, he was asked to join a deputation of clergymen on a tour of school inspection, he often used to repeat. It was told to him by one whom he was not singular in regarding as a fine specimen of the Irish Church—the Rev. Edward Thackeray, of Dundalk. Mr. Thackeray had one day been present at an examination, when, after the ninth commandment was repeated, the question was asked, "And what is the meaning of bearing false witness?" The boy interrogated paused for a reply, but a little girl below him looked so eager and intelligent, that turning to her the questioner said, "Well, my little girl, what do you understand by false witness-bearing?" "Please, sir, it's when nobody does nothing at all, and somebody goes and tells everybody all about it," was the exhaustive reply.

Besides visiting schools and Maynooth College, whose dirty and disorderly aspect surprised him, and where the vice-president, who conducted him through the buildings, pointed out a gallery in the Great Hall which was intended to serve for an orchestra in the event of a Royal visit, he had some pleasant excursions through the rich green plains that stretched away round Ravensdale.

There was one long drive of forty miles—by Summer Hill and Laracor, where he looked into "Stella's" well—to Trim, with its fine old ruins, beside the pleasant winding of the "bright and tranquil" Boyne. An-

other, to the hill of Tara, an excursion often recalled. The view from the great terraced mound, where an upright stone marks the grave of the hero of the battle of Tara, where O'Connell, a more recent hero, held one of his monster meetings; in the immediate foreground the old Church, surrounded by weird-looking pines; Skreen Castle, somewhat farther off; beyond, for miles and miles, a softly undulating plain bounded on south, east, and west only by the horizon, and on the north by the violet mountains of Morne, is of itself a thing to be remembered; but what dwelt most in his memory was the crowd of impetuous beggars who beset him as he walked down from the hill. They were all women, and all, according to their own averment, widows. This fact was positively contradicted by a bystander, who affirmed none of them were such. Unable to decide the question of widowhood, and yet unwilling to go away without giving them some charity, he hit upon a plan which he thought would insure his alms falling into the hands, if not of the bereaved, at least of the orthodox. He announced he would give a certain sum to each who could repeat the Apostles' Creed. In an instant he was enclosed in a ring of women, each with her native volubility quickened by her hope of gain, rattling over the words of the Belief. It was a queer scene, he standing in the centre of the crowd, insisting on order and deliberateness in the repetition, and looking almost as intent as the *quasi* relicts themselves; the mob of white caps and eager faces pressing round him; a man or two looking lazily on, and his own party edging off down hill, and inclined to get out of the public eye as soon as possible. When the ordeal was over, he reflected with much satisfaction that all the beggars knew the Creed, although

they did introduce into it the name of the Virgin Mary.

After 1855 he did not revisit Ireland. The slow increase of his malady—so slow as from month to month to be hardly perceptible—gradually narrowed the range of his wanderings, and after that year he was never out of Scotland.

In 1856 he paid his last visit to Bridge of Earn; in 1857 he was almost constantly at home; in 1858 he was in Edinburgh for the last time, and while there, with his kindest relatives in Picardy Place and the Royal Terrace, was alarmingly ill. The attack, however, was subdued, and he returned home, somewhat shattered by it, and never to be so far from his own hearth again. It was at this time while in Edinburgh, and far from well, that the photograph by Ivan Szabo was taken, which upon the whole is the best likeness we have of him.

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOSE.

As I approach the closing scene, darkened with the shadow of Death, I look back wistfully, and see how imperfect has been this record. I feel that those who did not know him of whom it speaks will gather from it but a feeble idea of his character—but a dim picture of the man.

And now it seems as if the curtain must needs fall ere all the meaning of the drama is fully told. Sad is it too to feel that to him my words have done no justice; that he was far more than all that my human language trying to limn the divine idea of the man can succeed in portraying. The relation in which I stand to him, while it has enabled me to know much that another could not have known, has also forbidden my saying many things that another might have said:

> "But there is more than I can see,
> And what I see I leave unsaid;
> Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
> His darkness beautiful with thee."

Towards the close there is not much to tell except what is still too sacred to his recent memory to be told. As the inevitable day drew near, I was far away, and I could only gather from the reports of others, and from his own letters, how bravely and beautifully he

sion of the truth. At all events, it is not to be spoken lightly about; and until you have sufficiently ample opportunities of judging, express yourself cautiously and reservedly about it. At Kilsyth, for example, there was a certain amount of reality—greatly mingled, I would say adulterated, with excitements which were mistaken for religious emotions."

The only letter written during the last months of his life to another than myself which I have, is addressed to the Rev. John Anderson, of the "Free" Church, Helensburgh, who, disregarding the sectarian howl of bigotry and prejudice, had crossed to Rosneath in Mr. Story's absence and preached to his people. It is dated—

"Carluke, July 27th, 1859.

"My dear old Friend,—Many thanks to you for what you have been doing in Rosneath in my absence, and for which you merit the grateful acknowledgment of all whose Christianity is not identical with schism, who know and who act upon the conviction that nothing else is Christianity but the mind of Christ. The paragraph in the 'Daily Bulletin,' which has been so kindly sent me, deepens the satisfaction with which I learned from my friends at Rosneath, how the spirit of our Master had moved you, having time at your disposal, to cross and declare to all denominations the words of truth on Sabbath evening. I have no doubt, from the impression produced by the services, *that* evening will be held by many in thankful remembrance, while many who were not there, and are of kindred spirit with yourself, will rejoice that the energy and warmth of your zeal for the interests of true Christianity, led you so boldly

and chivalrously to sap the foundations of those earthen partitions which schism has reared to check or prevent altogether the interchange of the divine offices of brotherly love. You have indeed sown good seed upon the waters, the abundant fruitage of which will gladden many an eye, while your name will awaken only the more pleasing emotions, as the heart of the Church sympathizes in greater tenderness and strength of brotherly love with the heart of her risen Lord. Hoping soon to see you, and with *our* kindest regards,

"Believe me ever, dear Mr. A.,
"Your affectionate old Friend,
"ROBERT STORY."

This letter is written in a feeble hand, feebler than when he wrote to me, probably because he was less guarded in concealing his weakness. He had gone up to Carluke, hoping the change of air might reinvigorate him, but it was of no avail. From the time of his return thence, gradually flesh and heart fainted and failed: at times he was a little stronger, but the amendment was only for a time, and always followed by a relapse into greater weakness. Still the mind was clear and active, and the wide circle of his interests in no way circumscribed. His labouring breath did not allow him to speak much, and latterly he was too languid to read; but before he sank so low, two of the last books he had taken a pleasure in having with him, beside his Bible, were his Shakspeare and Dante. The last volume he read through by himself was an expository work on S. John by the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond; and the last read aloud to him was Motley's "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic." For

some time in 1858 and 1859, he had occupied himself with the Memoir of Alan Ker, which is quoted in an earlier part of this book, but as the summer of the latter year wore on, he had to give it up; he could not undergo the labour of arranging his materials or recording his thoughts, and so the work was never completed. While yet he was able to converse and enjoy their presence, some of the friends who had been most to him in days gone by came to have some last words:—Robert Paisley, Stewart Ker, Archdeacon Goold, still to him the "Fred Goold" of other days, and various times the friends most intimate and trusted, Dr. Wylie and Mr. Campbell. As they watched the gradual approach of "the Shadow feared of man," it seemed almost robbed of its terror, and grief to be half lost in the forethought of his joy, so serene was his peace, so calm his faith, so cheerful his endurance. His mortal frame indeed was passing through the Dark Valley, but the star of his spirit was shining more and more unto the perfect day. Mr. Ker brought him a hymn of Paul Gerhardt's, in some lines of which he found great delight:—

"For me there is no sentence—for me Death has no sting,
Because the Lord who loves me shall shield me with his wing.
Above my soul's dark waters His Spirit hovers still,
He guards me from all sorrows, from terror and from ill;
In me He works, and blesses the lifeseed He has sown,
From Him I learn the 'Abba,' that prayer of faith alone;
And if in lonely places a fearful child I shrink,
He prays the prayers within me I cannot ask or think,
The deep unspoken language, known only to that love
Who fathoms the heart's mystery from the throne of light above;
His Spirit to my spirit sweet words of comfort saith,
How God the weak one strengthens who leans on Him in faith;
How He hath built a city of love and light and song
Where the eye at last beholdeth what the heart had loved so long.'

His warm sympathy in the interests of others, his

deep enjoyment of the beauty of the world around him, lived with him to the last.

All the friends and parishioners who came to inquire for him he liked to see, and he welcomed them still with his old gracious and winning manner. On each, when leaving him, he bestowed, often almost inaudibly, his parting blessing, and some received it thus, who had been separated from his ministry for many years.

One who was always specially welcome had one day come in at a time when he was too weak to speak, and was just going to take some nauseous medicine. He raised the glass, and smiling and bowing to her over it, as if in old fashion drinking to her health, swallowed his dose.

The same friend told me of another evening when she was with him. It was early autumn; the candles were not yet lit, and the window was unclosed. He sat near it, looking out to the Loch. All around was deep peace and stillness. Beyond the Loch, which was calm as the sea of glass, the pale blue ridge of the hills lay glimmering beneath the moon, that walked in her brightness through the cloudless sky. A broad track of silver lay athwart the water, with here and there a spectre-like boat stealing across it noiselessly. Close to the house the dark dense plane-tree threw its deep shadow on the lawn. It was the sacred hour when the toil and turbulence of life are stilled, and the cool and lucid Heavens seem to be nearest to the wearied Earth. He looked at the tranquil moonlit scene long and lovingly, though with languid eyes, then waving his hand toward the shining Loch sighed rather than said, "Beautiful! how beautiful!" Many a time, and in many a varying mood, had he gazed on these hills and waters under the sailing moon, during the four-and-forty years now drawing to a close.

Many memories were doubtless with him then, perhaps too a fore-splendour of the time when he should know all the meaning of the words "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine Everlasting Light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Meantime the sad tidings that were coming to me across the Atlantic urged me to return home. I could not leave my post in Montreal so soon as had been hoped, but by the end of November I was free. The last letter I had from him was written in broken and trembling lines, yet strong and vivid with the old depth and fulness of love and of interest in all my concerns. He had spoken to me when mentioning the Duke of Argyll's kind intentions regarding the living of Rosneath, of my occupying his place and making good the "defects" of his ministry; and I had replied, as became any one who knew what that devoted ministry had been. In reference to this, he says, in his last letter, "I was sorry you attached such a meaning to what I said respecting the character of my own ministry and "defects." I had not so much in my mind what might be done by any young and energetic successor, as my own unprofitableness upon the retrospect of forty years. The parish was certainly in a very sad condition when I came; I did not, however, take a sufficiently high position; take your stand as a minister of Christ." Thus, like the great Apostle, counting not himself to have apprehended, he pressed toward the mark for the prize.

I sailed for Liverpool on the 26th of November,

little thinking that that very day they were laying him in his narrow bed. When our voyage was over, on the 6th December I found a letter awaiting me, which told me all was ended, "the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow;" and that where I had thought to meet a living and genial presence, I was to find only a memory and a grave. He had died on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 22nd November, after no little suffering uncomplainingly borne,* and in the presence of the only two members of his family who were then at home.

He had gradually sunk to great weakness, inability to move, and oppression in breathing, but no cloud for a moment darkened the clearness of his intellect, or the serenity of his spirit. "When seated in his chair it was hard to realize that one whose mind was so active, and whose interest in others so great, could be so rapidly hastening to the grave." That morning he had an article on Alford's Greek Testament in one of the periodicals read aloud to him, and listened with undisturbed attention; the last thing he had in his hand was a Canadian newspaper which I had sent him, containing a picture of S. Andrew's Church in Montreal. As he lay much oppressed in the darkening afternoon, suddenly he raised his hand as if to point upwards, then drew one or two long sighs, and his troubled breathing ceased.

Thus he passed away, and the spirit, purified by its suffering and its love, entered within the veil of the "worlds not realized."

On the Saturday following, he was carried from the blank house standing dreary in the dull November

* "My visits to your dear worthy father, now in Heaven, were to me a source of great and deep pleasure. His calm patience and beautiful sublime manliness were a constant lesson," in a letter from his kind friend and skilful attendant, Dr. James Drummond, of Glasgow.

weather. The service was conducted in the Church by his friend and neighbour, the Rev. J. Laurie Fogo of Row; and then the coffin was borne shoulder high to the grave. He was laid beside his two boys, George and Alexander, in the quiet corner of the Churchyard which is overlooked by the window of his own chamber, and hard by the old Church within whose walls, now deserted and silent, he had spoken during thirty-seven years, and where many by his faithful words had been led out of darkness into marvellous light. The thornless rose of Sharon which he had planted above the grave of his first-born and first-lost sheds its blossoms over his own resting-place, and the shadow of his long-loved home deepens beside it when the sun is in the west.

In the parish Church, on the wall of the chancel, a monument has been raised to his memory. It is from a design by Mr. W. Brodie, R.S.A., and contains a beautiful medallion in white marble, from the classic and faithful chisel of that distinguished sculptor. It bears this inscription:—

DEDICATED
BY
HIS PARISHIONERS AND FRIENDS
TO
THE REVERED MEMORY OF
ROBERT STORY,
FOR FORTY TWO YEARS
THE FAITHFUL AND BELOVED MINISTER
OF THE CHURCH AND PARISH OF ROSNEATH:

On Earth his earnest aim was to shew forth, by word and life, the good and perfect way wherein his Great Master walked: in Heaven there are many with him to testify that he did not labour in vain, nor spend his strength for nought.

BORN 3RD MARCH, 1790;
ORDAINED 26TH MARCH, 1818;
DIED 22ND NOVEMBER, 1859.*

* Such offices of friendship, as those which consoled these "first

Of the many letters that were received from those who mourned him, there are one or two from which I think I may extract a few words. They will be valued by many who have read these pages, and the writers, I believe, will not dislike that the expression of their sorrow and regard should be here associated with his memory.

From Mr. Erskine of Linlathen.

"Yet a little while! It is indeed a mysterious curtain which separates the dead from the living, when surely on both sides of it there is such a desire to communicate with each other; but He who is the Lord both of the dead and the living doeth all things well, and is Himself the living medium through whom we may have true fellowship with the whole family in heaven and on earth. I can now perfectly reproduce to myself my first impression of him, with his beautiful radiant countenance in that lovely country where he was standing a faithful witness for truth in opposition to many gainsayers. It is now thirty years ago, and many are gone who were with us then, and the witness which was then borne has been seed which the Lord has blest to many."

From one of the "Angels" of the "Holy, Catholic, Apostolic" Church.

"His memory is very precious to me—he was a link in the chain of many blessings. I well remember the day at Row, when literally in a corner of the room he shut me up, standing before me, pleading

dark days of nothingness," need no acknowledgment in imperfect words; still I like to record here our gratitude to that friend of him we lost, who was the first to come to the desolate home; who stayed there till after the burial-day, and preached the funeral sermon, the Rev. Dr. Wylie.

for God's love to all men, saying, 'Does He bid you love your enemies, and you do a better thing than He does Himself?' It was unanswerable, and from that day many scales fell from the eye on that deep matter of our Father's love. Circumstances have not favoured our frequent meetings for a long time, but that is enough to be remembered in that day when we shall be circled together around the throne, and shall have entered on the full tide of our high and holy work."

From the Rev. A. Young, M.A., Mochrum.

"The much loved brother now removed—how much loved indeed! The whole character of that lovely spot is changed, no more for me to be restored. Very sadly is this said, but not repiningly. I would not have his holy comfort and blessed repose broken in upon, his deliverance from all temptation—his *uninterrupted* anticipation of the glory to be revealed. No; I would not have this broken in upon even for that embrace which none other man now living can yield me, and the kindling up of that eye of love which drew forth the heart to confident joy; knowing that the *man* was there, and the utterance of those lips which preserved knowledge."

From the Rev. Norman McLeod, D.D., Barony.

"I am sure you are able to 'give thanks,' even now, as you recall the delightful and sunny memory of his beautiful character; all he was to so many during his long consistent life. . . . all the endless good he was the means of communicating to immortal souls, who now are with him, or will follow him; and then all he *is*. As I read of his death, I said aloud to myself, 'another saint in glory, bless the Lord.' It is so, and

who can exaggerate or otherwise than feebly conceive what that is! 'Surely,' says Baxter, 'we should thank God for all his love to our dear friends who are now with him."

From the Rev. R. Lee, D.D., Edinburgh.

"Few men have left more pleasant memories behind them than he. Goodness spoke in the very tones of his voice, and shone in his countenance. It has been, I am sure, to my loss, that I had so few opportunities of studying an example of Christian character which was so high, so pure, and so consistent. In this and other cases we console ourselves with the hope that another world may supply the sweet communion which we could not enjoy so fully as we desired in the present."

From ——.

"I can hardly trust myself to speak of him, or my feelings of sorrow for the loss I sustained in losing him. He was the wisest, the most considerate, the most sterling friend a man could have,—one to whom the whole heart might be opened, when you were sure of sympathy—sure of wise counsel."

From ——.

"It is so difficult to me to believe that it is all over: that one so full of love and life and activity is not to speak to us again. The return here is very sad. I cannot believe that we are not to see that loved and loving countenance."

"In these ears till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I.

Letter to Donaldson.

"Ballindalloch, Nov. 13.

"My ever dear and excellent friend,—It is now a fortnight since the date of your last invaluable communication, and although I have something to offer by way of apology, perhaps it would be better to lay aside such ceremony altogether. As, however, there is something of romance in my excuse, and as there is in it a little adventure, you will forgive me for giving you it in detail before we talk of things more important. Last Sunday I set off from here in the morning to pay a second visit to one of our brethren of ——, which, from common civility, I could not defer any longer, as he is a great reader, has a good library, and gives me a complete liberty to the use of his books! I intended to have written this letter after I returned in the evening, which, if I had been able to accomplish, you would have heard from me about a week sooner than you now can possibly do according to the regulation of our post. It came, however, a deluge of rain, which continued till the Monday afternoon; and I, for the first time since my arrival in the Highlands, fairly lost a day. For you may conceive that my interest in this country is not sufficiently great to give me a relish in the vulgar reports, and that unless something of sentiment or speculation enter into the conversation of a whole day, the frown is more natural than the smile to me. I stayed till after dinner, and the weather clearing a little, being anxious to get home, I bade adieu, contrary to many solicitations of —— ——, the parson, who undoubtedly is a very honest fellow. He told me at our separation, that if I should perish, my blood would not be upon his head, and that his conscience was free, whatever should be my disaster. Off I started along a rugged mountain path, intersected by many a torrent. The first I passed completely drenched me, although I went aside to avoid the depth

and rapidity of its stream. It was now dark: and while passing through these streets I might have met for a Spirit to describe my appearance, for it was equally suitable with that of William of Deloraine in the water of Ale, as Alexander the Great, passing upon the promontory of Taurus, as the tomb of Achilles, wept for a Homer to celebrate his glory. It was indeed grand and solemn my situation. The road was entirely shadowed with forests. On my right hand arose a dark and heavy hill, and shrouded with the remains of old forests. On my left was a declivity, which stretched down to the channel of the Spey, covered with bushes. The face of nature in the darkness was entranced in its aspect, save the broad stream of the Spey overflowing all its banks: and the torrents before and behind me which, red and fiery in their appearance, divided into several parts the gloom of the heath and of the forests. A remarkable phenomenon in the heaven above me gave to my solitary and bewildered journey a new and a deeper interest. Far in the depths of heaven there seemed a canopy of clouds, immoveable in situation, and unvaried in colour. It was far elevated above the power of the winds, and was of a deep crimson. Below that again, there were huge volumes of dark and shaggy vapour, tossed by the tempest into a thousand shapes; sometimes they almost entirely concealed the supernal crimson, then, all of a sudden, they revealed it in all its untroubled magnificence. It would seem from this that tempests only harass the inferior departments of the air, or at least that their power diminishes in proportion to the distance from the surface of our globe. At last I arrived at the ferry over the Spey, which is about two miles from this. The waters were swollen prodigiously; the current was rapid, and the waves were almost as tumultuous as those of a firth. I stood upon the brink, and thought awhile. I conceived a short ejaculation, which, in the event of the boat being overset, I intended to pour out to Heaven, before resigning myself to a watery grave. After calmly making up my mind, I called aloud to the ferrymen on the opposite side, for I heard their voice, although it was impossible to see them: and having with difficulty made them understand that I wished to get over, they informed me that it was not in human power to navigate the boat in such rapid waters, and in such a tempestuous night. With the rapidity of lightning, many notions had arisen in my mind of my various friends' sentiments when my death should be announced to them. My first bleeding thought was to my parents, the next to the sacred triad. I looked upon all my

anticipations as folly, and I was sorry that I had ever indulged so extravagantly in the visions of fancy, but I consoled myself in death by the recollection of having formed many plans to eradicate former errors, and to identify the exertions of my mind with the delineations of divine wisdom, and the promotion of the happiness of men. Believe me, however, my dear friend, that a secret confidence intimated itself amid these troubled apprehensions that my days were not yet come to an end, and that the Genius of human destinies had allowed certain designs to be formed with too prophetic an enthusiasm to crush them in the very beginning of their execution. You see in this my vanity, and the impious presumption which vanity engenders; from the whole of my feelings you may have a farther conception of my strange and romantic character. Now I give way to imaginary phantoms: now I connect to possibilities visions that give to them a temporary certainty: now I act in a thousand different scenes that I never witnessed: and now my peculiar sentiments may be the proper groundwork of a certain work which is to be immortal in the *first edition.* I am left then upon the shore, and there is no home in the immediate neighbourhood. I once thought it would be a fine adventure to mount to the top of the hill, and remain there for the night, or to go down to the forest, and sit upon the branch of a rowan to preserve me from the witches. I at last determined to be more wise, and I went in search of a Highland cottage. I rapped at the door. A fine young buxom Highland lass came and conducted me into the house, where there was a large fire blazing, around which were a group burning nuts, for it was old Hallow E'en. You have conception of my inventive powers, and here I was determined to exercise them. The simple people wished to decline the further prosecution of their sport, for though they knew not who I was, they suspected, from my buff waistcoat and jockey frock, that I was something more than ordinary. I urged them on, and engaged as keenly as they. I initiated them in rites they did not know, and in many that I knew not of till that very moment. I made them laugh, and stare, and hesitate by turns. Fancy me then, O ye citizens of the south, placed in an old arm chair, with three legs (for I was forced into the seat of honour), haranguing on the ceremonies of the night, like any Druid under his oak, and auguring from the motions of the nuts, with looks that might have befitted a Roman, when inspecting the entrails of a ram. When we were thus engaged, in comes an old reverend-looking man. He was the father of the house. We saluted one another with

great gravity, but welcome mingled with *his* soberness. He was an old man, about sixty-five, and spoke English well. He retired for about ten minutes, during which time I continued at my sports, and we were all as familiar as if our acquaintance had been for many years. The old man returned, and desired me to follow him. There was silence in his presence, and I followed him in silence. He conducted me to the but end of the mansion, which was a little commodious apartment, containing a bed, a clock, a chest of drawers, a cupboard, some old pictures, and a little book-case, with about twenty or thirty volumes. He then commenced a profound conversation, of which you may form some idea when you know that the phrases of 'human nature,' 'all ages,' 'absolute evil,' 'superstitious people,' 'spiritual pride,' &c., &c., were frequently introduced by both parties. Ye wise men of the metropolis, boast as you please of your wisdom, I could delineate to you a picture of a sage in a Highland cottage. Old farmer Gordon poured out quotations from Pope, Parnell, and Burns. The favourite of his youth was Hervey, whose flowers and tomb stones were still familiar to his fancy, and became more so as we drank of the pure Highland whisky. He could spiritualize upon the wick of a candle, and conjure up a moral from the spilling of a glass. Long had he made observations upon men and manners, and never yet did I see a man who so powerfully reminded me of Homer's Nestor. His speech was very distinct, equal, and fluent. He continually talked of what he knew in his youth, of what he had forgot, and the difference of the times in his recollection. He wore a wig. His eyes were penetrating, and his nose aquiline. The *tout-ensemble* of his face was the expression of contentment, peace, and piety. We sat till twelve o'clock, paying our devotions to the peat-reek; and before we separated, he called his family to drink my health, who by this time had wonderfully got into his good graces. 'There,' said he, with great dignity, 'drink to this young gentleman's health, who is both well acquainted with books and men.' When twelve o'clock struck he arose. 'Now, sir,' said he, 'I leave you; you have for your comfort a fire, you have a candle, and there are books to amuse you; what is it more that you desire?' We shook hands kindly, and I said to him that here was far more than I deserved. 'Ah,' replied he, 'politeness has taught you to say this whether you think so or no.' I told him that I only was ambitious of politeness as far as it would enable me to express my thoughts freely, and no other politeness I knew; if he thought otherwise, he much mistook my character. We

again shook hands, and he seemed satisfied with my sincerity. I looked through his books : and you will be surprised to hear that I found Durham's Physico-Theology among them. I slept soundly, grateful indeed to God that I was not in the bottom of the waters, and happy in finding so much genuine worth in such a humble station. The old man awakened me ; we breakfasted on cakes and butter, and honey and milk. The waters were subsided. We took leave. The old man would not suffer me to proceed in my thanks, but told me that he and his family were far more obliged to me for my frankness and familiarity than I could possibly be to them. Thus my old Highlander conquered my politeness, and earned my no small admiration. One of his sons conducted me to the boat, and stood till he saw me safely landed. Soon shall I revisit my old farmer Gordon, who is so polite, so learned, and so hospitable, upon a farm of about fifteen pounds a year ; and never shall old Hallow E'en return without bringing to me the mingled recollection of my preparation for death, and of the ancient wisdom and hospitality which received me after so blessed an escape."

APPENDIX II.

*A FRAGMENT:**

FROM A LETTER TO MRS. WALES, 1827.

——— "IT is even so—past events are the nursery of all futurities—each is a new Fountain opened, destined to flow eternally, accumulating thoughts and feelings by the new relations which it creates at every increment of its progress through the interminable spaces.

"O yes! not a thought arises in this mind of ours, but truly bears upon our destiny at the lapse of myriads of ages. Temples, palaces, mausoleums perish; but a Thought is indestructible—a mighty mystery;—for although a unity and may be forgotten, and apparently lost, it diffuses itself over our whole duration, as the element in thoughts that follow; and does, in verity, modify all other thoughts, that follow it eternally in the mind, where it sprang into being. Were this persuasion always present to us, no Thought could possibly be allowed, but such as originated a purity, or a blessedness. Yet who can prevent Thought?—Hence is a powerful argument for our utter helplessness and misery;—unable as we thus are to control our own powers, our strength is itself our weakness;—our capacity of thinking prevents our willing not to think;—for we cannot but have a continual succession of thoughts; and that which is the noble prerogative of our intellectual being, becomes an exhaustless Fountain of disquietude and misery.—How delightful, then, it is, to seek the originating and controlling power of *Him* who knows the depths and inwards of our soul, ever present, and present too, to give peace and joy: calming all its troubled waters, and exhaling, by a divine attraction, only sweet and holy meditations.

"But what are we to do, when a Thought of evil is in pos-

* Printed under the above title, at the request of Mr. Irving.

session of the mind?—this is the great practical question in its government—in the government of those very things by which we are governed; for so is the mystery of our Being. We must neutralize it, or give it a fixed locality, as it were, in the bosom of eternity. But how is this?—An evil thought may be held up as a gazing-stock,—fixed—separate, in one sense, from all that follow it—in so far as regards the elemental transfusion of its malignity or vileness;—but, while thus suspended in its loneliness, it is, in reality, ever present; and by the wonderful mercy of God, becomes the originator of holy meditations that flow in continuous harmony with the soul's loves and predilections, so long as it continues to be.—For example: a Thought of evil arises in my mind, instinct, as it were, with productive power—full of vitality;—it cannot remain a moment, without renewing itself, or generating forms of evil similar to its own;—what am I to do in this fearful emergency?—Am I to yield to an influence so disquieting and debasing?—Is there no remedy?—And must my whole existence be polluted with the waters of this Fountain of bitterness?—Thought of compunction follows:—in this the whole energy of my soul must be concentrated,—a 'hitherto shalt thou come, but no further,' must check, and seal up for ever the Fountain of evil, that threatened disquietude and sorrow to all my futurity.—This Thought of compunctious sorrow so filling the mind, a holier hatred of sinfulness is nourished by my sighs and tears;—and so it is, that the evil which seemed pregnant with disaster and ruin, loses its creativeness, stands isolated in forlorn and barren loneliness:—and like a dark cloud, from which streams forth a living radiance of glory, does it seem to originate bright and blessed meditations.—But how am I then to get quit of the Thought of evil, do you ask?—Is it to remain with me for eternity?—Truly it remains for ever: but you thus see, how possible it is to prevent its transfusion—not, however, merely by a single exertion—the labour only of an hour or a day,—but a whole life. The isolateness of the Thought continues only, so long as no other Thoughts of evil are there. If, through a careless jealousy or watchfulness, compunctions grow feeble, or decay, the barrier yields; and that, which was held in lonely imprisonment, breaks forth, as by an expansive energy, and forming a coalition, by a certain natural affinity most intimate and resistless with all secret evils, becomes a pervading and stimulating element of new-born wickednesses, and incipient corruptions. But is it not then impossible to prevent such a catastrophe? Or what can be meant by neutralizing such a

Thought, since, at the recurrence of every variety of evil, it seems to resume its power and fascination?—To the history of the Lord himself let us look for a solution, and an example. When he was tempted, was it not by a Thought of evil presented to his mind? Was it not in very deed, consciously there? Otherwise, the power of temptation could never have been felt, nor his spirit of holiness subjected to a trial;—it was consciously there, but it had no results;—nerveless, and destitute of all creativeness, it stood fixed in eternal loneliness and desolation; —and each that his enemy dared to suggest to his innocent and righteous soul, shared the same immutable doom. Such Thoughts were, however, by his supreme dominion over them, productive of Thoughts of a different order and nature; they were the occasion of holy Thoughts, which but for them would not have been present to the Saviour's soul; still, however, they perished not,—their perpetuated existence is monumental of the Saviour's triumph. And although isolated, neither creatively, nor by transfusion, existing in his mind, they did, as the occasion for the manifestation of his holy power in the hour of temptation, continue to modify the Saviour's condition; inasmuch as he thus, by the things he suffered, and the things that tempted him, was taught obedience, and made perfect. Now, from this we may most certainly learn the grand secret of mental discipline.—What was it that enabled Christ, instantaneously, and for ever, to interpose an insuperable barrier between those evil Thoughts suggested to him by his enemy, in the recorded temptation, and his own approved and responsible meditations? —What but the Holy Spirit dwelling in him in *full* and perfect measure, or rather without measure infinitely?—There were they fixed, without the possibility of transfusion or commixture with kindred Thoughts; for, in his mind there were no similar elements, or amalgamating sympathies,—and there they are in eternal contrast to his lovely and holy resolutions,—truly existing, that all spirits may behold wherein he triumphed; and while beholding, may kindle into an undying admiration and love of his glorious virtue.—Now in this why should we not imitate Him?—We cannot annihilate the indestructible Thought;—nor, like him, so perfectly separate between the evil and the good; but it is in proportion to the measure of faith, the gift of the Holy Ghost, by which we are partakers of a similar virtue, that we essay to accomplish *in part*, what, *in perfection*, he so divinely effected. What he did with all, we may do with ne;—and in what consist the ambition, the travail, the nph of a believer's soul since an evil Thought cannot pos-

sibly be prevented, but to check its creativeness of evil?—In this field Christ earned his glory; and in the same field his followers must struggle for their crown.—When so tempted, may the watchword in the decisive crisis ever be—'*remember Christ—as he overcame, so must I;*' and, according as the Holy Ghost is given us, we must proceed to sever the evil, from all that follows, by calling from the depths of the soul the corresponding holy Thought, that compunctious sorrow nurtured by love for Christ's virtue, and anguish for want of Christ's perfection.—O never may a Thought be suffered to pass without the scrutiny of our jealous souls—'What—whence—whither art thou? Child of the Spirit, or offspring of the Devil?'—Nor any to remain, vital and creative, but such as can reply,—'From God's own bosom I come, to God's own bosom I return; element of undefiled and undecaying blessedness.' But in all this let us give God the glory. In Him, and from Him, is the beginning and the end of all perfection;—in ourselves, and by ourselves, evil will go on producing evil in continued succession,—accumulating all variety of pollutions in the soul;—again I say then, remember Christ:—think how he overcame:—all that he had, he received of the Father.—Never let us cease, therefore, with our heart and flesh to cry, that by his Holy Spirit He would take of the things which He gave to that blessed conqueror and show them to us:—showing us how he toiled, and triumphed, that we, so toiling and so triumphing, may be sharers of his unspeakable glory."

APPENDIX III.

I HAD intended appending here various documents relating to the Row case. The Pastoral address, referred to in the Second Part, after being long lost, was found after this work was in the publisher's hands, among Mr. Scott's papers, in Manchester. It is much too long to be inserted, and I find that its general tenor can very well be gathered from the letters and narrative given in the text. Its key-note is, "Believe—each of you—that in Christ your sins are forgiven," and its great effect was no doubt due to the simplicity and novelty of this teaching in those dubious days. The like objection—too great length—forbids the unabridged insertion of other documents which I had laid aside for that purpose, such as the Libel and Reply in the Row case; Mr. Story's "Reasons of Dissent and Complaint;" his "Light from a Cloud of Witnesses," and one or two others. The general reader would probably not care to penetrate the lengthiness and the technicalities of these papers to the living core of interest beyond, which is the growth which one can trace of a free and spiritual conception of our relation to God our Father, and of the work of Christ our Brother, amid the entanglements and limitations of a rigid and forensic theology. That growth began in Mr. Story's case, as stated in the text, during his residence in England, and was mainly the result of his own prayerful study of his Greek Testament, alone and apart from human influence and teaching. Mr. Campbell, in a recent letter to me, which I take the liberty of quoting, says, "The whole value of his new convictions to himself, as well as all claim on the attention of others, when he uttered them as a 'witness' for the truth, depended entirely on its being true that he was *taught of God, and called no man master*. And, indeed, to calling any man master he had specially little temptation. On the contrary, in all our intercourse, before we came to see so much eye to eye, as well as afterwards, he always took the higher place of judging: in the former

period bringing objections; afterwards urging cautions, which, in relation to me, also accorded with his greater age, and far greater extent of previous reading, and occupation with all that had been thought by others."

The general charge, or major proposition of the libel against Mr. Campbell is, that he had departed from Scripture and from the Standards of the Church, inasmuch as he had, on various occasions, inculcated the doctrine of universal atonement and pardon, and that "assurance" is of the essence of faith, and necessary to salvation, in declaring "that God has forgiven the sins of all mankind, whether they believe it or not: that in consequence of the death of Christ, the sins of every individual of the human race are forgiven; that it is sinful and absurd to pray for an interest in Christ, because all mankind have an interest in Christ already; and that no man is a Christian unless he is positively assured of his own salvation." The libel then proceeds to rehearse the special charges, ten in number, and technically styled the "minor proposition" of the libel, which were held by the libellers to substantiate the foregoing allegation. These charges are selected by the libellers * from sermons and addresses of Mr. Campbell's, delivered in his own parish and elsewhere. The third count, or charge, for example, is, "You, the said Mr. John M'Leod Campbell, in a sermon preached by you in the School House at Helensburgh, on one of the days of the month of October, 1829, used the following expressions, or expressions of a similar import and tendency, viz., 'That it was a gross error in the modern preachers of Evangelical doctrines to maintain that the reason why men were not cured was that they did not seek an interest in Christ or come to him, because an interest in Christ was the privilege of all men indiscriminately, and that the reason why men were not happy in the enjoyment of it was, that they would not allow themselves to be persuaded that they were continually in a state of reconciliation.' And again, 'That the only cause why a man should at any time be sorrowful, was regret or dissatisfaction at himself for not believing himself to be in a state of favour with God;' &c. In the 7th count, he is charged with having said, on another occasion, that the doctrine of the Church of Scotland, regarding Election, 'tended to fatalism.' Again, in the 8th, that "in a parochial examination at Easterton,

* The libel is signed by eight persons, three of whom are farmers, one a spirit dealer, one a grocer, one a surgeon, the other two, apparently, petty tacksmen or tenants.

all men—IN *their being brought to* KNOW *it, was their election shown.*" He thus sums up his argument on the atonement: "On these grounds therefore do I hold the doctrine of universal atonement to be the doctrine of Scripture, viz., That there is not one word pointedly or distinctly limiting the atonement—that there are many expressions distinctly averring that the work of Christ has been for *all men*—that the appointing him King of Zion and ordaining a mediatorial kingdom in his hand, are announced as good news to *all men*—that the various forms in which this gospel of the kingdom is preached contain internal evidence that Christ died for all—that the footing on which the call to repentance is addressed to sinners is the manifested love of God in Christ to them—that the ground upon which the obligation to love our brethren is put, is the love of God in Christ, and the call to prayer for them is founded on Christ's having given himself a ransom for all—that the judgment to come both in respect of a resurrection of men for judgment, of the principle of the judgment, and of his title to judge, before whose judgment-seat *all* must stand—teach the same doctrine, and finally that it is implied in the statements of the Scripture on the subject of election."

In taking up the charge of teaching the doctrine of universal pardon through the death of Christ, Mr. Campbell specifies three senses in which the term *pardon of sin* may be understood: 1, An absolute act of indemnity; 2, The act of God in receiving a penitent sinner; 3, The removal of the judicial barrier which sin interposes between God and man, "so making the fact of his being a sinner no hindrance to his coming to God as to a reconciled father." The first he, of course, utterly rejects. "Such a pardon is altogether a fiction. . . . . Not only is it not the portion of all, but, in fact, it is not the portion of any: to neither unbeliever nor believer is any immunity from future wrath secured, *apart* from his being prepared for being found of God in peace at that day. . . . . To hold otherwise is distinct Antinomianism, and makes the atonement something to take those for whom it has been made, out of the judgment of God; and not, as it really is, something to prepare them for that judgment by bringing them into the condition in which they can say, "We may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as he is, so are we in the world." The second "is, from the very nature of the thing, limited to the sinners who do return—the prodigal still remaining in the far country cannot possibly be received into the Father's house." In the third sense, Mr. C. maintained that the Scriptures

revealed pardon as extended to all, "as the result of the atoning sacrifice of Christ for all," "as the condition in which God's accepting the sacrifice of Christ for mankind has placed the children of men." "It is difficult to get people, even intellectually, to conceive that this is anything else than the Arminian doctrine of God's readiness to pardon all on condition of their repenting and believing. In truth, however, no two doctrines can be more widely different. Arminianism is the sanctifying with the name of religion pure self-righteousness. After a man is supposed to have repented and believed, on that system, he is only then in that condition of *right to come to God* with confidence, in which, according to the true doctrine of the Scriptures, he was placed by the sacrifice of Christ, as a propitiation for his sins; and as long as repenting and believing occupy in men's minds this place of *preliminary requisites*, in order to having *title* to approach God with boldness, of confidence in his fatherly love to us, and free acceptance of us, it makes little difference whether we *professedly* hold the system known by the name of *Arminianism*, or attempt to separate between ourselves and it, by limiting the atonement, and by holding strictly that the faith and the repentance are the gifts of God." The believer and the unbeliever, he explains, both stand alike, as to their *right* and *title* to approach God with confidence; believing does not confer that right, for it exists prior to, and is the object of, belief; but they differ in this—that the believer is consciously enjoying the right, and living in the strength of it; the unbeliever receives from it no life, but only the greater condemnation, because he will not avail himself of it. "Distinctions which, successively arising heresies, make it important to mark, are rather implied than expressed in the record of truth, of which all heresy is the perversion—it is therefore, by the study of such subjects as the character of God as a fountain of life,—the nature of repentance, as an actual *transition* from the condition of not giving God glory, to the condition of glorifying and enjoying him,—of the nature of a salvation by faith, as a salvation by the knowledge of God,—of the nature of righteousness, as an intelligent sympathy and oneness with the moral mind of God, and delight in his will,—of the nature of obedience, whether of feeling, thought, word, or action, as the free working of a mind whose will is the same with the will of God, and which obeys with the same feeling with which God commands, truly testifying by its obedience that its judgment is, 'good is the will of the Lord'—of the nature of the propitiation for sin, as a manifestation of God's

character in respect of sin, not for the purpose of making it possible for sinners to be taken out of his righteous judgment, but for the purpose of preparing them for judgment, by causing them to share in his estimate of sin, and so preparing them for being delivered from wrath, in his righteousness—it is by the study of such subjects as these, that we shall come to feel that not one, or many passages, only, of the word of God contain the doctrine on the subject of pardon now held, *but that it is embodied in the whole of God's revelation of himself to man.*"

In reference to the charge of inculcating that "assurance is of the essence of faith and necessary to salvation," the third point he takes up, Mr. Campbell truly says, "Much misconception has arisen from the loose and inaccurate use of terms." Indeed, it is difficult to track a definite meaning through the turnings and windings of the technical phraseologies and scholasticisms with which this section of the subject is encumbered. Mr. C. proceeds thus: "Faith being the belief of God's testimony, assurance of faith should properly mean the confidence in its reality, with which *the thing testified* is contemplated; and this is the scripture use of the word—at the same time, it is likely, and may be assumed, that the expression is used, in the libel, in the sense in which it is usually employed in theological writings.—In these, it is rather the feeling of *personal interest* in the thing believed, than of the reality of the thing itself, that is intended to be expressed. At the same time, seeing that the words of God are spoken to us *personally*, and intended to be received as *life to ourselves individually*, there is not much reason to complain of this liberty taken with the expression, 'Assurance of Faith.' So long as men holding a limited atonement, held also that assurance was of the essence of faith, and so required that the love of God in Christ should be felt as *personal love*, in the mind's apprehension of it, though not held to be personal in the record—and so long as faith was thus made to embrace more than the word reveals, there was a risk of very serious error, and a door opened for a very insidious form of self-righteousness, under the name of what was called the appropriating act of faith: but when it is understood that faith needs not to change anything, but may, taking things as they are, say, *my* Lord and *my* God—so long as it is understood that the spirit of adoption is the spirit of faith in a *revealed* fatherly love, *then* there is no evil in associating the word faith
[illegible]h those feelings of personal delight in the Lord, and confi-
[illegible]e towards God, which are *inseparable* from it. And on this

subject I hold and teach, that *in believing* the gospel, there is *necessarily* present in the mind, the *certainty* that the person believing is the object of God's love, manifested to him in the gift of Christ—the certainty that he has remission of his sins, the gift of the Spirit, and all things pertaining to life and to godliness bestowed on him, by the free grace of God ; so that he feels himself debtor to God for the gift of eternal life ; and this I hold to be *so* of the essence of faith, that is to say, so necessarily implied in the existence of true faith, that no person can be regarded as in the belief of God's testimony who is not conscious to it. It is manifest, that no one can consistently hold, that God has given to every man, in Jesus Christ, all things pertaining to life and godliness, and at the same time not hold the doctrine of assurance of faith as now stated."

Much confounded and vaguely mixed up with the "assurance of faith" was the "assurance of salvation," which Mr. C. takes the occasion to distinguish, as having reference to the demarcation between regenerate and unregenerate persons, "the object of which is the fact concerning the individual, that he himself now belongs to the class of saved ones." "It is obviously quite a different contemplation,* to be beholding the glory of God's holy forgiveness shining in the face of Jesus Christ, and reflecting it back with the response of the spirit of adoption, crying 'Abba Father' (which is the condition of assurance of faith), from being looking inward on oneself, and . . . saying to oneself . . . 'whereas I was a stranger to the commonwealth of Israel, I am now a fellow citizen with the saints and of the household of God.'"—"The two assurances are distinct in themselves, and I feel it important to refer to the distinction, because, whilst I hold assurance to be of the essence of faith, I do not hold that the converted person is necessarily *always* in a condition of assurance as to his being in a state of salvation."

The concluding portion of the defence is occupied with the proof that what was libelled was not doctrine inconsistent with the *standards* of the Church, the *scriptural* proof having been led in the earlier part of it. "In reference to the doctrines, in this libel, declared to be inconsistent with the standards of the Church, I would reply as to the first, the doctrine of Universal Atonement and pardon through the death of Christ,

* It is greatly to be questioned whether any one not trained to the minutiæ of Scotch Calvinistic theology will be able to perceive much essential difference between the two.

[illegible]

[illegible] incurred [illegible]

[illegible] were distinct [illegible]

[illegible] incomprehensible.

[illegible] Mr. Campbell had no power in [illegible] explanation, [illegible] the Reverend [illegible] from the examiners. In its very [illegible] that the Presbytery had ascertained. [illegible] that doctrines imputed to Mr. Campbell [illegible] doctrines condemned by Act 1720; and [illegible] from the judgment of the Reverend Presbytery, [illegible] from the heads which they have found relevant, they [illegible] to conclude by any necessary consequence. For although it should be found that the same words have been used by Mr. Campbell, as are employed to clothe the doctrine which that Assembly condemned, it does not follow that they attach the same conceptions of truth. Solitary passages, [illegible] from their connexion, might be selected from the infallible Word itself, which would seem in utter discordance with

the truth which that Word was intended to convey; and upon the same principle the standards of our Church might be easily proved a mere collection of heretical notions. A man must not be condemned, much less a minister of the gospel, for a word.

"Were it eventually found that the words imputed to Mr. Campbell in the libel imply what the Presbytery suppose, this dissent from their judgment it might seem expedient to withdraw; but as yet, not being able to see that they are necessarily significant of the doctrines which the Act 1720 condemned, I cannot but complain that the production of a libel more precise in its allegations was not enjoined upon Mr. Campbell's accusers.

"2nd. But more particularly, I object to the major proposition of the libel, in respect of its not containing specifically libellous matter. For that alone I hold to be libellous in doctrine, which is contradictory of any declaration in the Holy Scriptures or our Standards. Were any other principle admitted, such a latitude would be afforded to rash and malignant accusers, as must of necessity jeopard the reputation and usefulness of every minister of the Church. Trials for constructive treason would not be more fatal to civil freedom, from the jealousy and suspicion of tyrannical power, than trials for inferential heresy to honest and bold teaching of truth, in seasons of ecclesiastical excitement or intrigue. Thus I express myself to guard and illustrate what I say, when I dissent frem the judgment of the Presbytery anent the relevancy of the major proposition, because it does not, according to the meaning of the terms employed, necessarily contain libellous matter. The words 'Universal Atonement' and 'Universal Pardon,' 'Assurance is of the essence of faith,'—the libellers may have heard Mr. Campbell pronounce, but in what sense they do not aver, which indeed could have been known to the Reverend Presbytery only by their having specifically declared to what Scriptural truths, or Protestant doctrines, they were opposite.

"3rd. While I dissent and complain for the reasons already assigned, I do so further because in a certain sense the words imputed to Mr. Campbell, by the libellers, express most true doctrines, contrary neither to the Scriptures nor the Standards of our Church.

"1st. With regard to universal atonement and pardon through Jesus Christ, I must premise, as they are not words of Scripture, they are not to be adopted without very special explanation. To the use of words not in Scripture I have ever had strong

objections; holding, as I do, that since, on the highest authority, 'the words of God are pure words, as silver tried,' they are the best possible for expressing the truths which he has chosen to reveal.

"But while I so express myself, there is a sense of universal atonement not contrary to Scripture declarations, nor inconsistent with the standards of our Church. It is not contrary to Scripture declarations. There are many expressions indeed in the Old and New Testament, which, without unnatural construction, imply the existence of a certain relationship between Christ and all human beings, which could not be unless all, in some way or other, were affected by His incarnation. The head of their common enemy he was ordained to bruise; in the seed of Abraham, his ancestor, according to the flesh, God himself declared all the families of the earth should be blessed—he is described as the desire of all nations—as the taker away of the sin of the world—as tasting death for every man. All which expressions, and many others equally emphatic, are decisive of a wider connexion between Christ and man than could be explained by the relationship that exists between him and the chosen people of God;—unless other declarations were found by which their import could be neutralized, they imply that something has been effected by the Saviour's dying in the common nature of man, in which men have a common interest. There is, however, neither in the Old nor in the New Testament any such declaration. He is described, indeed, as laying down his life for the sheep; but it is a bold conclusion that no other, therefore, are interested in his death. As well might it seem, that because he took away the sin of the world, sin still remains on each individual soul. He saves only his people from their sins; but can it follow, by any just consequence, that the guilt of those who reject him is not aggravated because he died?

"But farther, while it contradicts no divine testimony, it is assumed throughout the whole Bible, and at every point is elucidated and confirmed by the analogy of faith. The etymology of the Saxon word Atonement, adopted in our translation, for which Reconciliation is sometimes synonymously used, implies the removal of an obstruction which prevented the contact or communion of objects or agents. In this sense, atonement, as synonymous with the effect of the death of Christ, expresses the radical truth, so to speak, without which the continuance of life to man, or any communions of God with any man, would have been impossible. Adam forfeited his life by his sin. Irrespective of God's secret counsel, or of his ultimate design in

the creation of man, the legislative declaration, In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die, conclusively attested to Adam and to all, the inevitable desert of sin—death; by which in any, or all of its senses, is implied the after impossibility of holding communion with God. The fact, then, of Adam being visited not in judgment but in mercy by his Maker, revealing in promise to him, although deserving death, the bearer of iniquities and the destroyer of death, proved that, notwithstanding his sinfulness, Adam, and the human race in Adam, were placed in circumstances where that communion had not ceased to be possible. The whole of Scripture, the analogy of all the truths which Scripture contains, obviously connect those circumstances and the possibility of that communion with the work of the Messiah—the atonement, and this irrespective of those ultimate distinctions which God in his eternal counsels had decreed to establish among the children of men. Those circumstances—this possibility—this atonement, so different from the irremediable death that had been incurred, obviously, according to the Scriptures, affects all men, *and that in virtue of Christ's agency.* In this sense, therefore, using atonement, it seems undeniable that the term universal atonement is expressive of a truth clearly revealed in the Bible, without which the race of men would have perished in the person of the first sinner, or their successive generations would have judicially been excluded from the possibility of any intercourse with their offended Creator.

"2nd. But the reasons why I dissent from the judgment of the Presbytery, in respect of the relevancy of the term universal atonement, will appear further from what I proceed to state concerning the term Universal Pardon. The term itself, I have no hesitation in unequivocally condemning, as fitted to mislead, as not framed to give right conceptions of the truth, either in the Scriptures or the Standards. But the truth must not suffer although arrayed in an unseemly garment, as if thereby, of necessity, it were transformed into error; for there is a sense in which all men are pardoned through Jesus Christ. They are now in a state of probation, or under a dispensation of grace, as is most clearly revealed throughout the whole of Scripture. These express the same truth, and I use them as convertible terms. The continuance of being, and the possibility of communion with God, resulting from the atonement, might, or might not, have been a blessing: but the term Universal Pardon implies also, that man's life was not continued to him as a curse, and that he might enjoy communion with his Maker if

he willed it. If it were otherwise, the Scriptures would teach that man is necessarily, and without remedy, subjected during the whole of his being to the judicial results of the original sin; that his continuance in sin is not because he himself will have it so—that he is in the very condition, in which he would have been had Christ not died—that he is condemned now, and will be hereafter, simply because he is a child of Adam, and not as the wilful rejecter of God's grace in his crucified Son—that he is the inheritor of death, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, because, in a remote age, in the first beginning of time, his ancestor violated a law meriting that judgment; and not that he himself has devoted the energies of his perverse and depraved mind to the perpetration of two great evils, hewing out to himself broken cisterns, and forsaking God, the all-sufficient good, the fountain of living waters.

"Now, no truth is more clearly revealed in Scripture, than that God does not hate any of the sons of men, in the common acceptation of the term. Hatred of any object is inseparably connected in our conceptions with a desire of inflicting upon it pain—to ATTRIBUTE such a sentiment to GOD is BLASPHEMY, and cannot possibly be found among the delineations of the divine character in the records of truth. He swears by himself, by his own life, on the contrary, that he has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. The innumerable counsels, expostulations, entreaties, promises, threatenings, the Bible contains, all express the same solemn reality, which imposes upon each sinner so peremptory an obligation to return to his God. In so expressing myself I mean to affirm, that all men, within and beyond the pale of special revelation, are utterly inexcusable in not giving glory to God; and that at all times, and every where, according to the Scriptures, he has, in virtue of the atonement, manifested such long suffering and goodness, as are fitted to lead all to repentance.

"So explained, it will be seen how the present condition of the wicked being different from the future, depends upon the alleged heretical notion of universal pardon.—Why they are not now in a condition of irrevocable judgment—why there is not yet such a gulf between them and the righteous, as between Dives and Lazarus in the parable—that the present condition and final doom of the ungodly might unite to unfold the character of him thus described in the Psalms, 'thou wast a God that forgavest them, but tookest vengeance on their inventions.'

"Finally. As it thus appears, unless, in a certain sense, the

work of Christ be regarded as so extensive, there could be no specific difference between a human sinner and a condemned spirit, every where in Scripture represented as in very unlike conditions; as the very idea of a dispensation of grace must be rejected, and the preaching of the gospel, which it bears to any but the elect, as a solemn mockery, if not a profane and presumptuous intermeddling with the purposes of God—I trust my brethren will do me the justice of saying, that while I so think and feel, I could not but dissent from their finding anent the relevancy of the first accusation in the major proposition of the libel.

"3rd. But further, I dissent from the judgment of the Presbytery, in respect of the utter indefiniteness of the second charge, namely, that Assurance is of the essence of faith, and necessary to salvation, so obviously susceptible of different meanings, which itself is decisive of its irrelevancy; but more especially, because its most obvious meaning is contradictory of no Scripture declaration. The Scriptures indeed give no declaration on the subject. If assurance, being of the essence of faith, imply any thing else, than that a mental persuasion or assuredness is identical with believing—wherever the word is used, or the idea expressed in Scripture, of necessity this assuredness or persuasion is implied, for in the Scriptures, words are used with their common meaning, to express truths of common importance. In all ages, and in all languages, belief implies persuasion, so that they may be regarded as convertible terms,—of this there can be no question, as it is well expressed by a learned father of this Presbytery—'The assurance of faith,' says the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, in one of his able publications, 'or a clear and full conviction of the reality of the thing believed, is absolutely essential to the nature of faith. In fact, this *assurance and faith are one and the same thing*, and none who understands the meaning of the language, will ever hesitate for a moment to admit, that it is absolutely necessary to the existence of religion in the heart. *Faith, and the assurance of faith, are only two names for the same thing.*' Assuming, then, this definition of the assurance of faith to be just and true, viz., *that assurance of faith is faith*, the libellers must be held as attributing to Mr. Campbell, as a heretical notion, that faith is necessary to salvation. Is it needful to say any thing more, why I object to the relevancy of the second charge in the major, inasmuch as it contradicts no scriptural declaration, for might not the words, 'without faith it is impossible to please God,' quoted by any minister of the gospel, as well be incorporated in a libel?

"4th. But I dissent further, in respect of the charges in question being in nothing contrary to the truth contained in our Standards.

"While I hold that the doctrines of the Standards are truths of God, only because they are found in the Scriptures; and that the Scriptures are not to be regarded as teaching certain doctrines, merely because they are found in the Standards; it is readily admitted, that were the Standards to contain any declaration which the alleged heresies oppose, irrespective of the Scriptures, for the purposes of good order and discipline, they must be held judicially relevant to infer the conclusions of the libel. But in regard—

"To universal atonement in the sense already explained, I can discover nothing contradictory of the Confession of Faith and Catechisms of this Church, approven by the General Assembly, and ratified by law. For this is evident—negatively and positively, from what they do not and what they do declare.

"They do not declare that in no way whatever all men are affected by the death of Christ. They do not declare that the sentence was suspended in virtue of any other agency than that which was revealed in the first promise. They do not declare that men would have existed in their present condition of trial irrespective of the shedding of the blood of Christ—that the wicked or unbelieving are already in the very condition in which they are doomed to exist eternally—that men do not aggravate their guilt every moment by rejecting God's counsels against themselves—that the reprobation of those who are not elected unto life, is without any respect to their own sin, or that, by eternal decree, God is, in the same sense, the author of man's damnation as he is of man's salvation—finally, they do not declare that while here the reprobate are so doomed to unbelief, or urged to strong delusions by such necessity as would justify them in not believing in Jesus as their Saviour, or rejecting the eternal truths of God. All which they could not avoid declaring, if they taught that in no way whatever all men were affected by the death of Christ.

"But, from what they do declare regarding it, it is most clear, that they contain nothing incompatible with the doctrine in question. They affirm most clearly, that 'those of mankind who are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his eternal purpose and secret counsel, and good pleasure of his will, hath chosen in Christ, unto everlasting glory, out of his mere free grace and

love, without any foresight of faith, or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions or causes moving him thereunto, and all to the praise of his glorious grace. As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so hath he, by the eternal and most free purpose of his will, fore-ordained all the means thereunto. Wherefore, they who are elected being fallen in Adam, are redeemed by Christ, are effectually called unto faith in Christ by his Spirit working in due season, are justified, adopted, sanctified, and kept by his power, through faith unto salvation. Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified, and saved, but the elect only.'

"Now such declarations as these, in their matter, are founded on the oracles of God. For throughout the whole of the Confession the word Redeemed, or the idea of redemption, is never introduced without reference to the work of the Spirit in those who shall finally be saved.

"If, by universal atonement in the major of the libel were meant, that all were redeemed in this sense, *or that all were equally in possession of something which Christ died to purchase, whether they believed in his name or not*, I would have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing it a pernicious error—an Antinomian delusion, and striking at the very vitals of religion. But universal atonement cannot for a moment be regarded as synonymous with universal redemption; the atonement, in the sense I have explained, having, according to the Scriptures, rendered possible communion between God and sinful Adam, while it is the very tenor by which his posterity exist in their present condition.

"That the atonement, as thus affecting all, is distinct from, while not inconsistent with, the doctrine of the Standards regarding particular redemption, must be apparent from the answer to the question, 'How are we made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ? By the effectual application of it to us by his Holy Spirit.'

"That the possibility of the communion alluded to, or the tenor by which we hold existence, cannot be convertible with redemption, is obvious from the way it is applied by the Spirit to the soul, namely, by working faith in us, and thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling.

"The fact that God was pleased according to the counsel of his will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonour and wrath *for their sin*, 'to the praise of his glorious justice,' affects not

the truth that universal atonement accords with particular redemption, meaning by this the manifestation of that work of God in Christ existing only in those who believe. For the Standards most wisely say, *that for their sin* they were ordained to dishonour and wrath, while, with consummate discretion and wisdom, they avoid expressions more particular; although they cannot be held as affirming that the sin for which they are ordained to dishonour and wrath is irrespective of what Christ has done for the world, or of the condition in which the shedding of his blood had placed all the generations of men.

"With respect to Universal Pardon as it has been explained, I cannot but hold that it is compatible with the doctrines of the Standards. Were all enjoying pardon, in the sense the word is used in those Standards, no reason could have existed for any other but a unanimous judgment of Presbytery in this matter; but while I hold, that the Standards are founded upon the infallible word, I do not thereby admit that the words employed in them are words of God, or that they are at all times the best possible for clothing his truths. In these Standards, it is taught, that pardon is bestowed upon the redeemed for Christ's sake alone—not for the sake of their repentance, yet it is also taught that repentance is of such necessity to all sinners, that none may expect pardon without it. The pardon of the Standards expresses that which cannot be enjoyed by an impenitent mind. Of necessity, therefore, even in this life, universal pardon can have no existence so long as one prodigal of the human family has not returned to his Father. But in so limiting the meaning of pardon, the Standards can never be held as excluding the idea of its universality, in the sense in which I have defined it—namely, that something is done to and enjoyed by all men, in consequence of the dying of the Lord Jesus. The possibility of communion with God might have been unaccompanied with any desire for that communion on the part of God. The prolongation of life might have been without enjoyment; but the fact, that the tender mercies of God are over all men, and that all are under a dispensation of grace, the Standards nowhere deny. They do not therefore limit to the redeemed what the Saviour hath purchased by his blood. On the contrary, there are express declarations of the Standards in which they teach, that the work of Christ extends beyond the redeemed in the procuring bestowal of blessing. All gifts of the Holy Spirit, Christ ceived from his Father for the benefit of man; nor will enied, that wherever the Spirit affects any soul, it is in

virtue of the work of Christ; while it is equally clear, that every gift or influence bestowed is in itself a blessing. 'For whom did the Saviour procure the Holy Spirit? for the redeemed only?' The Standards assert the contrary, and say, 'that others, not elected or redeemed, may have some common operations of the Spirit.'

"The conclusion is unavoidable, that unless the Standards held that the Holy Spirit would have striven with man's rebellious mind although Christ had not died, they thus unequivocally teach, that others than the redeemed are under a dispensation of grace—that others than the redeemed are the recipients of divine influences—influences purchased by his blood, and thus teaching that universal pardon, as it has been defined, is truly accordant with particular redemption. Now, unless these common operations of the Spirit are curses and not blessings, and all the mercies, other than the redeemed enjoy, are expressive of cruelty, and not of kindness in God—unless the grief so often expressed, that men should fail to turn to him, be a mere rhetorical device, and not an awful reality; the Standards, in so expressing the truth, coincide with the Scriptures in representing the crucified and risen Saviour as the channel of blessing, over a wider field than the sanctuary of His elect.

"In all this, I see clearly the doctrine of the major in the sense I have explained it—undeniably true, as it may be, in the estimation of all who have seen Jesus weeping over Jerusalem, or heard him say, 'he that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' Regarding it, therefore, as most clearly admitted in the Standards, that the reprobate enjoy blessings conveyed to them through Jesus, which were impossible for them to have enjoyed, had not they been interested in the shedding of his blood, or been born under a dispensation of grace or pardon—I cannot conclude with my brethren in the terms of their judgment, regarding the universal atonement and pardon of the libel.

"In respect of the second charge, I also dissent from that judgment, as nowhere do the Standards deny, that faith is necessary to salvation; a proposition with which, after what has been stated concerning it, *that* in the libel I am entitled to regard as identical.

Had the doctrine that assurance of personal salvation is of the essence of faith, been imputed to Mr. Campbell, the accusation would have been of a different complexion, as it might have seemed to justify the finding of the Presbytery, in so far as it may be held opposite to the chapter of the West-

APPENDIX IV.

CHURCH AT ALBURY. MR. DRUMMOND'S ORDINATION.

ALBURY PARK, *December* 28, 1832.

"AT the commencement of the usual meeting for prayer, on Wednesday evening last (26th current), the Lord spoke a searching word through Mr. Caird, while Mr. Drummond was reading the 33rd Psalm; the substance of it was a warning against trifling with God and with sin. Before singing, Mr. D. warned the people against coming there without knowing why. He saw some who, he feared, were ignorant that the purpose of this meeting was, to pray unto the Lord for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and the revival of all His gifts to the whole Church everywhere throughout the world; and unless they could join sincerely in this the prayer would be a wavering prayer, which the Lord would not hear. After the Psalm Mr. D. said there were some amongst them who he knew were very anxious concerning the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and he requested the brethren who might be led to pray to make this a subject of special prayer: he then called upon the elder, Mr. Bayford, to read and pray. Mr. B. read Luke iv. During his prayer, while beseeching the Lord to make known His mind regarding ordinances, the Spirit broke forth in Mr. Drummond saying, 'It is the Lord's will; it is His will that the ordinances of the Lord's supper be observed in this Church; it is His will.' Then the Spirit, through Mr. Caird, called on us to rejoice that the Lord had heard the prayer of the destitute; and said, 'Be ye prepared to keep the feast with desire—desire ye to do this in remembrance of Jesus; the Lord will feed the hungry, but the rich he shall send empty away.' Mr. Bayford concluded his prayer, and Mr. D. desired the Church to sing the 36th Paraphrase, which contains the words, last quoted by the Spirit. While preparing to sing it the Lord spoke through Mr. Taplin, a long time in a tongue, and then said

'The Lord ordains, by you who have been called to be the Angel of this Church, to feed this people with the body and with the blood of the Lord: the meek ones shall be fed, but the proud consumed.' Mr. D. then called on the Church for thanksgiving to the Lord for the mercy He had shown, but told them to remember we still required the counsel of the Lord in this matter, and added, 'I may give you the bread and the wine, and you may press the bread with carnal teeth, and touch the wine with your lips, but this is not to have communion with the Lord,—it is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing;' and again he called to prayer. The Spirit immediately spoke through Mr. Caird, saying, 'Let the Lord do his work; let Him declare all His mind; let His working alone be seen in the midst of you.' The Spirit then, through Mr. Cardale, began to open up the mystery of the body and blood, and the proper condition of those who receive it, and with much expression of grief, saying, 'Mourn ye, because the cisterns are broken, and there is no water, the Lord's people are a grief to Him: they are a burden to Him; He is pressed, He is pressed under them; there are some among you that believe not; Jesus is angry; He is angry.' The Spirit proceeded in prayer, crying unto the Lord, 'O come down unto thy people; O for a living cry to ascend unto our God,' concluding with a comprehensive prayer for the whole Church, and for the officers of this Church in particular, specifying every one—Pastor, Evangelist, Elder, and Prophet. At the close of this prayer Mr. D. again said, 'I wish some of the brethren would pray, for I do not clearly discern the mind of the Lord in this matter.' The Spirit, in Mr. Cardale, said, 'Ye do well,' and continued to plead and exhort: it was a mingled utterance of both. When the Spirit broke forth in Mr. Taplin, with great power in a tongue, and thus said, 'The Lord commandeth you, you who have been called to be an Apostle, to lay hands on the Angel of this Church, and ordain him to rule and feed this people—to feed them with the body and blood of the Lord; be faithful, be faithful, and Jesus will honour you.' After a short pause Mr. Cardale advanced to Mr. Drummond, who was kneeling at the desk, and after a prayer, mighty in the Spirit, beginning at Creation and going through the manifestations of God unto the person, sufferings, and glory of the Lord Jesus; with strong [illegible] for faith, and that the hand of the Lord alone might be both his hands on Mr. Drummond's head, the latter eply absorbed in communion with God; the Spirit lale saying, 'Be thou filled with the Holy Ghost,

and with the Spirit of wisdom and of knowledge, and of a sound mind; be thou of a quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: feed and rule this people; be thou faithful unto death and thou shalt receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath prepared for thee, and for all who love the Lord Jesus.' Then, turning to Mr. Bayford, he blessed him, and spake words of encouragement, exhorting him to feed this people, and in so doing he himself should be fed. Immediately after this the Spirit burst forth in Mr. Drummond in a song, 'Glory to God in the highest,' when the Spirit in Mr. Caird took up the same strain in the name of the Church, singing the 'Doxology,' in which the congregation joined. Then followed a remarkable prayer in the Spirit by Mr. Drummond, thanking and praising the Father for all His goodness and mercy; for His gentle dealing with us, not remembering our unworthiness, but putting away our sins; beseeching the Lord with great urgency not to let the vessels be looked to or regarded in themselves lest he should be provoked to dash them in pieces. He seemed to have great entrance into the bosom of Jesus, enjoying, apparently, much light shown in the rapidity of the utterance. Mr. Cardale then, in a commanding manner, spoke in the Spirit, saying, 'It is the Lord's will that thou proceed to feed this people with the body and blood of the Lord. See thou to it: live for them; watch for them by night and by day, and see that thou give a good account of the souls committed to thy trust; the Lord will bless thee in it. The Lord hath ordained thee the pastor of this people: He hath cast off the Pastors who have forsaken and fouled the waters; but now He hath appointed them one who will give them pure water.' Then a word to Mr. Bayford, charging him to be faithful in teaching this people, and promising him ordination in the Lord's time. Mr. Drummond was then looking for a Psalm to sing when the Spirit, through Mr. Cardale, 'Sing 24th Psalm, and let all your hearts be lifted up to the Lord.' The Spirit in Mr. Taplin then, after singing for a while in a tongue, declared that Jesus had been in the midst of us, that his arms were open to receive us, that we should flee into them. Mr. Drummond then again, in prayer, blessed the Lord; praying for the souls of the Pastors, although their offices were being set aside; and, after a few words of exhortation to his people, showing that the utterances of the [illegible] were not decrees but addressed unto faith, and that ing to the faith would the blessing be imparted and r concluded by giving his blessing to the congregation."

APPENDIX V.

HINTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, RESPECTING THE ERECTING OF PROTESTING CHURCHES ON HIS ESTATES.

22nd July, 1843.

"WHATEVER views may be held by landlords respecting a particular form of Church government and polity, it is clear that without the violation of any Scriptural rule, they may grant sites for Churches for the accommodation of those who hold views differing from their own; but while extending to others in this manner the full amount of the toleration which they themselves enjoy, they cannot be held bound so to co-operate with them, as to injure the system to which they themselves adhere, and which they regard as essential to the good order and well-being of society. While therefore granting accommodation to those who differ from them, they must carefully avoid offering any inducement that could tend to increase their number, which would, of course, just be to counteract those views which they themselves desire to uphold.

"On this account, those who regard the Established Church as indispensable to the well-being of the community; who look to it as the only safeguard under Providence of the throne, and the judgment seat; the only barrier against the fiercest revolution that ever visited the land, will carefully weigh, (while desiring to respect the right of private judgment,) how they ought to comply with the wishes of those whose avowed object is its destruction.

"Where landlords feel themselves called upon to comply with such wishes, it is needful to remember that the erection of a place of worship for a new sect necessarily becomes the nucleus, as it is the symbol, of irritation and divisive feeling in any neighbourhood, and that therefore no site should be

granted, but in such a locality as might in this respect be productive of the least possible evil.

"In reference to the present times, it may be added, that no site should be fixed upon which would excite peculiar or unnecessary annoyance to those who remain in the Established Church, and tend to increase and perpetuate angry and evil feelings between the two parties; and that it should have peculiar reference to the proportion of tenants and heads of families whose continuance in the same locality is more certain, and not to that of servants or young people, whose residence may change, or who can more conveniently travel to a distance. It is needful, also, that the moral effect likely to be produced by the residence of the clergyman should be considered; which of course must be greater by placing one in a district where none has hitherto been, than by placing two who adhere to different systems, where, from their contiguity, that difference would be brought continually before the eye of the people.

"In granting such sites the landholders are bound to consider whether or not they are perpetuating a secession which would only be temporary; and whether the circumstances of those desiring it render it possible for them for any long period to maintain that which they desire to erect."

APPENDIX VI.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO LADY MATILDA MAXWELL.

"The original counsel, 'It is not for you to know the times and seasons,' as well as that expostulatory query to the Apostle 'What is that to thee?' was designed for all they represented in all coming times. The attitude and condition of the Church in reference to her final deliverance from evil, alter not nor vary with the vicissitudes of times and seasons, but must be always the same in all circumstances—she must be for ever waiting for her absent Lord. Howsoever distant in the language or measurement of time His advent may appear, affects not the designed influence of that great event upon her feelings. Its very greatness seems to annihilate and fill up the space between the present and the future. The Church rises to the power of entering into the meaning of the truth that to her great Head one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. . . . .

"The effect of that great event which took away the sin of the world, has not been diminished in its moral power because it occurred eighteen centuries ago. Had it occurred only yesterday, would its power have been greater? Or does the Church ever dream, that because it is a long past action, she has any apology for the decay of gratitude or love? So, rightly exercised regarding the Second Advent, she feels that were it to occur to-morrow, the same state of mind would undergo no essential change which, however distant, it was designed to produce. When she thinks of the Cross on Calvary, it is not *when* it was erected, but the Crucifixion itself that occupies her mind; and so, of the Lord's return. The time is to her as nothing. She is absorbed in the believing contemplation of the glorious event itself. Living in the

visions of the Almighty, she is not even tempted to say, 'Why doth my Lord delay His coming?'

"The repugnance to receive the predictions of the second advent, in a literal sense, I have been accustomed to trace to two or three causes. First—The original objection to a literal, and the theory of a Spiritual advent was traceable to the Gnostic phase of Christianity in the Apostolic times. The same Gnostic influence prevails, but more insidiously *now*. Indeed it were difficult to distinguish between those who would not admit that Jesus was literally crucified, and those of our time who recoil from the idea of His returning to the world again, as if that were a degradation of His person, and that therefore all descriptions of His so returning must be held as a mere Spiritual allegory. Second—There is another cause, secret but powerful, in the state of mind which has ceased to use as descriptive of the Church's state, the term *waiting* for her Spouse and Head. It is very manifest that the consciousness of guilt must recoil from the very thought of the visible advent of the Saviour in glory, and this sufficiently accounts for the rejection of the prophecy by the mass of unbelievers. But there are others who reject it, not so much from this cause, but from their not being in the condition which enables them to look to His advent as a blessed hope. Such are professors of the faith and believers of the Gospel, but they have not realized its power. They have but vague ideas of what the Son of God has done; they cannot use the language of the Apostle, 'I am crucified with Christ;' they do not carry about His dying, and His life therefore is not in them. They cannot say, 'My beloved is mine and I am his, for He died for me;' and is it not manifest that without this knowledge they never can *love* His appearing? If their Christianity has never exceeded that form which the earlier Reformers used to call a 'doubtsome and general faith;' if, while He died for some, they do not know that He died for them; if thus they do not know in whom they believe, how can they endure the idea of His speedy return? What leads the ungodly to disbelieve the reality of a judgment to come, leads professors of the faith to entertain the idea of a Spiritual Millennium, in exclusion of the reappearance of the King of Glory at its commencement? Of course we must dismiss the idea of a fixed intermediate period between the utterance of the prophecies and the coming of the Lord. The attitude of waiting for our Lord as at hand, and the knowledge that an absolute period of, say 1000 years, would intervene before His approach, is utterly incongruous. We may

be sure that had it been revealed to the Church that by a Divine decree 1000 years should elapse before the Saviour's return,—in whatever way she might have been directed to exercise or demean herself,—such expressions as urge the necessity of watchfulness would never have been employed; nor would the Saviour Himself, before His departure, have used such words as, 'Watch and pray, for ye know not the day nor the hour,' &c. . . . .

"It is indeed a miserable delusion—the idea of a progressive amelioration of society corresponding to the realization of our conceptions of millennial blessedness. Our tickets-of-leave, our parish schools, our educational legislation, all promising symptoms of the approach of that glorious period! Alas, alas! the words of the faithful and true witness confound all such silly dreamings. 'Verily, when the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?'"

APPENDIX VII.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

"Dec. 8, 1847.

"I remember, many years ago, when, by a remarkable dispensation of Providence, I had a vivid experience of the aid which faith receives from the removal of the visible channels of God's grace and tenderness. It was so ordained by Him, that on the communion Sabbath both Mrs. S. and myself were so ill that we were not only confined to the Manse, but in separate apartments on that solemn day—a day of all others, as you may believe, a minister desires to be with his people, and with those he loves, to eat the body and drink the blood of their Lord. The Manse is very near the Church, so that I heard from time to time the singing of the Psalms—even the sound of the voice of my friend in prayer, as well as in all other parts of the service. You may understand, from your longing to be with your sister—and longing the more because so near you—what I felt when on the one hand, severed from Mrs. S., who was dangerously ill—and, on the other, from my people in the sanctuary. I was, indeed, deprived of human solace and sympathy—the channels through which we derive so many blessings—I was shut up into the presence of the Invisible. Nothing was interposed between Him and my faith. Nothing to distract or enfeeble. Spirit with spirit on that eventful day held converse; and, even until now, I can trace the issues of that interchange of sympathy with which nothing outward, or earthly, or even of man could intermeddle.

"You are thus at present shut up into that presence; and in the blessed communion will you find new power of more intensely loving your dear sister, and more effectually praying for a happy issue to her present affliction. 'I believe in the communion of saints' are precious words. And at such a season

you doubtless feel that communion to be a great reality. And although you see not your sister, those partitions do not prevent communion of soul according to the rule—truly our fellowship is with the Father and the Son, and our fellowship is one with another, because the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. In God both dwelling, you dwell in each other's hearts —and receiving one spirit from the Father through the Son, you are taught by that Spirit, who knoweth the deep things of the will of God, what to pray for for each other, so as to receive what you ask."

"The right condition of our soul is that which love longs for,—and the crucifying of the flesh,—the death of the Adamic life, of which doubtless bodily sufferings are emblems, is the object of all its desires and dealings with us, and however difficult and painful to endure, the end thereof, being the formation within us of Christ in his perfect manhood, over which God rejoices. Whatsoever such love desires may, although grievous to the flesh, be hailed as a good and perfect gift, and preparatory to a joy unspeakable and full of glory. How often I think of your sufferings, but never separated from the end, which so manifestly God, who so loves, is accomplishing. I cannot grieve, while I cease not to pray that you may lose nothing of the good which all your trials have been working together to secure. You have been indeed in deaths oft, but in none has the sting been found, nor shall it be, prepared, as you are of God, to share the universal song, 'Death is swallowed up of victory.'"

"Feb. 28, 1850.

"I had gone to Edinburgh to consult the physicians there respecting my own health. I had fallen down once insensible on the road, and had nearly done so again, and therefore felt it right to consult the first medical authorities regarding the cause. They have decided that my heart is affected; that I must live a life of perfect repose; never preach from home, nor ascend an eminence, &c., &c., but avoid all excitement, all labour that would fatigue; in short, that the prolongation of life depends upon adhering to these and similar rules which they laid down for me. I feel very thankful that they have not as yet prohibited preaching to my own people. It is a solemn thing to know, rather unexpectedly, that I thus carry about with me as it were a sentence of death, in a sense somewhat more emphatic than the mere knowledge of our mortality pronounces. They consider my malady as beyond the reach of

medicine. What a deep sympathy I have with many of the contents of your letter, and how readily I turn from the confessed powerlessness of all human skill to that Great Physician of whom you speak. It is possible that it may not be with me as the physicians think; but I have no other desire than this, that, whether living or dying, God may be glorified by me and in me; and that without carefulness I may abide the appointment of His most gracious providence. How He does mingle mercy with judgment."

"I may mention to you the case of a dear old friend of mine who has lost his only daughter. By this post his letter arrived. We have not heard of each other for a dozen years, and on the day of his daughter's death he wrote me a long letter. 'You will not wonder,' says he, 'that I choose this moment to write to you after so long and, perhaps to you, inexplicable silence, because you know how the heart resorts to the feelings and consolations of friendship when amid suffering and sorrow, as it likewise makes me apply with greater earnestness to the highest source of comfort.' After describing all the endearing qualities of his daughter, he ends by expressing his belief that their earthly happiness would have been too great if she had been spared to them. God doeth all things well.

"It is rather interesting that the only time I ever heard him preach, nearly forty years ago, he made a quotation which I remember, though I do nothing else about the sermon, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'

"I remember once when by the pillow of a dear friend in great bodily agony, and which her physicians in attendance were confident must end in death, she cried — 'Terrible, indeed, this! Once I could not have borne—I must have died in bearing it; but now I feel as if coming to me through my blessed Head it has lost its peculiar anguish, and it brings strange power of endurance with it.' And it was even so. She recovered; and to lead a strange life of almost all variety of pain and sorrow—but she had power given her from time to time to repeat the testimony. * * * The rumours of an American war alarmed our dear old friend a little, but these have died away, and the speedy close of our Indian war will have an excellent effect upon our Transatlantic kinsmen, so that by the blessing of God we may now anticipate without doubtfulness, a long tranquillity. But alas! in some other form than war of nation against nation

will antagonisms of human passion develop themselves. The sectarian spirit of religionists is very violent, although there is an outward aspect which is very imposing, as if all were breathing for union. Many godly and holy men undoubtedly are, but I fear exceedingly that other elements than pure Christian love do mingle in those promptings of that great coalition at present attracting attention. The tract of Mr. Raikes I have enjoyed much, and it breathes a beautiful spirit. Were that spirit to predominate we would soon see more than a mere outward and nominal union of professing Christians. It is manifest there can be no real union but through union with Christ, and that can only be through belief in His love. No apparent union, therefore, ought to be attempted but through the assumption of that principle. Each member, therefore, of that confederacy* ought to profess that the God-Man loved him and died for him—and so believing, he has received power to love and be united to his brethren. But alas, the voice may still be lifted up, 'Who hath believed our report?' May I mention that a few days ago, when presiding at an ordination in the parish of Luss, I took those words for my subject of discourse, in which under the similitude of a proclamation to the rebellious subjects of some province in any of this world's empires, I set forth the character of the Gospel, and the various reasons which led men to reject it; having first shown that there can be no preparation for receiving the Gospel—that no previous attainments are necessary—and that nothing can justify any—howsoever they may have sinned,—for rejecting it. I was thus enabled to prove that unless my audience were in the enjoyment of the peace and joy it brings, they must be acting like those rebels, who, notwithstanding the proclaimed pardon of their sovereign, still maintain their attitude of hostility to his person and government. Think over in your own mind what various reasons might sway with rebels against an earthly king—so as to prevent them availing themselves of his mercy—and you will see as in a glass, the working of the hearts of the rebellious in whom the Lord God desires to dwell. That day you were brought very vividly to my remembrance, for I had with me that beautiful case for my bands, which is to me so very precious a memorial of your kind regards towards me. Often thus, at interesting services, will you be present to my mind's eye, as well as when no outward thing is needful to remind me of Lewisham."

* The "Evangelical Alliance."

(*To another friend, when her brother was ill.*)

"Meanwhile cast your burden on Him who is a friend that sticketh closer than any brother; who is indeed a brother, too, born to be with us in our adversities. 'I will not leave you comfortless,' are precious words for all bereaved and suffering members of His family. The first disciples felt their power and truth. The last will testify they are fresh and mighty as when first uttered.

"Poor B.'s case is to me very affecting too—most deeply so. I can enter somewhat into her feeling. I remember well, as if it were but yesterday, in early life, just the year I went to college, what agony I endured when suddenly bereft of a brother whom I loved, and who loved me. We slept together,—he was my oldest brother, and therefore I was young in comparison; but I remember the last morning we slept on the same pillow being awakened with his saying to me, 'O! how I love you.' He went to bathe in a loch near my father's house. Some accidental circumstance prevented my going with him, else I doubt not we should have died together. The occupations of college could not prevent him being ever present to my mind, and he was night after night in my dreams. One day, in the South Bridge, I met a gentleman so like him, that I started, and a cold tremor thrilled over my frame. I for a moment thought it was himself. A handsome youth of imposing appearance—for my brother was noted as the most handsome of his age in the district; or, indeed, wherever he happened to be. I followed him. I never left him till I ascertained where he lived, and day after day I used to watch his movements, for he seemed to walk at a certain hour, and I kept always near to him that I might feast my eyes with a living resemblance to my brother, who was slumbering in the sepulchre of his fathers. One day I missed him, and never met him more. Who he was, or what became of him, I know not; but a strange blank in the streets was occasioned by his absence. And often afterwards in my dreams, I strangely thought that my brother had been alive again, and had a second time died."

"When I think of your protracted and agonizing sufferings, which I often do, I do earnestly pray that you may enter more and more into the depths of the blessed experience of your oneness with the once agonized Saviour. He 'was made perfect through suffering.' The statement is full of meaning,—espe-

cially reveals to us the great mystery of divine love and compassion in this, that to secure to us the consolation of His sympathy, He perfected himself by suffering. Truly to sympathize, we ourselves must be sufferers. This none can doubt; and we all feel that expressions, howsoever fervid, symbols too of true feeling from those who have known no changes, who have not been afflicted of God, do not convey to us the soothing virtue there is in what proceeds from the lips of those whose spirits have known anguish and sorrow. I remember well, many years ago, when there were some cases of severe suffering among the people, when attempting to administer consolation, I was met different times with an apology for impatience or murmuring, in the form of such an observation as this—'But ah, you have never known pain or suffering yourself; we have heard you say you always enjoyed good health.' When afterwards I was seized with a malady, occasioning intense suffering for many months, and this afterwards had arrested the attention of all, I was prepared with an answer to my surviving *patients:* 'You said I had never suffered; but you cannot say *that* now.' 'O sir,' replied an old man, 'we heard your sufferings were far greater than what I used to complain of;' and I remember well how much more he seemed to feel the expressions of my sympathy. I had been made perfect for that duty, so to speak. My qualifications as a sympathizer no more were incomplete. The more objective knowledge I had previously, I now had acquired the subjective knowledge and experience that brought me truly in contact with the Spirit of the man. He felt I could be afflicted in his afflictions; having the same humanity—the same capacity of endurance—the words I uttered had a power, as they really had also a significancy they had not before. And is it not so, that our ever Blessed Father, knowing what our hearts needed in our sufferings and sorrow, thus perfected for us His Son, that we might not only believe that He himself knew all that concerned us, and as a Father pitied us; but that His Son, one with Himself in our very nature, in this humanity we wear, suffered, that His sympathy might be felt by us in all its power—in its highest power of consolation?"

"The transubstantiation of the Papacy is the perversion of a great truth, which it has hid by its carnality from the eye and heart of God's suffering people. Everywhere, according to that fiction, may the perishable element of bread be converted into the true body of the glorified Redeemer; but what is the

truth? Even that by the infinite presence and omniscience of the God-Man, he is felt in the believer's heart in its trials, and griefs, and anguish as humanly present—present as the very flesh and blood of the harassed and perplexed sufferer, and bearing with him his burdens; and this is the zest of the consolation amid the severest endurance, that he deprived it of its sting, and the sufferer is led with thankfulness to testify, that ere what he feels has come to him, the Ever Blessed Jesus, the brother born for adversities, has extracted what no power of patience could have endured in tranquillity.

"* * When hanging on the Cross, He saw through the remotest depths of future time; and He saw of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied for the knowledge of this, that he was then and there extracting the poison from all suffering, and all agony, that his people, until He should come again in his glory, would be appointed to endure in the place of their pilgrimage. Now, my most dear sister, whenever those sharp spasmodic pangs rack your feeble frame, may your experience be that there is no bitterness in them; *that* Jesus has taken away; and he is in you effecting what he died for—the patient endurance of your common Father's will; and to whisper from your heart's depths the mystery (although the ear only which, as one with you, he has given you, can hear it), as each successive agony drops, so to speak, from the cup His Father has mingled, 'this is only a varied expression of His invariable Love.' * * *"

"She was, dear girl, much tried by her visit to ——. I fear, however, that the direct effect designed by God, through that dispensation to her soul, was somewhat prevented by circumstances having rather forced upon her attention our unhappy schism; for with all the miseries of their physical condition, the schismatic spirit rages with extraordinary virulence in the Highlands and Islands. Her gentle spirit, however, has no sympathy with the fierceness of zeal, which in some districts characterizes both parties. Alas, alas! what wounds our Blessed Brother does receive from those who profess to honour Him. A most godly man from another parish, who for thirty or forty years has been distinguished for his eminent sanctity came day before yesterday to see Mrs. Story, and I was struck with an illustration he used to describe the spirit of the time. He is a man in lowly life, but one of those who so resembles the children of a king, that I am always inclined to think old —— is a prince in disguise. 'O what would you think,' said

he to me,' if you saw a crowd of people around the body of a man, and one time trying to hold up his head, then seeming to fix a crown upon it, and all the while lashing and wounding, even sometimes fiercely kicking, His body.' The figure was new to me at the moment; and alas! when I thought of all I knew and had witnessed, there seemed great truth in his graphic images of these unhappy times. O were we indeed to honour the Head of all principality and power, our attitude ever were the bearing about his dying, that his life might be in us. Nothing in the wide world of professing Christendom can the eye of the Eternal rest upon with complacency, but what resembles his own most blessed Son,—His meek and lowly, His loving and holy mind. O! that we could ever remember this, alone or in society, in joy or in sorrow, within the gates of Zion or in the dwellings of Jacob. Day after day I am constrained to mourn, and when I think that he is in my very being —my root—the very substance of my spiritual life, that all things that pertain to life and godliness are in Him, and that He has been given to me, that He is in me,—I am humbled to the dust, and constrained to cry, 'O wretched man that I am, to return so little to Him who has given me so much.'"

THE END.

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